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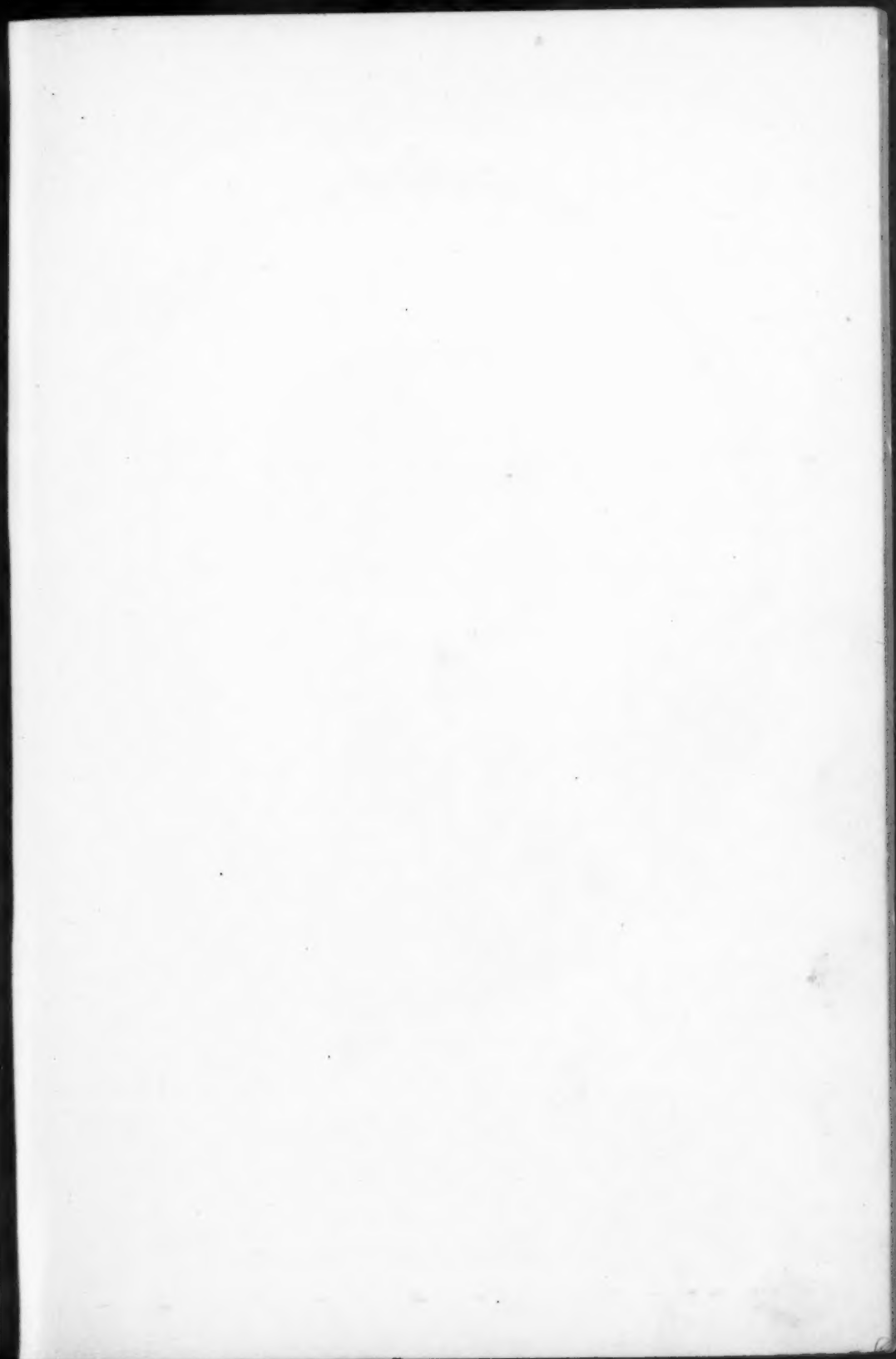
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E. K. Kane

ELISHA KENT KANE AT THE AGE OF 36.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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THE ARCTIC MONUMENT NAMED FOR TENNYSON BY DR. KANE.

BY CHARLES W. SHIELDS, LL.D.

THE world has not forgotten the expedition to the north pole in search of Sir John Franklin which was conducted by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States navy, more than forty years ago. In distinction from other expeditions, it was animated by impulses of philanthropy as well as of science and adventure. It united the two great English-speaking nations, for the rescue of the lost navigator, in an enterprise of heroic endurance; and its story of peril and suffering, so eloquently told by its leader, has become classical in American literature.

An incident of this expedition which added to its international interest was the discovery of a great natural pillar of rock, resembling a minaret, which Dr. Kane named in honor of the poet Tennyson. It has been recalled to public notice in the memoir which is now charming the whole world of letters. The biographer, Lord Tennyson, thus refers to it, under date of February, 1855:

The news of the loss of Sir John Franklin, my mother's uncle, in the arctic regions, was at this time a great shock. It is interesting to note that Dr. Kane, who was on the second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John, honored my father by naming a natural rock column 480 feet high, on a pedestal 280 feet high, to the north of latitude 79°, "Tennyson's Monument."

The discovery of the monument is narrated by Dr. Kane in the first volume of his "Arctic Explorations." After describing a picturesque range of cliffs, which through the long action of the seasons had assumed in the arctic twilight a dreamy semblance of castles, battlements, and turrets, he continues:

I was still more struck with another of the same sort, in the immediate neighborhood of my halting-ground beyond Sunny Gorge, to the north of latitude 79°. A single cliff of greenstone, marked by the slaty limestone that once encased it, rears itself from a crumbled base of sandstones, like the boldly chiseled rampart of an ancient city. At its northern extremity, on the brink of a deep ravine which has worn its way among the ruins, there stands a solitary column or minaret-tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet; and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high.

I remember well the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent landmark. Those who are happily familiar with the writings of Tennyson, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name.

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It was the habit of Dr. Kane to fill his note-book with sketches of arctic scenery and objects taken on the spot from nature. For this work he was gifted with the eye and hand of an artist, as well as with the training of a scientific observer. Some of his sketches, made hastily on scraps of paper, are now framed as bits of marine painting, rendering water, ice, and rock with rare fidelity. They furnished the material of the illustrations so profusely scattered through his volumes, and were produced as etchings under his own direct supervision. "The original sketch of the Tennyson Monument," says the artist Hamilton, "is of the slightest description, and in lead-pencil. Now, every one accustomed to study nature practically is aware of the extreme difficulty of rendering the peculiar texture and tone of old, time-worn, weather-beaten rock, sandstone-crushed debris, etc. Its successful rendition is one of the most difficult achievements of landscape art. In the sketch of the subject alluded to, these qualities (notwithstanding the 'coldness and sickness' suffered at the time of executing it, mentioned by the lamented navigator in his journal) are secured to an extent that would be creditable to the most skilful artist. Every fragment is jotted down with a perception and feeling which seize the special character of the minutest particle defined, and yet its minutiae in no way conflict with the grandeur of the subject."

After his return to the United States, Dr. Kane visited England, with the project of another expedition of research and rescue, and in hopes of repairing his health, which had been broken by his arctic voyages and

the labor of writing and illustrating his works. He was not destined to meet Tennyson, but he received two letters from him, which were preserved by his only sister, Elizabeth Kane (the late Mrs. Shields), and are now published for the first time, with the kind approval of the present Lord Tennyson.

The first letter, written before the poet had received a presentation copy of the "Arctic Explorations," is general in its terms of acknowledgment.

DEAR SIR: Your book has not yet reached me here in this remote place; but as I learn with much regret that the state of your health obliges you to leave England very soon, I will not wait to see it before I write to request you will do me the favor of allowing me an opportunity to thank you in person for what I am told are your kind expressions toward myself in your book, and for the honor you have done me by giving my name to that noble pillar. My wife and I hope that you will feel equal to coming so far out of your way to your ship as to pay us a visit here, and that a little rest will soon restore you to your former health. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

Nov. 4th, '56.

Farringford House, Freshwater, I. W.

P. S. If there be a Miss Cross in your house, and if it be the Miss Cross whom I knew in Scotland, will you give her my best regards?

Mr. William Cross¹ of Champion Hill, London, had very hospitably taken Dr.

¹ Mr. Cross had well-known relatives in New York, among whom is a sister-in-law of the explorer, the widow of General Kane of Kane, Pennsylvania, and daughter of the Hon. William Wood (Elizabeth Dennistoun Wood, formerly of New York), to whose kindness I am indebted for some details of this sketch.



AN UNPUBLISHED ARCTIC SKETCH BY DR. KANE, IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

THE ARCTIC MONUMENT NAMED FOR TENNYSON BY DR. KANE. 485

Kane from the hotel into his own house, where he received the kindest care, with the medical advice of Sir Henry Holland, and the thoughtful attentions of Lady Franklin and other personages. His daughter, Elizabeth Dennistoun Cross, of whom Tennyson speaks, was a little lass of fifteen, very fond of his poetry, and proud of being allowed to repeat passages to him while he lay upon the grass, smoking. She grew up a charming young woman, and herself wrote a little volume of verse. Her brother, John Cross, is known as the husband of "George Eliot."

The second letter from Tennyson, still more cordial in its tone, was written after the book had been received, and when it had become evident that the strength of the invalid was failing so that he would be unable to enjoy the honors which awaited him in England.

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER, I. W.,
Nov. 12th, '56.

DEAR DR. KANE: Only yesterday, and then too late for me to return you thanks by that day's post, arrived your present. The book is really magnificent. I do not think that I have ever met with one which gives such vivid pictures of arctic scenery. Nay, I am quite sure I never did; and, indeed, I feel that I owe you more thanks for it, and for your warm-hearted inscription, and your memorial of me in the wilderness, than I could well inclose in as many words; so I will say nothing about it, only beg you to accept that volume¹ of my poems containing the line which (as C. Weld writes) came into your mind when you stood first before the great minaret. I write to-day to request my publisher to send it to you. Weld says that you leave us on Monday for Cuba. I am grieved that you leave us, and grieved more for the occasion. I hardly expect now to see you here. If, however, we may still hope for that pleasure, could you let me know by return of post? There is a visit which I must pay to some suffering relatives, but which I would postpone if you could come. But whether I see you or not,

Believe me, dear Dr. Kane,

Yours ever,

A. TENNYSON.

The memoir informs us that Mr. Charles Weld was the husband of Anne Sellwood, younger sister of Lady Tennyson, and also niece of Sir John Franklin. The lines which are referred to by Dr. Kane as having arisen in his mind, "cold and sick" as he was, when he came in sight of the great monument, are in the "Palace of Art."

¹ This copy, now in my possession, is the beautiful Moxon edition of 1856, and bears the autographic inscription, "Dr. Kane, from A. Tennyson."

² See the December (1897) CENTURY.

As in strange lands a traveler walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea,

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, "I have
found
A new land, but I die."

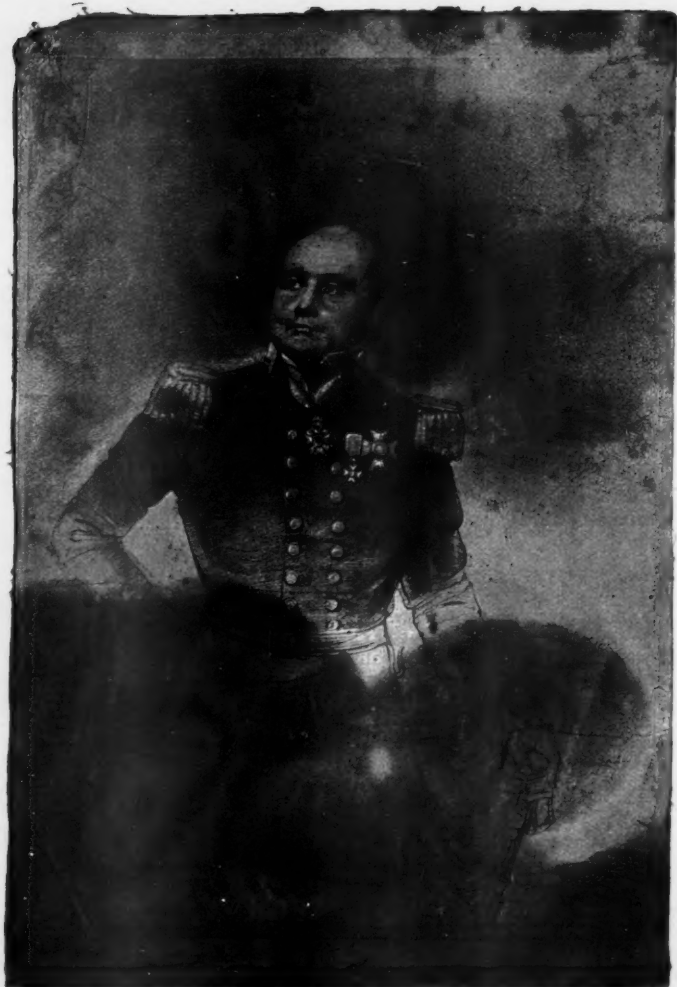


DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A SKETCH BY DR. KANE.

THE TENNYSON MONUMENT.

The words proved but too sadly prophetic. Dr. Kane sailed for Havana, and soon died there, in his thirty-seventh year, proudly and tenderly lamented by his countrymen as the Sir Philip Sidney of his time.

A recent visitor to Farringford² tells us that "in the breakfast-room, through which Tennyson would pass on his way to his study, there hangs over the mantel-shelf a fine colored print of the great arctic monument discovered by Kane, on which he bestowed the



FROM A LITHOGRAPH. PRESERVED AS A RELIC OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF RESCUE. IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, R. N.

poet's name." It is not difficult to imagine why such a picture should be prized in that household. Lady Tennyson was the niece of Sir John Franklin; and Dr. Kane described his expedition as a crusade of rescue, in which the interests of geography were to be held inferior to the claims of imperiled humanity. "That admirable woman, the wife of Sir John Franklin," he said, "has called on us, as a kindred people, to join heart and hand in the enterprise of snatching the lost navigator from a dreary grave." As part of his equipment for the voyage, he received from Lady Franklin an engraved portrait of Sir John, which hung in the cabin of the *Advance* during the long cruise in the arctic

seas. On the Sunday when it became necessary to abandon the ice-bound brig he writes: "We read prayers and a chapter of the Bible; and then, all standing silently round, I took Sir John Franklin's portrait from its frame, and cased it in an india-rubber scroll." The relic was brought safely back, and carefully preserved. It now hangs upon the study wall before me as I write.

There are other considerations besides grateful feeling to make the homage of the explorer to the poet seem as appreciative and fitting as it was welcome. Dr. Kane was an enthusiastic admirer of Tennyson before his fame had been quite assured, when the "In Memoriam," the "Idylls," and "Maud" had

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not yet come to turn some lingering criticism into praise. He might have sprinkled his narrative with quotations had not a rigorous family censorship precluded them as unsuitable in such a work. Many of the poems he had by heart, and often recited them with emotion. His greatest favorite, the "Ulysses," as repeated by him might become suggestive of much in his own eventful career. It seems now to have had for him a strange fulfilment in the lines:

Come, my friends,

'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

Some passages in the "Palace of Art" especially pleased his fancy, perhaps as word-pictures of scenes familiar to him in his travels.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

Even in the arctic wilds he would make his companions share his enthusiasm for a

poetry the subtle charm of which some of them might feel only with a vague intelligence. His rough boatswain Brooks would listen to him as if spellbound when, sailing in sight of some sunset cliff, he recalled the verse:

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

A touching incident is told as an instance of this sympathetic admiration. Among the books in the *Advance* was an English copy of Tennyson, bound plainly in boards. It was the copy out of which the captain used to read to his men during the long arctic night. It would have been left behind, in the hurry of departure from the brig, had not Brooks inclosed it in a roughly sewed black-leather case, with a flap secured by a horn button. Long afterward he presented it with pride and triumph to his surprised commander. He had carried it in the bosom of his shirt during all the overland sledge journey to the rescuing ship, as if it were something too precious to be lost. The valued copy, still in its rude casing, was the explorer's next Christmas gift to his sister-in-law, and it has since formed part of the government navy exhibit at the centennial celebration.

Besides poetic sympathy, there was also a noble congeniality of soul between the poet and his admirer. It was one mission of Tennyson to recall a sordid age to some lost



UNPUBLISHED ARCTIC SKETCH BY DR. KANE, IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

ideals of valor, virtue, faith, and tenderness, which it had forgotten as the extravagance of a rude heroic period. These qualities have been illustrated, as if by one of his own ideal knights, in the story of an accomplished youth of gentle breeding and tastes, who wore the flower of true knight-hood in an icy desert, on an errand as pure, though not as dreamy, as the quest of the Holy Grail. It seemed a new legend of the Round Table come again.

And now his chair desires him here in vain,
However they may crown him elsewhere.

And that other good Christian knight, for whom he staked his life, has other glory than a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

The arctic monument to Tennyson, though far away from human sight, must always appeal to the imagination. It is itself a great marvel of nature, not reared by the hand of man in the pride of his art, but wrought as in the very quarry of the Creator, and towering in lonely grandeur amid surroundings gloomy, inorganic, and desolate, such as only a poet might fancy in his wildest mood. It is also a fit offering to the genius of philanthropy, standing at a point on the earth's surface where the lines of longitude almost meet beyond the seas and continents which divide mankind, and telling how brave men penetrated the storms of sunless winters in quest of their lost and suffering fellows. It is, above all, a tribute to the power of literature as represented by the great English poet of our time, whose songs have knit together two peoples as kindred in speech as in blood, and whose beneficent ministry has been felt, not only in the homes of civilized men, but by "those who have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness." It shows the world how Heroism and Poesy can meet in the service of Humanity.

SKETCH OF DR. KANE.

THE foregoing sketch may revive interest in a career filled with incidents as remarkable as the discovery of the Tennyson Monument. As the eulogist at the obsequies of Dr. Kane, I described him as "a young man who, within the short space of fourteen years, has traversed the globe in its most inaccessible places; who has gathered here and there a

laurel in every walk of research in which he strayed; who has gone into the thick of perilous adventure, abstracting in the spirit of philosophy, yet seeing with the eye of poesy, and loving with the heart of humanity; who has penetrated even to the northern pole of the planet, and returned to invest the story of his escape with the charms of literature and art; and who, dying in the morning of his fame, is lamented by his country and the world." Except to those who knew him well, this description may now seem extravagant.

The world that for an idle day
Grace to our mood of sadness gave
Long since hath thrown her weeds away.

It is a description, however, which will be justified by the briefest review of the elements of his character and the events in his life.

Born in the year 1820, of Irish, Scotch, Dutch, French, and English origin, he had an American ancestry remarkable in all its branches. On the father's side he was descended from Colonel John Kane of the British army, in the colony of New York, who married Sybil Kent, daughter of the Rev. Elisha Kent, and aunt of Chancellor Kent. His grandfather, Elisha K. Kane, was a successful merchant in Albany and New York, who married Alida Van Rensselaer, daughter of General Robert Van Rensselaer of Claverack Manor, and a descendant of the patroon of Albany, connected with the Schuylers, Livingstons, Beekmans, and other manorial families on the Hudson. His father was the Hon. John K. Kane of Fern Rock, near Philadelphia, judge of the United States district court, and well remembered as an acute and learned jurist, an influential statesman of the old school, an active promoter of the arts and sciences, an accomplished literary scholar, and a courtly gentleman in society.

On the mother's side he was descended from Thomas Leiper, cadet of a Scotch family of French origin, who came to the colony of Virginia and thence to Philadelphia, was active in forming the City Troop, and served by the side of Washington in the battles of Monmouth, Trenton, and Princeton, and after the Revolution united with his friend President Jefferson in forming the political party which looked to him for its leader. His grandmother was Elizabeth Coultas Gray, daughter of the Hon. George Gray of Gray's Ferry and Martha Ibbetson of Whitby Hall—a Lady Bountiful whose services in nursing the sick and

wounded during the occupation of Philadelphia by Lord Howe attracted testimonials from both British and American officers. His mother was Jane Duval Leiper, of a family distinguished for the beauty of its women, and herself also distinguished for the energy, nerve, elasticity, and warm-heartedness which became famous in her son. If there is any truth in heredity, so varied elements of race, creed, and culture could not fail to issue in a rich and strong character.

His education, which at first was projected at Yale, was pursued at the University of

In this, the first of his extended journeys, he made a circuit of the globe, sailing around the coast of South America, across the Pacific Ocean to southern and eastern Asia, and returning by the overland route through Europe, across the Atlantic back to the United States. He had explored India, Persia, and Egypt, and wandered through Greece and Switzerland on foot. He was absent more than two years. As the present routes and facilities of travel were then unknown, the tour was marked by difficulties and perils, as well as by adventures and exploits due to



FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY.

THE HON. JOHN K. KANE, FATHER OF DR. KANE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY.

JANE DUVAL LEIPER KANE, MOTHER OF DR. KANE.

Virginia, and completed in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, with a graduating thesis which has been quoted as an authority in Europe as well as in our country. At this time an acute attack of rheumatism of the heart, which brought him to the brink of the grave, gave serious purpose to his life, and made it evident to his medical advisers that physical hardship and activity should be blended with his scientific tastes and aspirations. Accordingly, abandoning the routine life of a practitioner, he was appointed physician to the Chinese embassy, which sailed in the frigate *Brandywine*, under Commodore Parker, in May, 1843.

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his own daring nature. One of these, taken from a former biographical sketch, will serve as an example.

It was at Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands, that his adventurous spirit, though under a scientific impulse, passed the limits of prudence in his far-famed exploration of the crater of Tael, a volcano on the Pacific coast of the island, in a region inhabited only by savages. Crossing over to the capital city of the island during one of the long delays of Chinese diplomacy, he procured an escort of natives from the Archbishop of Manila (by means of letters from American prelates which he had secured before leaving home), and, in com-

pany with his friend Baron Loë, a relative of Metternich, penetrated the country to the asphaltic lake in which the island volcano is situated. Both gentleman at first descended together until they reached a

downward through the sulphurous vapors, over the hot ashes, to the green boiling lake, dipped his specimen bottle into its waters, returned to the rope, several times stumbling, almost stifled, and with one of



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

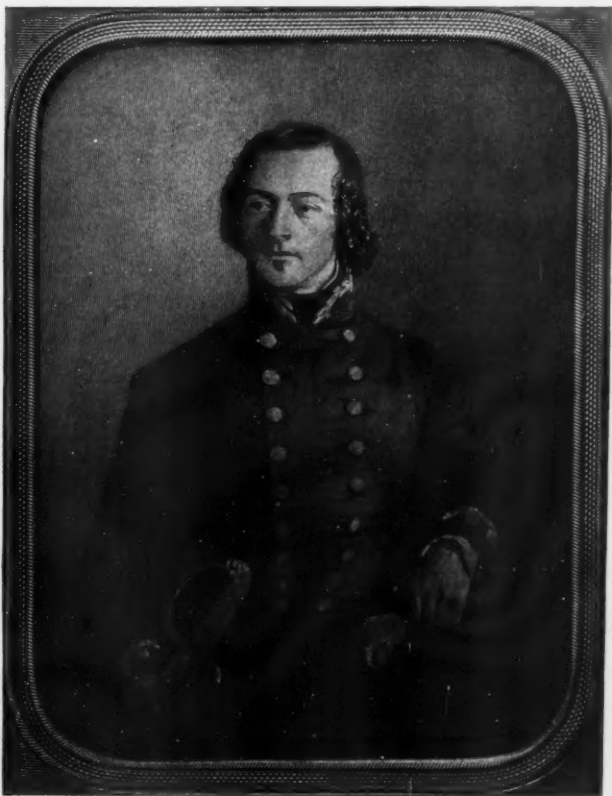
DR. KANE (MAY 11, 1843).

precipice overhanging the cavernous gulf of the crater, when the baron saw further progress to be impossible. But the doctor, in spite of the remonstrances of the whole party, insisted upon being lowered over the ledge by means of a rope made of bamboos, and held in the hands of the natives, under the baron's directions, until he reached the bottom, two hundred feet below. Loosing himself from the cord, he forced his way

his boots charred to a coal, but succeeded in again fastening himself, and was hauled up by his assistants, and received into their hands exhausted and almost insensible. Remedies brought from the neighboring hermitage were applied, and he was so far restored that they could proceed on their journey. But rumors spread before them among the pygmy savages on the island of the profane invasion which had been made

into the mysteries of the Tael, and an angry mob gathered about them, which was only dispersed by one or two pistol-shots and the timely arrival of the padres. The trophies of this expedition were some valuable min-

severe illness. His sensitive organization, which seems to have reflected the disease of every climate,—the rice-fever at Macao, and the plague at Cairo,—was prostrated by an attack of the malignant coast-fever, from



FROM A HAGUERRETYPE.

DR. KANE AS AN AIDE IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

eral specimens, a bottle of sulphur-water, a series of graphic views, from recollection, in his sketch-book, and a written description of the volcano by one of the friars, which, after many wanderings, was put in his hands as he sat at the home dinner-table, twelve years afterward.

His next voyage was to the coast of Africa, in the frigate *United States*, under Commodore Reed. By means of letters which he had received, when in Brazil, from the Spanish merchant Da Souza, he was now enabled to visit the slave-factories, and with a caravan to penetrate as far into the interior as the ghastly court of his savage Majesty, the King of Dahomey. From this comparatively inglorious field of service he was recalled by

which he recovered too weak and disabled for duty. On returning to Philadelphia he found the country at war with Mexico, and, as soon as he was sufficiently restored in health, tendered his services, and received credentials as bearer of despatches to General Scott, then in possession of the Mexican capital. On his way from Vera Cruz to the interior occurred an affair of arms which, but for its well-attested facts, might seem a mere romance of chivalry. It is here cited from my memoir as an illustration of traits shown on other occasions.

Having been unable to procure an American escort, Dr. Kane had intrusted himself to a Mexican spy company under Colonel Domingues, and was approaching Nopaluca

when they encountered a body of guerrillas escorting Generals Gaona and Torrejon, with other Mexican officers. A short and severe contest ensued, resulting in the capture of most of the Mexican party. During the fray the doctor's charger carried him between young Colonel Gaona and his orderly, who both fell upon him at the same moment. Receiving only a slight flesh-hurt from the lance of the latter, he parried the saber-cut of the former, and unhorsed him with a wound in the chest. Soon afterward cries came from young Gaona to save his father, the aged general, whom, together with the other Mexican prisoners, the renegade Domingues and his bandits were about to butcher in cold blood. Dr. Kane instantly charged among them with his six-shooter, and succeeded at length in enforcing humanity to the vanquished, though only after receiving a lance-thrust in the abdomen, and a blow which cost him the loss of his horse. But still another act of mercy remained to be performed. As the old general sat beside his son, who was bleeding to death from his wound, the doctor, with no better surgical implements than a table-fork and a piece of pack-thread, succeeded in taking up and tying the artery, and thus saved the life which he had endangered. The gratitude of the rescued Mexicans knew no bounds; and when it was found that their deliverer was himself suffering from wounds, he was taken by General Gaona to his own residence, and there nursed for weeks by the family, with every attention that wealth and refinement could suggest. The modesty of a brave man could not keep this incident in obscurity. The published letters of Mexican and American authorities, detailing the whole occurrence, followed him to Philadelphia, and seventy of the most distinguished gentlemen of the city united in presenting him with a sword as a memorial of "an incidental exploit which was crowned with the distinction due to gallantry, skill, and success, and was hallowed in the flush of victory by the noblest humanity to the vanquished."

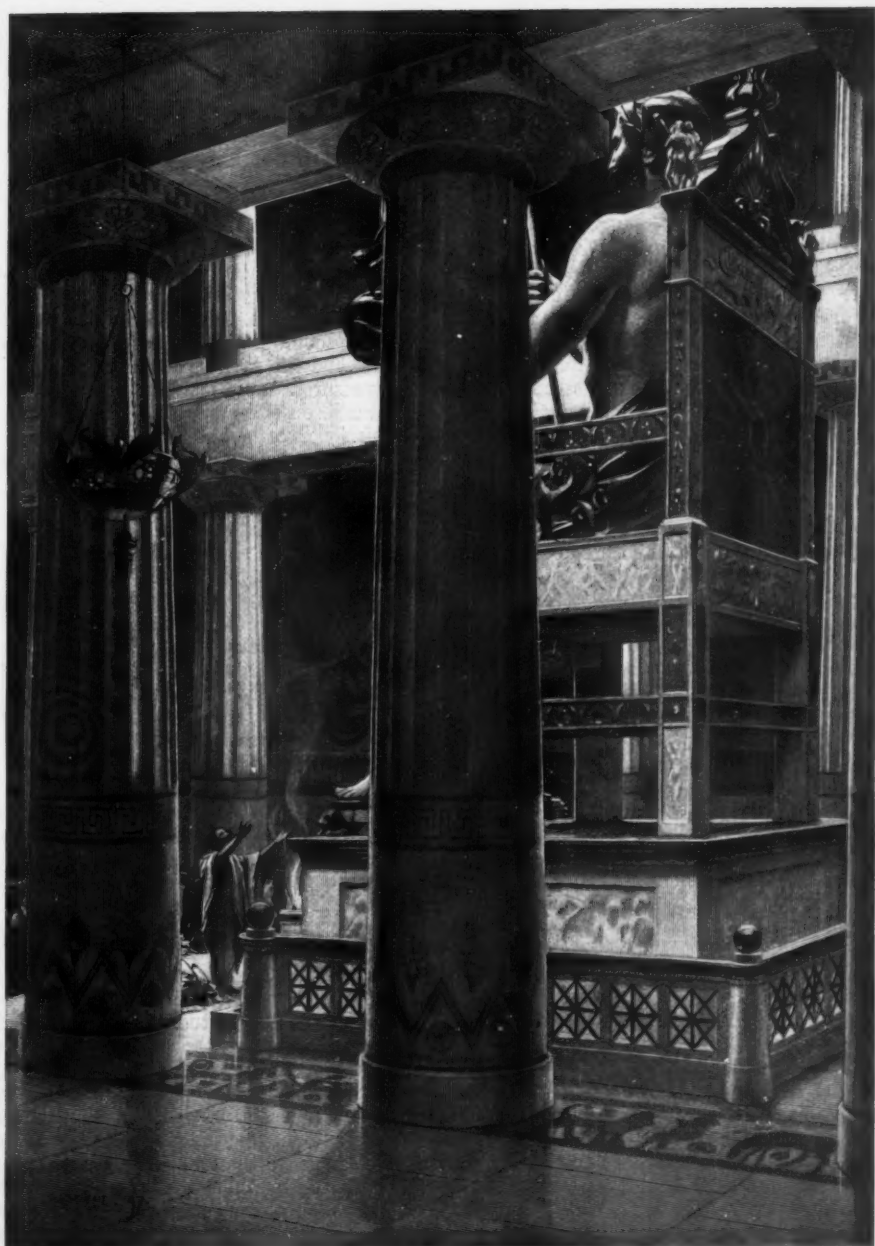
He was next attached to the Coast Survey, but had scarcely settled into its routine when he was summoned to the great work of his life. In taking command of the Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin he approached a task for which his scientific training and previous travels had especially fitted him. His geological surveys of the Andes, the Himalayas, and the Alps had prepared him to study the rocky deserts and glaciers of the polar region. His familiarity

with degraded races in every quarter of the globe enabled him to deal intelligently and humanely with the Eskimo tribes. His preliminary voyage with Lieutenant DeHaven had made him acquainted with arctic modes of travel and subsistence. Above all these qualifications, he had the moral sense of a humane mission to which he had devoted himself. In his farewell home letter he wrote: "Now that the dream has concentrated itself into a grim practical reality, it is not egotism, but duty, to speak of myself and my plans. I represent other lives and other interests than my own. The object of my journey is the search after Sir John Franklin; neither science nor the vain glory of attaining an unreachd north shall divert me from this one conscientious aim."

The public estimate of Dr. Kane was shown throughout the civilized world in various forms: by the gift of a service of silver from the Queen, by the medals and decorations of learned societies, by resolutions of Congress and the State legislatures, by countless poetical tributes and eulogies, and at the last by a long funeral triumph from New Orleans to Philadelphia, with the learned, the noble, and the good everywhere mingling in its train.

I need not here dwell upon the well-known traits of his character—his magnetic personality, his indomitable energy, his masterful will, his marvelous tact in emergencies, his courage and patience and generosity, his genial humor, his love of science and research, his devotion to the highest interests of humanity, and that religious faith which sustained him in the darkest hours. Such traits did not merely shine before the world, but on a nearer view, where there could be neither applause nor ambition—in unrecorded kindness toward dependents upon whom he lavished his bounty, and protégés whom he sought to refine and elevate. If ever in any such instance his aims may have seemed quixotic in the eyes of the prudent, they could have exposed him to the serious misapprehension of none but inferior souls.

He has enriched our literature with two octavo volumes which are not only valuable as scientific records, but as mere narratives will always have the charm of Robinson Crusoe for the young and the old; and though his own arctic discoveries and theories should be obscured by further explorations, his fame will still rest upon his rare illustration of that sentiment of philanthropy which is the chief glory of our nature.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH IMAGINARY DESIGNS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA.

TO the lists of the World Wonders Greece contributed only two representatives of her classical period, and only one of these was found on the native soil. So much the worse for the Wonders; but if Greece was to send only one autochthonous delegate, what could have been better than Pheidias's masterpiece?

Pheidias and his work came straight from the heart of Periklean Athens. The fifth century and he had grown up together, and they abode together most of their days. His earlier art occupied itself in crowning the youthful century's pride and joy at the defeat of Persia, and the best strength of his manhood and old age was devoted to forwarding the century's supreme endeavor—that of making the Athens of Perikles a fit abode of empire. In the chorus of artists that Perikles had chosen to help glorify the old citadel of Athens, and make it the becoming home of the gods, who are the state, Pheidias was the choragus, like Raffaello at the court of Leo X. The spirit of his art was in fine accord with the best temper of the age. Its subjects belonged to poetry, not to prose; but while he fashioned the forms of gods rather than of men, he conceived them in grace and beauty as well as majesty, and to plastic art was a Sophokles rather than an *Æschylos*.

The statue of Zeus which graced the chief temple on the fair grounds at Olympia was one of his latest, perhaps his very latest, work. His gold-and-ivory statue of Athene Parthenos had been completed in time for the dedication of the Parthenon in 438 B. C., and had become, along with the magnificent structure which sheltered it, the marvel of all Greece. The temple of Zeus at Olympia, which had been completed some twenty years before, and which was intended to be, as was fit and seemly for a Panhellenic sanctuary of the sovereign Panhellenic god, the grandest shelter Greece offered to any of her gods, now suffered in the comparison, and especially in that it lacked a worthy figure of its presiding deity. Nothing better, surely, could be done than to secure the services of the great artist who had made the

Parthenon so famous, and commission him to make a Zeus that might, if possible, outshine the Athene. And the scheming of small politicians made him just at the time available. The conservative opposition which felt itself too weak to attack Perikles directly gathered courage enough to attack his friends, and the lavish expenditures which the treasurers' accounts now showed had been made on the Parthenon rendered the commissioner of public works an easy target for the demagogue. So Pheidias found himself charged with stealing ivory and gold, and, what was clearly even worse, with irreverence and impiety; for among the figures on Athene's shield he had, by way of artist's signature, introduced a portrait of himself. Of the former charge the balances could acquit him, but against the latter there was no help. The portrait was there, as the Strangford shield shows it to-day. He found it, therefore, a relief to retire before the political storm into the peaceful air of Elis; and Perikles, too, clever politician as he was, undoubtedly breathed freer when he was gone.

The Zeus was evidently planned in rivalry with the Athene. Though no written words say so, the remains of the Zeus temple, as laid bare by the spade of the excavator, unmistakably betray it to the eyes of the archaeologist. Not only was it insisted that the figure must be constructed of the same precious ivory and gold, but, even though the available space was much smaller than in the broad cella of the Parthenon, the dimensions of the statue were not allowed to yield one whit to those of its Athenian prototype. No wonder the practical Strabo entertained some solicitude lest it rise from its throne and lift the roof. Supported on a pedestal three feet in height, it rose nearly forty feet above the temple floor.

The space in which the figure was to be placed was prepared so as to give the plainer materials of the temple something of the splendor attaching to the marble columns and flooring of the Parthenon. The dimensions of the space appear, also, to have been modeled after those in the Athenian temple.

The floor in front of the statue was laid with stone brought specially from Attika. A

raised hem of white Pentelic marble, framed in a pavement of blue-black Eleusinian limestone, a material just at the time coming into vogue at Athens, and being used in parts of the Erechtheion and the Propylæa—these are some of the mute witnesses to the motives under which the work was planned.

The statue stood at the rear end of the cella, only a passageway of five feet being open behind it, and filled with its pedestal the entire width (twenty feet) of the central aisle. A barrier made of slabs of stone set up between the cella columns, and decorated on the inner side with paintings by Panænos, inclosed the pedestal, together with a space about thirty feet deep in front of it. By way of the narrow outer aisles and the passageway at the rear one could make the circuit of the statue below, and by a gallery over the outer aisles could view it from the level of the shoulders above.

The statue itself, every vestige of it, has perished. Perhaps it was destroyed with the burning of the temple in Theodosius's days, or, if the Byzantine historian Kedrenos tells the truth, it was carried to Constantinople to grace the palace of one Lausus, and probably perished in its conflagration (475 A. D.). Aside from allusions in literature, the description of Pausanias, who visited Olympia in 173 A. D., with the representations of the statue on Elean coins, and a fresco recently found at Eleusis, furnishes the substance of our present knowledge, and that, as such things go, is not too meager.

The winged Victory upon the extended left hand, the long eagle-crowned scepter in the right, the lily-figured mantle of gold and enamel falling from the left shoulder over the bare ivory body, the golden sandals, the decorated footstool resting on couching lions, the noble chair of state fashioned of ivory and ebony, and glittering with precious stones and golden pictures from the stories of the gods, the olive crown of green enamel upon the long, waving tresses of gold, and, chief of all, the radiant beauty of a benignant face which, in the majesty of peace, looked out upon assured dominion—all this, and much more, is told us and shown us, and the Zeus of Pheidias lives again before the eyes of men—of men who have the artist's vision, if not the artist's hand.

The vision came to Pheidias, so he said, through Homer's words. He saw the lord of the world just as he gave the nod of kindly assurance—king, judge, and fine old gallant as he was—to Thetis, the witching bit of femininity who knelt in supppliance before him.

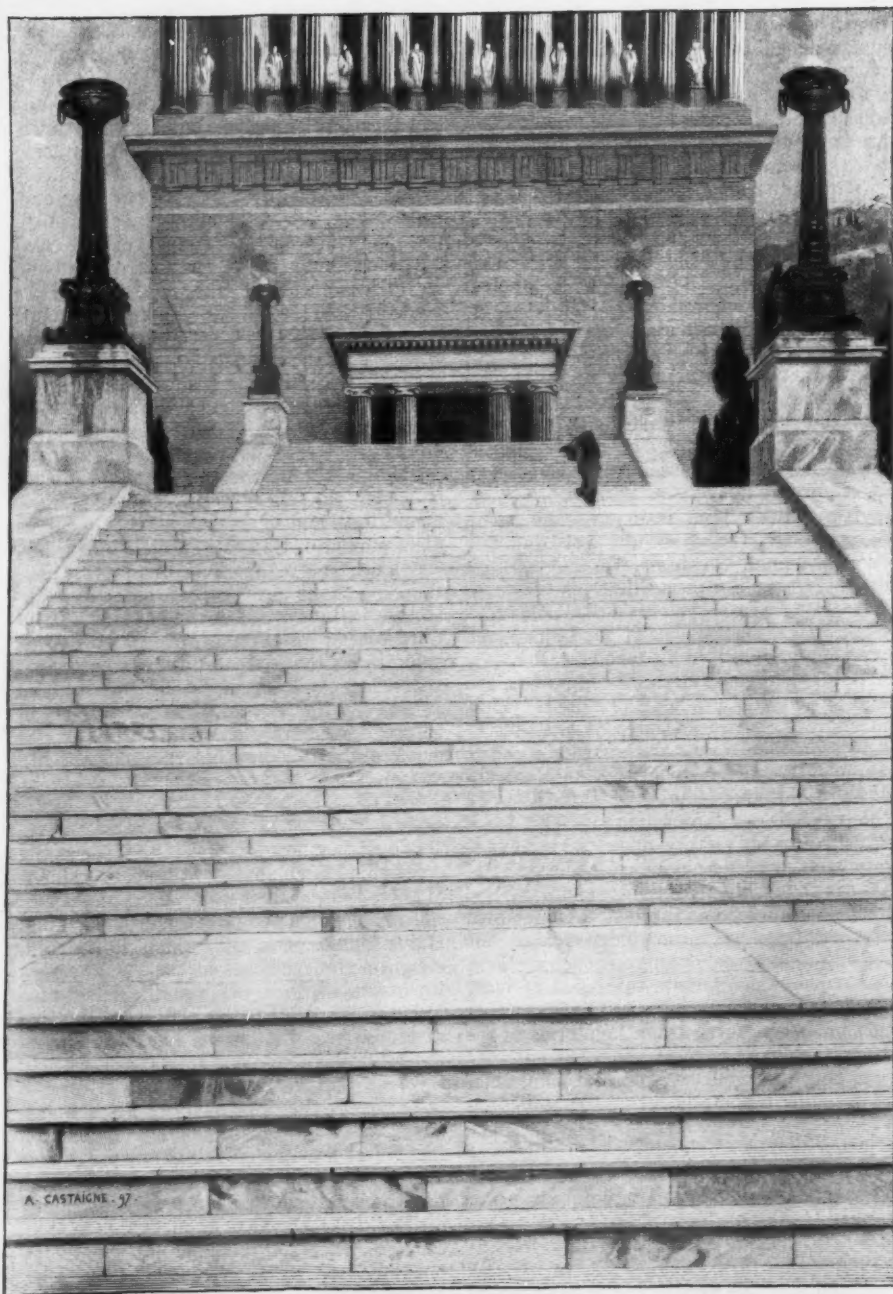
So spake the king, and bowed his heavy brow. The locks ambrosial tossed upon his deathless head, and great Olympos quaked.¹

If ancient taste is to be consulted, there can be no question that the Zeus of Olympia was the supreme masterpiece of ancient art. Men could not tire of lavishing their praise upon it. To see it was joy to the eyes and refreshment to the soul. Traveler, poet, preacher, and soldier render but one verdict concerning it. Pausanias declines to report its dimensions; they are, after all, so inadequate to measure the impression which the beholder's eye receives. Epiktetos deems him unfortunate who dies without seeing it. Philip's epigram in the Anthology reasons thus: "God came to earth that thou, O Pheidias, might'st discern his form, or else thou hast ascended into heaven to see him." A Roman soldier, Æmilius Paulus, on seeing the statue was overwhelmed with admiration, and expressed his judgment in plain Roman style: "I expected much, but the truth is greater than my expectation. Pheidias alone has copied a Zeus from Homer." But the finest word is that of Dio Chrysostom: "Methinks if one who is heavy-laden in soul, who hath drained the cup of misfortune and sorrow in life, and whom sweet sleep visiteth no more, were to stand before this figure, he would forget all the griefs and hardships that fall upon the life of man."

THE MAUSOLEUM.

THE Mausoleum was Greek in that it was the creation of Greek artists, the most brilliant of their times; but it was reared on Asiatic soil, in honor of a non-Greek, non-Aryan king. Halikarnassos, the city which it adorned, stood on the sea-shore at the southwestern tip of Asia Minor. It was the home of a Doric-Greek colony, the birthplace, indeed, of Herodotos, "father of history," and its prevailing language was Greek; but, with all the rest of Karia, on whose soil it stood, it belonged to the domain of the Karian dynasts, who since the days of Kyros had been recognized as satraps of the Persian Empire. The Karians, closely akin to their neighbors the Lykians and Pisidians, were originally distinct from the Greeks in language, customs, religion, and race, being the descendants and representatives of a people who, before there were any Greeks in Greece, occupied the whole of European Greece, the islands of the Ægean, and at least the western and southern portions of Asia Minor.

¹ Iliad i. 528-30.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE MAUSOLEUM.

Greek culture had not failed, however, to make its way among them, especially since the great days of Perikles's empire, to which they had been for a time attached as tributary members.

Maussolos—for he spelled his own name with double s—had been a prudent and successful king, and in 357 B. C. was a prime mover in the revolt known as the Social War, which destroyed the maritime empire of Athens, and gave Karia, along with other states, its independence. Uniting in himself the pride of a liberator and the thrift of a famous money-getter, he transferred his capital from the staid old island Mylasa to Halikarnassos, and proceeded to make it a *Weltstadt* and a monument of his own greatness.

So it happened that one of the World Wonders arose on the hem of the Orient through the coöperation of Greek artistic taste and barbarian filthy lucre, and became in so far the herald and forerunner of the dawning cosmopolitanism.

The Mausoleum was planned as a monument to Maussolos and his sister-wife Artemisia, and after his death (351 B. C.) was built nearly to completion by his widow. The scepter descended, in the Karian royal house, by the female side as well as by the male; and since the days of the other Artemisia, who distinguished herself on the Persian side at Salamis, and won from Xerxes the despairing plaudit, "My men have to-day become women, and my women men," the queens of Karia maintained a brilliant reputation as the better halves.

For fifteen centuries or more the Mausoleum stood firm in its place, a marvel to the ancient and the medieval world. Its name became generic, as in the "mausoleum" of Augustus, on the Campus Martius at Rome, and the "mausoleum" of Hadrian, surviving to-day in the Castle of San Angelo. As late as the fifteenth century A. D. the original Mausoleum was virtually intact. In 1402 a portion of the blocks which made its pyramidal summit were used by the Knights of St. John for the building of a fortification, and again, in 1522, the ruin was treated as a quarry, and a good portion of its marble went to lime. It is melancholy to read the account of the commander who directed the work, and hear how, at the very time when Erasmus, Colet, Linacre, and Melancthon were seeking to light the lamps of Greek culture at the North, a visible monument of its reality was going to the lime-kiln in the motherland itself. After four days' digging

through massive walls, we hear how the spoilers came upon a great hall surrounded by marble columns, its walls decorated with polished panels of variegated marble and lines of sculptured frieze. From this hall a narrow door led out into the tomb, where sarcophagus and urn still stood undesecrated. During the following night robbers despoiled the tomb, and the next morning the floor was covered with bits of gold-leaf and fragments of fabrics wrought in gold.

The thirteen blocks of frieze which were taken from an old fortification wall, and in 1846 found their way to the British Museum, stirred the ardor for further search, and in 1856 was begun a careful excavation of the site, to which, aided by Pliny's note-book, we owe most of our present knowledge of what the building really was. The most probable interpretation of the fragments yields the picture of a building of two lofty stories, surmounted by a solid pyramid, bearing at its apex, one hundred and forty feet above the ground, a colossal four-horse chariot in which stood the royal pair.

The lower story, in which was the tomb, was decorated with Ionic pilasters alternating with niches for the figures of the family's ancestors, and supporting an architrave enlivened with a frieze. The second story was a temple, with an open colonnade of thirty-six Ionic columns surrounding the cella, in which the king and his queen received the honors of hero-gods. The first story served, therefore, in the design as a postament for the temple, and both served to carry the pyramid, which, in deference to the ancient usage of Egypt and Assyria, formed a fitting symbol for the resting-place of kings.

Bold and original as it was in design,—and to this it undoubtedly owed in chief measure its place among the Seven Wonders,—it arose under the hands of Greek artists, and yielded obedience to the laws of beauty—a beauty which is restraint, born of the sense of fitness, supreme of the Attic virtues.

The sculptures which, with their color and form, gave warmth and life to the exterior, were the work of Skopas, Bryaxis, Timotheos, and Leochares. They wrought in competition, each assuming the decoration of one side; and when Queen Artemisia died (348 B. C.), before the work was done, "they did not," Pliny says, "abandon their tasks till all was finished, esteeming it at once a memorial of their own fame and of the plastic art; and to this day one cannot say which has excelled."



THE COON DOG.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST.

IN the early dusk of a warm September evening the bats were flitting to and fro, as if it were still summer, under the great elm that overshadowed Isaac Brown's house, on the Dipford road. Isaac Brown himself, and his old friend and neighbor John York, were leaning against the fence.

"Frost keeps off late, don't it?" said John York. "I laughed when I first heard about the circus comin'; I thought 't was so unusual late in the season. Turned out well, however. Every body I noticed was returning with a palm-leaf fan. Guess they found 'em useful under the tent; 't was a master hot day. I saw old lady Price with her hands full o' those free advertisin' fans, as if she was layin' in a stock against next summer. Well, I expect she 'll live to enjoy 'em."

"I was right here where I'm standin' now, and I see her as she was goin' by this mornin'," said Isaac Brown, laughing, and settling himself comfortably against the fence as if they had chanced upon a welcome subject of conversation. "I hailed her, same 's I gener'lly do. 'Where are you bound to-day, ma'am?' says I.

"I 'm goin' over as fur as Dipford Centre," says she. "I 'm goin' to see my poor dear 'Liza Jane. I want to 'suage her grief; her husband, Mr. 'Bijah Topliff, has passed away."

"So much the better," says I.

"No; I never l'arnt about it till yisterday," says she; an' she looked up at me real kind of pleasant, and begun to laugh.

"I hear he 's left property," says she, tryin' to pull her face down solemn. I give her the fifty cents she wanted to borrow to make up her car-fare and other expenses, an' she stepped off like a girl down tow'ds the depot.

"This afternoon, as you know, I 'd prom-

ised the boys that I 'd take 'em over to see the menagerie, and nothin' would n't do none of us any good but we must see the circus too; an' when we 'd just got posted on one o' the best high seats, mother she nudged me, and I looked right down front two, three rows, an' if there wa'n't Mis' Price, spectacles an' all, with her head right up in the air, havin' the best time you ever see. I laughed right out. She had n't taken no time to see 'Liza Jane; she wa'n't 'suagin' no grief for nobody till she 'd seen the circus. 'There,' says I, 'I do like to have anybody keep their young feelin's!'"

"Mis' Price come over to see our folks before breakfast," said John York. "Wife said she was inquiren' about the circus, but she wanted to know first if they could n't oblige her with a few trinkets o' mournin', seein' as how she 'd got to pay a mournin' visit. Wife thought 't was a bosom-pin, or somethin' like that, but turned out she wanted the skirt of a dress; 'most anything would do, she said."

"I thought she looked extra well startin' off," said Isaac, with an indulgent smile. "The Lord provides very handsome for such, I do declare! She ain't had no visible means o' support these ten or fifteen years back, but she don't freeze up in winter no more than we do."

"Nor dry up in summer," interrupted his friend; "I never did see such an able hand to talk."

"She 's good company, and she 's obligin' an' useful when the women folks have their extra work progressin'," continued Isaac Brown, kindly. "'T ain't much for a well-off neighborhood like this to support that old chirpin' cricket. My mother used to say she kind of helped the work along by 'livenin' of it. Here she comes now; must have taken the last train, after she had supper with

'Lizy Jane. You stay still; we 're goin' to hear all about it."

The small thin figure of Mrs. Price had to be hailed twice before she could be stopped.

"I wish you a good evenin', neighbors," she said. "I have been to the house of mournin'."

"Find 'Liza Jane in, after the circus?" asked Isaac Brown, with equal seriousness. "Excellent show, was n't it, for so late in the season?"

"Oh, beautiful; it was beautiful, I declare," answered the pleased spectator, readily. "Why, I did n't see you, nor Mis' Brown. Yes; I felt it best to refresh my mind an' wear a cheerful countenance. When I see

'Liza Jane I was able to divert her mind considerable. She was glad I went. I told her I'd made an effort, knowin' 't was so she had to lose the a'ternoon. 'Bijah left property, if he did die away from home on a foreign shore."

"You don't mean that 'Bijah Topliff's left anything!" exclaimed John York with interest, while Isaac Brown put both hands deep into his pockets, and leaned back in a still more satisfactory position against the gatepost.

"He enjoyed poor health," answered Mrs. Price, after a moment of deliberation as if she must take time to think. "'Bijah never was one that scattereth, nor yet increaseth.



'BIJAH TOPLIFF.

'Liza Jane's got some memories o' the past that's a good deal better than others; but he died somewheres out in Connecticut, or so she heard, and he's left a very val'able coon dog—one he set a great deal by. 'Liza Jane said, last time he was to home, he priced that dog at fifty dollars. 'There, now, 'Liza Jane,' says I, right to her, when she told me, 'if I could git fifty dollars for that dog, I certain' would. Perhaps some o' the circus folks would like to buy him; they've taken in a stream o' money this day.' But 'Liza Jane ain't never inclined to listen to advice. 'T is a dreadful poor-spirited-lookin' creatur'. I don't want no right o' dower in him, myself."

"A good coon dog's worth somethin', certain," said John York, handsomely.

"If he is a good coon dog," added Isaac Brown. "I would n't have parted with old Rover, here, for a good deal of money when he was right in his best days; but a dog like him's like one of the family. Stop an' have some supper, won't ye, Mis' Price?"—as the thin old creature was fitting off again. At that same moment this kind invitation was repeated from the door of the house; and Mrs. Price turned in, unprotesting and always socially inclined, at the open gate.

II.

It was a month later, and a whole autumn's length colder, when the two men were coming home from a long tramp through the woods. They had been making a solemn inspection of a wood-lot that they owned together, and had now visited their landmarks and outer boundaries, and settled the great question of cutting or not cutting some large pines. When it was well decided that a few years' growth would be no disadvantage to the timber, they had eaten an excellent cold luncheon and rested from their labors.

"I don't feel a day older'n ever I did when I get out in the woods this way," announced John York, who was a prim-looking, dusty little man, a prudent person who had been a selectman of the town at least a dozen times.

"No more do I," agreed his companion, who was large and jovial and open-handed, more like a lucky sea-captain than a farmer. After pounding a slender walnut-tree with a heavy stone, he had succeeded in getting down a pocketful of late-hanging nuts which had escaped the squirrels, and was now snapping them back, one by one, to a venturesome chipmunk among some little frost-bitten beeches. Isaac Brown had a wonderfully pleasant way of getting on with all sorts of

animals, even men. After a while they rose and went their way, these two companions, stopping here and there to look at a possible woodchuck's hole, or to strike a few hopeful blows at a hollow tree with the light ax which Isaac had carried to blaze new marks on some of the lime-trees on the farther edge of their possessions. Sometimes they stopped to admire the size of an old hemlock, or to talk about thinning out the young pines. At last they were not very far from the edge of the great tract of woodland. The yellow sunshine came slanting in much brighter against the tall trunks, spotting them with golden light high among the still branches.

Presently they came to a great ledge, frost-split and cracked into mysterious crevices.

"Here's where we used to get all the coons," said John York. "I have n't seen a coon this great while, spite o' your courage knocking on the trees up back here. You know that night we got the four fat ones? We started 'em somewheres near here, so the dog could get after 'em when they come out at night to go foragin'."

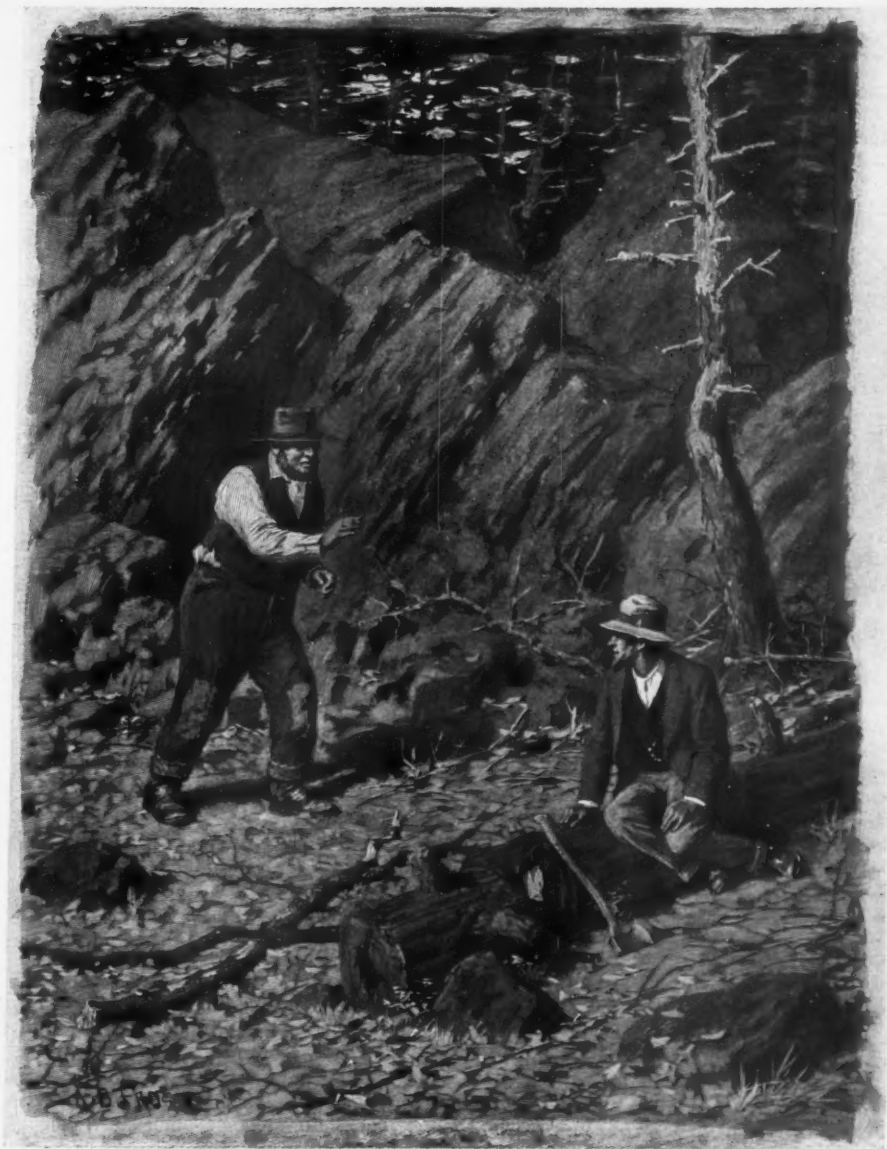
"Hold on, John"; and Mr. Isaac Brown got up from the log where he had just sat down to rest, and went to the ledge, and looked carefully all about. When he came back he was much excited, and beckoned his friend away, speaking in a stage whisper.

"I guess you'll see a coon before you're much older," he proclaimed. "I've thought it looked lately as if there'd been one about my place, and there's plenty o' signs here, right in their old haunts. Couple o' hens' heads an' a lot o' feathers—"

"Might be a fox," interrupted John York.

"Might be a coon," answered Mr. Isaac Brown. "I'm goin' to have him, too. I've been lookin' at every old hollow tree I passed, but I never thought o' this place. We'll come right off to-morrow night, I guess, John, an' see if we can't get him. 'T is an extra handy place for 'em to den; in old times the folks always called it a good place; they've been so sca'ce o' these late years that I've thought little about 'em. Nothin' I ever liked so well as a coon-hunt. Gorry! he must be a big old fellow, by his tracks! See here, in this smooth dirt; just like a baby's footprint."

"Trouble is, we lack a good dog," said John York, anxiously, after he had made an eager inspection. "I don't know where in the world to get one, either. There ain't no such a dog about as your Rover, but you've let him get spoilt; these days I don't see him



"I GUESS YOU 'LL SEE A COON."

leave the yard. You ought to kept the women folks from overfeedin' of him so. He ought to 've lasted a good spell longer. He's no use for huntin' now, that's certain."

Isaac accepted the rebuke meekly. John York was a calm man, but he now grew very fierce under such a provocation. Nobody likes to be hindered in a coon-hunt.

"Oh, Rover's too old, anyway," explained

the affectionate master, regretfully. "I've been wishing all this afternoon I'd brought him; but I did n't think anything about him as we came away, I've got so used to seeing him layin' about the yard. 'T would have been a real treat for old Rover, if he could have kept up. Used to be at my heels the whole time. He could n't follow us, anyway, up here."

"I should n't wonder if he could," insisted John, with a humorous glance at his old friend, who was much too heavy and huge of girth for quick transit over rough ground. John York himself had grown lighter as he had grown older.

"I'll tell you one thing we could do," he hastened to suggest. "There 's that dog of 'Bijah Topliff's. Don't you know the old lady told us, that day she went over to Dipford, how high he was valued? Most o' 'Bijah's important business was done in the fall, goin' out by night, gunning with fellows from the mills. He was just the kind of a worthless do-nothing that 's sure to have an extra knowin' smart dog. I expect 'Liza Jane's got him now. Perhaps we could get him by to-morrow night. Let one o' my boys go over!"

"Why, 'Liza Jane 's come, bag an' baggage, to spend the winter with her mother," exclaimed Isaac Brown, springing to his feet like a boy. "I've had it in mind to tell you two or three times this afternoon, and then something else has flown it out o' my head. I let my John Henry take the long-tailed wagon an' go down to the depot this mornin' to fetch her an' her goods up. The old lady come in early, while we were to breakfast, and to hear her lofty talk you 'd thought 't would taken a couple o' four-horse teams to move her. I told John Henry he might take that wagon and fetch up what light stuff he could, and see how much else there was, an' then I 'd make further arrangements. She said 'Liza Jane 'd see me well satisfied, an' rode off, pleased to death. I see 'em returnin' about eight, after the train was in. They 'd got 'Liza Jane with 'em, smaller 'n ever; and there was a trunk tied up with a rope, and a small roll o' beddin' and braided mats, and a quilted rockin'-chair. The old lady was holdin' on tight to a bird-cage with nothin' in it. Yes; an' I see the dog, too, in behind. He appeared kind of timid. He 's a yaller dog, but he ain't stump-tailed. They hauled up out front o' the house, and mother an' I went right out; Mis' Price always expects to have notice taken. She was in great sperits. Said 'Liza Jane concluded to sell off most of her stuff rather 'n have the care of it. She 'd told the folks that Mis' Topliff had a beautiful sofa and a lot o' nice chairs, and two framed pictures that would fix up the house complete, and invited us all to come over and see 'em. There she seemed just as pleased returnin' with the bird-cage. Disappointments don't appear to trouble her no more than a butterfly. I kind of like the old creatur'; I don't mean to see her want."

"They 'll let us have the dog," said John York. "I don't know but I 'll give a quarter for him, and we 'll let 'em have a good piece o' the coon."

"You really comin' 'way up here by night, coon-huntin'?" asked Isaac Brown, looking reproachfully at his more agile comrade.

"I be," answered John York.

"I was dre'tful afraid you was only talking, and might back out," returned the cheerful heavy-weight, with a chuckle. "Now we 've got things all fixed, I feel more like it than ever. I tell you there 's just boy enough left inside of me. I 'll clean up my old gun to-morrow mornin', and you look right after your 'n. I dare say the boys have took good care of 'em for us, but they don't know what we do about huntin', and we 'll bring 'em all along and show 'em a little fun."

"All right," said John York, as soberly as if they were going to look after a piece of business for the town; and they gathered up the ax and other light possessions, and started toward home.

III.

THE two friends, whether by accident or design, came out of the woods some distance from their own houses, but very near to the low-storied little gray dwelling of Mrs. Price. They crossed the pasture, and climbed over the toppling fence at the foot of her small sandy piece of land, and knocked at the door. There was a light already in the kitchen. Mrs. Price and Eliza Jane Topliff appeared at once, eagerly hospitable.

"Anybody sick?" asked Mrs. Price, with instant sympathy. "Nothin' happened, I hope?"

"Oh, no," said both the men.

"We came to talk about hiring your dog to-morrow night," explained Isaac Brown, feeling for the moment amused at his eager errand. "We got on track of a coon just now, up in the woods, and we thought we 'd give our boys a little treat. You shall have fifty cents, an' welcome, and a good piece o' the coon."

"Yes, Square Brown; we can let you have the dog as well as not," interrupted Mrs. Price, delighted to grant a favor. "Poor departed 'Bijah he set everything by him as a coon dog. He always said a dog's capital was his reputation."

"You 'll have to be dreadful careful an' not lose him," urged Mrs. Topliff. "Yes, sir; he 's a proper coon dog as ever walked the earth, but he 's terrible weak-minded about followin' most anybody. 'Bijah used to travel

off twelve or fourteen miles after him when he wa'n't able. Somebody 'd speak to him decent, or fling a whip-lash as they drove by, an' off he 'd canter on three legs right after the wagon. But 'Bijah said he would n't trade

the light, 'Liza Jane; they can't see their way out to the road. I 'll fetch him over to ye in good season," she called out, by way of farewell; "'t will save ye third of a mile extra walk. No, 'Liza Jane; you 'll let me do



"THE GREAT NIGHT OF THE COON-HUNT."

him for no coon dog he ever was acquainted with. Trouble is, coons is awful sca'ce."

"I guess he ain't out o' practice," said John York, amiably; "I guess he 'll know when he strikes the coon. Come, Isaac, we must be gittin' along tow'ds home. I feel like eatin' a good supper. You tie him up to-morrow afternoon, so we shall be sure to have him," he turned to say to Mrs. Price, who stood smiling at the door.

"Land sakes, dear, he won't git away; you 'll find him right there betwixt the wood-box and the stove, where he is now. Hold

it, if you please. I've got a mother's heart. The gentlemen will excuse us for showin' feelin'. You 're all the child I 've got, an' your prosperity is the same as mine."

IV.

THE great night of the coon-hunt was frosty and still, with only a dim light from the new moon. John York and his boys, and Isaac Brown, whose excitement was very great, set forth across the fields toward the dark woods. The men seemed younger and gayer than the boys. There was a burst of laughter when



"I GOT UP MYSELF TO LET TIGER IN."

John Henry Brown and his little brother appeared with the coon dog of the late Mr. Abijah Topliff, which had promptly run away home again after Mrs. Price had coaxed him over in the afternoon. The captors had tied a string round his neck, at which they pulled vigorously from time to time to urge him forward. Perhaps he found the night too cold; at any rate, he stopped short in the frozen furrows every few minutes, lifting one foot and whining a little. Half a dozen times

he came near to tripping up Mr. Isaac Brown and making him fall at full length.

"Poor Tiger! poor Tiger!" said the good-natured sportsman, when somebody said that the dog did n't act as if he were much used to being out by night. "He'll be all right when he once gets track of the coon." But when they were fairly in the woods Tiger's distress was perfectly genuine. The long rays of light from the old-fashioned lanterns of pierced tin went wheeling round and round,

making a tall ghost of every tree, and strange shadows went darting in and out behind the pines. The woods were like an interminable pillared room where darkness made a high ceiling. The clean frosty smell of the open fields was changed for a warmer air, damp with the heavy odor of moss and fallen leaves. There was something wild and delicious in the forest in that hour of night. The men and boys tramped on silently in single file, as if they followed the flickering light instead of carrying it. The dog fell back by instinct, as did his companions, into the easy familiarity of forest life. He ran beside them, and watched eagerly as they chose a safe place to leave a coat or two and a basket. He seemed to be an affectionate dog, now that he had made acquaintance with his masters.

"Seems to me he don't exactly know what he 's about," said one of the York boys, scornfully; "we must have struck that coon's track somewhere, comin' in."

"We 'll get through talkin', an' heap up a little somethin' for a fire, if you 'll turn to and help," said his father. "I 've always noticed that nobody can give so much good advice about a piece o' work as a new hand. When you 've treed as many coons as your Uncle Brown an' me you won't feel so certain. Isaac, you be the one to take the dog up round the ledge, there. He 'll scent the coon quick enough then. We 'll tend to this part o' the business."

"You may come too, John Henry," said the indulgent father, and they set off together silently with the coon dog. He followed well enough now; his tail and ears were drooping even more than usual, but he whimpered along as bravely as he could, much excited, at John Henry's heels, like one of those great soldiers who are all unnerved until the battle is well begun.

A minute later the father and son came hurrying back, breathless, and stumbling over roots and bushes. The fire was already lighted, and sending a great glow higher and higher among the trees.

"He 's off! He 's struck a track! He was off like a major!" wheezed Mr. Isaac Brown.

"Which way 'd he go?" asked everybody.

"Right out toward the fields. Like 's not the old fellow was just starting after more of our fowls. I 'm glad we come early—he can't have got far yet. We can't do nothin' but wait now, boys. I 'll set right down here."

"Soon as the coon trees, you 'll hear the dog sing now, I tell you!" said John York,

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with great enthusiasm. "That night your father an' me got those four busters we 've told you about, they come right here to the ledge. I don't know but they will now. 'T was a dreadful cold night, I know. We did n't get home till past three o'clock in the mornin', either. You remember, don't you, Isaac?"

"I do," said Isaac. "How old Rover worked that night! Could n't see out of his eyes, nor hardly wag his clever old tail, for two days; thorns in both his fore paws, and the last coon took a piece right out of his shoulder."

"Why did n't you let Rover come to-night, father?" asked the younger boy. "I think he knew somethin' was up. He was jumpin' round at a great rate when I come out of the yard."

"I don't know but he might make trouble for the other dog," answered Isaac, after a moment's silence. He felt almost disloyal to the faithful creature, and had been missing him all the way. "Sh! there 's a bark!" And they all stopped to listen.

The fire was leaping higher; they all sat near it, listening and talking by turns. There is apt to be a good deal of waiting in a coon-hunt.

"If Rover was young as he used to be I 'd resk him to tree any coon that ever run," said the regretful master. "This smart creature o' Topliff's can't beat him, I know. The poor old fellow's eyesight seems to be going. Two—three times he 's run out at me right in broad day, an' barked, when I come up the yard toward the house; and I did pity him dreadfully, he was so 'shamed when he found out what he 'd done. Rover 's a dog that 's got an awful lot o' pride. He went right off out behind the long barn the last time, and would n't come in for nobody when they called him to supper till I went out myself and made it up with him. No; he can't see very well now, Rover can't."

"He 's heavy, too; he 's got too unwieldy to tackle a smart coon, I expect, even if he could do the tall runnin'," said John York, with sympathy. "They have to get a master grip with their teeth through a coon's thick pelt this time o' year. No; the young folks gets all the good chances after a while"; and he looked round indulgently at the chubby faces of his boys, who fed the fire, and rejoiced in being promoted to the society of their elders on equal terms. "Ain't it time we heard from the dog?" And they all listened while the fire snapped and the sap whistled in some green sticks.

"I hear him," said John Henry, suddenly; and faint and far away there came the sound of a desperate bark. There is a bark that means attack, and there is a bark that means only foolish excitement.

"They ain't far off!" said Isaac. "My gracious, he 's right after him! I don't know 's I expected that poor-looking dog to be so smart. You can't tell by their looks. Quick as he scented the game up here in the rocks, off he put. Perhaps it ain't any matter if they ain't stump-tailed, long 's they 're yaller dogs. He did n't look heavy enough to me. I tell you, he means business. Hear that bark!"

"They all bark alike after a coon." John York was as excited as anybody. "Git the guns laid out to hand, boys," he commanded. "If it 's the old fellow that belongs here, he may put in any minute." But there was again a long silence and state of suspense; the chase had turned another way. There were faint distant yaps. The fire burned low and fell together with a shower of sparks. The smaller boys began to grow chilly and sleepy, when there was a thud and rustle and snapping of twigs close at hand, then the gasp of a breathless dog. Two dim shapes rushed by. A shower of bark fell, and a dog began to sing at the foot of the great twisted pine not fifty feet away.

"Hooray for Tiger!" yelled the boys; but the dog's voice filled all the woods. It might have echoed to the mountain-tops. There was the old coon; they could all see him half-way up the tree, flat to the great limb. They heaped the fire with dry branches till it flared high. Now they lost him in a shadow as he twisted about the tree. John York fired, and Isaac Brown fired, and the boys took a turn at the guns, while John Henry started to climb a neighboring oak; but at last it was Isaac who brought the coon to ground with a lucky shot, and the dog stopped his deafening bark and frantic leaping in the underbrush, and after an astonishing moment of silence crept out, a proud victor, to his prouder master's feet.

"Goodness alive, who 's this? Good for you, old handsome! Why, it 's old Rover, boys; it 's old Rover. Look here!" But Isaac could not speak another word. They all crowded round the wistful, clumsy old dog, whose eyes shone bright, though his breath was all gone. All patted him, and praised him, and said they ought to have mistrusted all the time that it could be nobody but he. It was some minutes before Isaac Brown

could trust himself to do anything but pat the sleek old head that was always ready to his hand.

"He must have overheard us talkin'; I guess he 'd have come if he 'd dropped dead half-way," proclaimed John Henry, like a prince of the reigning house; and Rover wagged his tail as if in honest assent, as he lay at his master's side. They sat together, while the fire was brightened again to make a good light for the coon-hunt supper; and Rover had a good half of everything that found its way into his master's hand. It was toward midnight when the triumphal procession set forth toward home, with the two lanterns, across the fields.

V.

THE next morning was bright and warm after the hard frost of the night before. Old Rover was asleep on the doorstep in the sun, and his master stood in the yard, and saw neighbor Price come along the road in her best array, with a gay holiday air.

"Well, now," she said eagerly, "you wa'n't out very late last night, were you? I got up myself to let Tiger in. He come home, all beat out, about a quarter past nine. I expect you had n't no kind o' trouble gittin' the coon. The boys was tellin' me he weighed 'most thirty pounds."

"Oh, no kind o' trouble," said Isaac, keeping the great secret gallantly. "You got the things I sent over this mornin'?"

"Bless your heart, yes! I 'd a sight rather have all that good pork an' potatoes than any o' your wild meat," said Mrs. Price, smiling with prosperity. "You see, now, 'Liza Jane she 's given in. She did n't re'lly know but 't was all talk o' 'Bijah 'bout that dog's bein' wuth fifty dollars. She says she can't cope with a huntin' dog same 's he could, an' she 's given me the money you an' John York sent over this mornin'; an' I did n't know but what you 'd lend me another half a dollar, so I could both go to Dipford Centre an' git back, an' see if I could n't make a sale o' Tiger right over there where they all know about him. It 's right in the coon season; now 's my time, ain't it?"

"Well, gettin' a little late," said Isaac, shaking with laughter as he took the desired sum of money out of his pocket. "He seems to be a clever dog round the house."

"I don't know 's I want to harbor him all winter," answered the excursionist, frankly, striking into a good traveling gait as she started off toward the railroad-station.

SANGRE DE CRISTO.

A ROMANCE OF SPANISH AMERICA.

BY MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD.



THE President sat in his private room. His desk was near the window. Occasionally he glanced down into the plaza, for there was some disturbance below. As he looked there came within his range of vision four men. They were dressed in the uniform of the President's body-guard. The four were bending over and carrying a fifth, whose form hung limp and lifeless, for indeed he was beyond all help. Only a few moments ago, a bullet, fired by an unerring marksman, had stopped the beating of his heart. His blood was streaming upon the ground, and splashing upon the feet of the men who carried him. The President arose and leaned out a little way. His eye caught sight of the pools of blood which had settled in the worn footmarks upon the palace steps. As he re-seated himself his eye followed the movements of the four men, who, with their dead weight of burden, stumbled across the hot, white plaza.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, but the sun was already beating fiercely down upon that treeless square.

By the bearers of the dead no indignation was expressed. No muttering or threat of vengeance was heard for the sudden taking off of this their comrade. Alvarez had met his death fairly; there was nothing to be said. It was too late for remonstrance, and should sympathy for the dead man be shown, the sympathizer would be in a fair way to follow in his wake, when four other men would carry his lifeless body across the plaza and out of sight of the windows.

It had all happened in a moment. The President was mounting the steps of the palace. He walked quickly. For so ponderous a man he was lithe and active. His perceptions were keen, his hearing was sharp. He carried a revolver in his belt, and one in his pocket. He had been brought up in a school where treachery obtained the highest mark.

As the President had passed briskly in front of his body-guard, while the company stood at "attention," no one who had scanned that inscrutable countenance could have

imagined what manner of thought was passing through that cunning brain. As the President reached the broad stone landing a man sprang quickly from the ranks. In a second he had reached the lower tread. His hand was in his pocket, but he had no time to withdraw it. The President's well-trained ear discerned the ominous click for which he was ever waiting. In a flash he had wheeled and fired, and his true aim, learned in many an uprising, had laid the assassin in his own dusty tracks, where he drew up his knees, opened his eyes to the blue, and then lay still. The President drew his monocle from his breast-pocket and fitted it to his eye, an accomplishment that he had learned in Paris.

"Ah," he said, showing his teeth as he smiled, "I thought Alvarez had seemed very fond of me of late!"

He ejected the glass from his eye, turned and entered the time-stained doorway, and mounted the inner steps.

The officer on guard came forward to meet him in the upper corridor. "Have that carrion removed," he said. At the man's uncomprehending look, he added, "Down below there, at the foot of the entrance stairs."

"Another!" The listener trembled slightly for so brave a soldier, and a certain pallor showed through his dark skin.

"If he knew! If he knew! Would my fate be the same?" And Don Andrea descended the stairway to give directions.

Meanwhile the President sat and pondered.

"Are any of them faithful? How many can I count upon? They tell me, it is true, that up in the mountains men tremble when my name is spoken; that I am used as a bugbear to frighten little children into being good. Little children! Children like what my Dulce was! *Bueno! bueno!* They began it. Dolts! What would their country be without me? What have I not done for them and it?—I who know so well what is best for them, though they cannot see it. What would they do should I leave them in that way,"—he nodded his head toward the courtyard below,—"*or in any other? How*

they would sigh for the days of *el Presidente!*" He struck a bell. When the messenger had come, "Send Señor Ramirez to me," he said.

He went to the window, and stood looking out. There stood the guard. His eye, trained to the precision of the French regular infantry, recognized, as it had a hundred times before, the lax irregularity of his own troops. Once, in England, where he had been received with as much distinction as if not even the few dark drops that he hated flowed through his veins, he had been a spectator at the "trooping of the colors." Some one questioned: "Did you ever see anything finer than that, your Excellency?" He answered benignly: "It is very well, my friend—very well indeed; but you should see my body-guard." And this line upon which he gazed was that body-guard—these peons in absurd attempt at uniform, buttoned to the chin this broiling day, their feet resting in the scorching sand of the plaza—the hat with leathern strap and pompon recalling to mind the little travesties upon humanity who collect pennies for their masters, the organ-grinders.

"Like Milton's angels, they only stand and wait." The conceit pleased him, and he smiled as he gazed at the men shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, trying to discover a cooler footing in the hot sand of the plaza.

"I must give them something to do. They will become discontented, else. A revolution would not be so bad a thing just now. Or stay; perhaps I shall find other work for them. I could—" He turned quickly, almost before the handle of the door was moved.

"Oh, Ramirez, is that you? Where is Macias?"

"He is down at the wharves, your Excellency. I believe that he is expecting some furniture from the North."

"Ah!" The President's eyes flashed distrust, and then he smiled quickly as if to cover a mistake.

"Macias is getting to be a rich man."

"Yes, your Excellency." The tone was neither affirmative nor contradictory.

"And you, Ramirez?"

Señor Ramirez shrugged his shoulders, and turned his palms outward. "I am not a lucky man, your Excellency. Making an honest penny is difficult, and I have no mind to make it otherwise."

The President's eyes were nearly closed as he regarded Señor Ramirez fixedly. Ramirez met his gaze with calmness, though a pallor showed through his skin.

"That will do, Ramirez."

The cabinet member bowed, and backed toward the door.

"Stay a moment."

Ramirez's hand was on the knob; he turned again.

"There has been a rumor of an uprising at Tunas. I think of despatching a company of volunteers." The President laughed aloud. "Volunteers; do you hear, Ramirez? To Tunas. There is a company now at the barracks over on the bay; is there not?"

"There is, your Excellency."

"Bueno! Give the proper orders, Ramirez, and see that the men go over in the steamer which sails to-night. Send Caldero with them. He is young; he may as well win his spurs."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"See that the men are tied wrist to wrist and leg to leg, so that there may be no escape. And oh, by the way, Ramirez, since the alcalde has written asking for volunteers,"—the President smiled broadly,—"*I should like to have you prepare an answer to go with them. I will give you the form.*"

The President seated himself at his desk, and for some moments nothing was heard in the great room but the scratching of his pen. When he had finished, he blotted the paper and held it out to Ramirez. The minister took it with a bow, and turned a second time toward the door.

"Wait, Ramirez; read it aloud; I should like to hear how it reads."

Señor Ramirez walked over near the window. The jalousies were drawn down nearly to the window-ledge, but still he could look down on the body-guard, standing miserably at so-called "rest." He withdrew again a foot or two. He had no mind to stand so well within sight that his head might be taken for nobler quarry. This error had been made before, and Señor Ramirez had no wish to reduce the President's cabinet by one member, and that member himself.

The President looked up impatiently.

"Bueno! Bueno! Ramirez! Read, man, read!"

The senior member of the cabinet adjusted his glasses upon his nose, and read aloud:

To his Excellency the Alcalde of Tunas.

SIR: I herewith send to you, under command of Lieutenant Caldero, the volunteers which your letter requests of me. Please return the ropes with which they are tied.

And then came the President's signature, as delicate and refined as a woman's hand-

writing. To those who judge of character by penmanship the President would have been an unsolvable enigma.

The President looked expectantly at Ramirez; but no smile broke upon his face. The tragedy of the morning had cast a melancholy over the features of the reader.

The President's eyes shot forth anger.

"Have you no sense of humor, Ramirez? Do you see nothing amusing in my message? Oh! how have I suffered a man to remain so long in my cabinet who has no sense of humor?"

"I—I beg a thousand pardons, your Excellency; I—I—was thinking of something else." Señor Ramirez perused the lines again. And now he cunningly allowed a slow-advancing gleam of amusement to steal over his face. It increased, it broadened, it spread into a laugh; his eyes twinkled; his appreciation seemed thorough enough for even the President.

"I see! I see! Your Excellency, I have not, it is true, much sense of humor. (Humor! Good God! Humor over the thin crust of a volcano!) But now I catch your meaning. 'Volunteers'! Excellent! Excellent! 'Please return the ropes with which they are tied'! 'With which they are tied'! Excellent! Even the dullest mind must see the sarcasm of that! But no one but your Excellency would ever have thought of putting it in that way. Excellent indeed!" And Señor Ramirez laughed convulsively.

The President dismissed the minister with a wave of the hand. "When it is copied fairly, bring it to me for my signature. And so you are very badly off. Poor Ramirez! Poor Ramirez! We must see what we can do to better your fortunes."

The secretary bowed to hide his face, and left the room.

"Now, what did he mean by that?" he thought. "One never knows what he is driving at."

"As if I did not know all about that Curaçao affair," muttered the President, in French. And then, as he became somewhat excited in his soliloquy, his monologue lapsed into his musical native tongue. He spoke many languages, and most of them well. The slight tinge of African blood and tradition had been almost effaced by three generations of Spanish ideas, and the President had forgotten only too willingly. Although he had rebelled against the home government, and had successfully fought for his freedom, and although his sympathies had

always been with revolutionists everywhere, his language was his own, and no other could take its place with him.

The traditions of his government were in form republican. He was, it is true, a president; but he was a president who presided over an absolute monarchy. Law was in his dictum, power in the wave of his hand. Through fear he had been elected times without number, and would still be until some malcontent quicker of thought and aim than he should put a bullet through his heart and roll him in the dust as he had rolled his would-be assassin only a half-hour ago. His own conviction was, however, that this man had yet to be born.

The President took from his watch-chain a peculiarly shaped key. With this he unlocked his desk. When the outer lid was raised a second lid came into view. This second lid was unlocked with a second key. A third and very small key turned the locks of various drawers inside the desk. His quick ear caught the sound of footfalls in the passage outside of the room. He dropped the lid, its report echoing loudly through the barely furnished apartment. He stepped lightly to the door, sprang the bolt, and hung his handkerchief so that it covered the key-hole. "I am getting careless," was his commentary upon this episode. Returning to his desk, he opened the two lids, and took a packet of papers from one of the drawers. He ran over the papers slowly and with scrutiny. He selected one from among them; the others he returned to the safe-keeping of their particular drawer.

He read slowly and in a whisper the indorsement upon the papers which he held in his hand.

"Ramirez's account with Valdez in Curaçao" (the President pronounced it "Curaçow"), "importing articles into the country. Duties unpaid; articles sold secretly at less than their value."

As the President perused this paper with most earnest attention, nothing was heard in the room but the rattling of the stiff, dry sheets. Occasionally through the open window came the sound of the sergeant's voice giving orders to his tightly incased company.

When the paper was carefully read to the end, the President refolded and replaced it in its accustomed packet. He then unlocked a second drawer, and took from it a second letter—the postmark, San José de Puerto Rico.

"It is as well to refresh my memory," said

he; "otherwise one becomes too tender-hearted."

Had there been an observer present, and had he judged by the President's smile, he would hardly have accused him of tender-heartedness.

"Now this letter from Jamaica" (the President said, "Yamaeeca"). "My spies seem faithful; but are they? Can I trust Otaldez? Can I trust any one?"

And then he read in a measured whisper an extract from an English letter:

I have the honor also to inform your Excellency that Señor Don Alano Macias came to this place at the time when your Excellency supposed him to be in Venezuela. He was closeted one day, for many hours, with a member of the English firm who have obtained the concession for the new railway. I paid the office boy to discover and report to me all that he could learn about this gentleman. He tells me that Don Alano intends to leave your country on the first opportunity. He has accepted an offer from the English company. He will leave without your consent so soon as he can complete his arrangements.

"And take my secrets with him!"

The President replaced this document with the others. He lost no time in thought. Thought and action were one with him. He locked the small drawer, the inner lid, and the heavy outer lid with haste. He took up the porron, and hurriedly poured out some water. It filled the glass and splashed over on the table. He drained the glass hastily, and a second, and yet another. His face was hot, his lips were feverish and dry. For the first time in months his hand trembled. The water, which had overflowed the glass and lay in a lake upon the table, dripped, dripped, slowly to the floor. The President turned his gaze upon it as if he had almost expected to see it thick and red. He crossed the room to the door. He walked stealthily, pushed back the bolt with a quick motion, and flung the door wide. At the sound of the drawing of the bolt there was a hurried knock on the panel. It was Señor Ramirez. He was pale, and looked anxious. He straightened himself as if he had been stooping. The President smiled. He had not forgotten to remove his handkerchief from the keyhole. He dismissed Ramirez with a wave of the hand, saying only, "I am busy." He crossed the room again, and called from the window, "Send for the captain of my yacht." A man was smearing a little water upon the steps in the endeavor to remove the red stains. He dropped pail and broom, and hastily disappeared.

There was a rustle of skirts in the doorway.

"May I come in, Papa President?"

"Not now, Dulce; I am busy."

"Not too busy to see me, papa; not too busy to see Dulce."

Two slight arms were around the President's neck, a bronze head was laid on his shoulder, a soft cheek was rubbed gently against his darker one.

"I heard you order the yacht, papa; when do we start?"

"It is a business trip, Dulce, child; you cannot go to-day."

"I am going with you, papa."

"Not to-day, Dulce. I have had news which takes me to Lazulla. I must make a hurried trip; I cannot take you with me."

The girl walked to the door that gave upon the passage.

"Don Andrea," she called, "tell Riquita that I shall sail with his Excellency in the yacht to-day. Tell her to pack for me. I shall want my parasol and my—"

"You cannot go, child!"

For answer she rubbed her head against his.

"Where shall we stay overnight, papa?"

"It is useless, Dulce; you cannot go to-day."

She sighed impatiently, as if wondering why this discussion were being pursued.

"I mean to go, papa. It is so hot and damp here. My little mama always allowed me to go; that you know very well."

"Child, child, run away! I have much to annoy me. You shall go next week, Dulce—next week, my little girl."

"Always *mañana*, papa; always *mañana*." She was near the window, and caught the sound of voices. "What is that they are saying down below there about Alvarez?"

"He has gone away, Dulce. Come, come! I have much to—"

"Far away, papa? You know I am fond of Alvarez. He used always to carry me when I was little."

"Yes, child; far away."

"And he will come back when, papa?"

"He has gone a long way off, Dulce. Come, child, come! I have much to attend to"; and then, as if willing to recall her thoughts from the absence of Alvarez, even by the vexed question of the journey, he repeated, "I will take you to Tunas in the yacht next week."

"Oh, generous Papa President, when I want to go now! My little mama always allowed me to go; that you know well. You

know that she told you often and often, and almost at the last—at the—last—papa, that I was to be humored."

There was no sign of yielding in the President's face.

"I have decided, papa. If I go next week also, I shall have gone already twice this month. Riquita,"—to the wrinkled creature who stood in the doorway,—“pack my small bag; I am going to take a trip with his Excellency."

Riquita glanced at the President; he shook his head. Dulce caught sight of the slight motion.

"I am! I am! I am going!" The small heel was stamped upon the bare floor. There was a frou-frou of ruffles. The coral eardrops shook and trembled, and then the girl broke into a violent fit of coughing.

"There, you wicked papa! See what you have done!" The girl's slight frame shook with the violence of this unwelcome exertion. She trembled and held her father's arm in a nervous grasp. He watched her with anxious eyes.

The President took his little daughter in his arms and held her closely to him. He glanced over her head out through the window to the hill, where a headstone shone white among the ceiba-trees. "You may pack her bag, Riquita," he said, without withdrawing his gaze.

"Youah taike Riquita, Señor P'esiden'?"

"You! What should I do with you?—unless the sharks are tired of those plump corpses that float off from the fever-stricken—there! there! Dulce, I won't. Do not shiver like that, child. No; she will not need you, Riquita."

He looked down at Dulce, where she nestled against his breast, with continued anxiety. She raised her dark eyes to his, and smiled. "You are two different people, papa. Sometimes you are my own dear father; then again you are 'his Excellency.' I wish you were not 'his Excellency' so often, papa. I pity the people who know you only as 'his Excellency.'"

The President sighed. If he also pitied them, he did not declare it. "Go, then, and prepare, Dulce. Do not skip like that, child!" And then to Riquita, in English, "See that your señorita walks more slowly."

"How ol' Riquita make dat chil' do anyt'ing, w'en de Señor P'esiden' don' cawn make her hisse'f?"

"We shall start later, when it is cool, Dulce." The President ignored Riquita's home truth. "Go and sit quietly, while

Riquita packs for you. Send some limes and some dulces down to the wharf for your mistress, Riquita, and all that she needs for her comfort."

"How he loved my little French mama!" whispered Dulce to her old nurse, as they walked away together, the girl hanging on the aged woman's shoulder. "You see, I had my way, after all, Riquita; he dare not cross me."

Riquita looked over her shoulder, and broke into her native St. Thomas jargon.

"Hush-sh-sh-sh, Señor it! Youah git much sorrow, de Señor P'esiden' year dat speeches. He maighy naice mawn, de Señor P'esiden', but youah cawn don' mus' git him mawd."

"Do not speak that horrible English to me, Riquita. You know very well that I do not understand what you say."

Dulce and Riquita passed into the private part of the palace, and the great door closed with a loud bang. All the doors of the palace closed noisily. They squeaked as they opened; they screamed as they closed. No oiled feather was ever allowed to touch those hinges. Woe betide the luckless new servant who even dare suggest such an innovation.

When the President was again alone he touched his bell.

To the messenger who appeared at the summons he said: "Send word to the Señores Ramirez and Macias that I sail for Lazulla at five o'clock. Say that I beg that they will do me the favor to meet me on board the yacht at that hour."

Dulce and her father were sitting over their second breakfast when the messenger returned. The large, cool room looked upon the gardens of the palace. There brilliant flowers bloomed, and gorgeous birds sat unharmed in the branches or swung in the vines. Through vistas cut in the luxuriant masses of foliage one caught pleasant glimpses of the sea, with the dots of foam curling upon its trade-wind waves. The messenger had stood uneasily in the doorway for a moment before the President appeared to perceive him, although his Excellency sat with his face toward the messenger. The doors of the room, all but this one, were tightly closed; whether they were also bolted the serving-men alone could tell. The President had no mind to sit with his back toward a possible foe. He raised his eyes to the messenger.

"Bueno!" he said; "what answer?"

The man started nervously. His hands hung at his sides, the fingers moving un-

easily. He dropped his cap, stooped hurriedly, and picked it up.

"Speak, man! The answer!"

The man gave his simple message with much stumbling and hesitancy. He said in a low tone that the Señor Ramirez had accepted his Excellency's invitation with much pleasure; that the Señor Macias had ridden out to the cable station at Loñes, and would not return until late afternoon.

"*Caramba, hombre!* Do you think I am going to eat you? Have the Señor Macias met as he enters the town, and say to him that I request the pleasure of his company on board." The President's thoughts were: "Cabling to Jamaica! Cabling to Jamaica!" The President with his daughter drove down to the wharves in the late afternoon. A short way from the palace gate they turned a sharp corner. In the rough, dusty road the English coachman halted suddenly. The jar threw Dulce violently against her father.

"*Caramba, Truhan!* Is that the way they drive in London?"

"Pardon, your Excellency, but a child ran across the street; it was just under the feet of the horses."

The man spoke respectfully, but with no sign of fear. He knew well that he belonged to a country which does not allow a hair of a subject's head to be injured without reparation to the full.

The President leaned out of the carriage. The mother of the child had raised it from the ground, and was holding it to her breast.

"Oh, a girl!" said the President. He flung the woman a piece of silver. She did not spurn it. She loved her child, but money was important also.

"Sit still, Dulce; the child is not hurt."

"Well, papa, I am a girl, too."

"You are *you*, Dulce! The boys make fighting men. That is what we need, and soon, if I know the signs."

"Oh, papa, another uprising? Shall I have to go away again? How can they rise against you, my own dear papa—so good, so kind?"

And now as they neared the landing they overtook a public conveyance. It was drawn by two sorry-looking horses. Upon the back of the ancient "hack" was strapped a fair-sized trunk. Inside the vehicle reposed the Señor Ramirez. His pointed patent leathers rested upon the cushions opposite his seat, where they were almost hidden from view by the curled hair which pushed through the rents. His linen coat was thrown back from his chest. He was puffing a choice partagas

with the gusto of a connoisseur. He sat erect, and removed his high silk hat as the President's carriage drew alongside.

"A poor-looking vehicle, Señor Ramirez." The President spoke clearly. He could hardly discern the features of Señor Ramirez through the dust. "A very sorry-looking conveyance for one of my cabinet."

"I have sold my own carriage, your Excellency."

The President smiled sympathizingly.

"We must increase your salary, Ramirez. You bring a trunk, I see."

"Your Excellency did not say how long we should be gone."

The descending from the carriages, which had drawn up on the wharf together, made conversation difficult.

"*Que es eso?*" ("What is that?")

"I remarked, your Excellency, that I did not know how long your Excellency would be gone; therefore, I brought my trunk."

"You will not need it."

The President helped his daughter from the carriage. He took a step forward and gave the coachman some orders. The language was English, which neither Dulce nor Señor Ramirez understood.

"*La voilà, petite!*" The President wheeled sharply and smilingly pointed out toward the black yacht which was nearing the wharf. As the little party of three walked up the gang-plank, Señor Ramirez looked uneasily at his trunk.

"You say that I shall not need it, your Excellency. Will our time be short, then?" he asked.

"Yes, very short."

"Your Excellency usually remains away a week. I judged by that. Many a pleasant sail we had in the native boats, old friend, before you had reached your present high station."

The President made no answer to this remark. Possibly he had reasons for not wishing to be reminded of the days of their youthful intimacy.

Ramirez persisted. "I see that your Excellency has no luggage."

"I always have clothes on board."

"But I have my bag, Señor. We shall certainly remain away some days, though papa makes such a mystery of it."

At these words the President frowned. "No mystery, Dulce."

"You smile sadly now. Are you papa or President?"

"I am always papa to you, Dulce. I do not feel gay, child."

"The body-guard! Do they go with us, papa?"

The President had not noticed the approach of the small company of soldiers. As he turned they halted and presented arms, and then their muskets fell with a resounding thud upon the planks of the wharf.

And now Señor Macias appeared in the distance. He galloped his horse, wet and flecked with foam, out to the gang-plank. He sprang from the saddle, and flung the bridle to a peon standing near. He wiped a hot, flushed face as he came up the gangway. His boyish, handsome eyes smiled brightly over the folds of his handkerchief as he saw that Dulce stood there, her arm linked in that of her father. The young man bowed low as he approached them.

"I had not dreamed of your Excellency going again so soon," he said.

"The cause did not arise until to-day."

"Your Excellency has had news from Lazulla? Ah, yes; I see that you have soldiers on board. The Señorita going to war?" The young man laughed roguishly.

"We shall simply land them."

"The Señorita must pardon my appearance; I had no chance to get a change of clothing."

"Papa says that you will not need it, Don Alano."

"That is true, if we remain only a night at Lazulla."

Macias turned an inquiring face toward the President.

"We shall not remain more than a night at Lazulla."

"And I can make a raid on old Ramirez's clothes," laughed Macias to Dulce, "should I really need anything?"

This little confidence caused Dulce to drop her eyes. But oh, how delightful it all was! Even this small commonplace remark made them seem separate and apart, they two, from the others.

Macias stood looking at the young girl. He was of pure Spanish type, this youngest member of the cabinet, but a type not recognized as such the world over. He was one of the fair Spaniards, with blue eyes and golden hair, that one sometimes sees; but he hated the land of his ancestors, and its rulers, though he spoke their language and gloried in their traditions. A strange anomaly!

As he stood gazing at the girl, she raised her lids to see if he were still looking. She showed a tiny line of white between the red of her lips. "She is adorable," said Macias to himself.

What bliss more all-pervading than the gliding, gentle motion along the shores of this land of enchantment? The sun was rapidly going down in the west. A few last rays flecked the masts and smoke-stack of the yacht. Tropic odors were borne out to them by the gentle land breeze which heralded the approach of night—odors which never deplete their storehouses of scarlet, of white, of orange; great cups which, however often robbed by wind and insect, seem always generously full, overflowing with an evanescent thing, which can be neither seen nor felt.

The President seemed ill at ease. He walked the deck, now forward, now aft, and again he crossed amidships to the side, and stood there motionless. Looking seaward, he shaded his eyes with his hand. Dulce arose as he called her. When she joined him he was arranging a pair of marine glasses.

"What is it papa?"

"A *bomba marina*, child; here, let me screw up the glass."

"How it whirls!" laughed Dulce, as she gazed at the twisting column which danced like some water-sprite upon the waves, and flaunted her misty drapery to her lover, the breeze.

"How beautiful the world is, papa!"

"A lovely world, Señorita." It was Macias who spoke. "I feel sometimes, to-day especially, glad just to be alive—glad to be allowed to live."

He looked at Dulce joyously. The girl trembled and flushed. Her heart sang.

The President regarded the young man with a peculiar expression. He seemed to lose himself in thought while gazing upon him, so that Macias became restless, and broke the spell by pointing seaward again.

"I see a second *bomba marina*, Señorita," he said, "though much smaller than the first, it is true." He adjusted the glass again for her eyes; but the President interrupted them.

"Come, Dulce; Blanto does not like to be kept waiting."

Dulce looked at her father in surprise. She had never known him to care whether a servant was kept waiting or not.

The dinner was served upon deck. A well-appointed table, thoroughly instructed servants, and a menu the aim of which was perfection, were among the appurtenances of the yacht.

Dulce sat upon her father's right, shy and happy. She could not eat; she was living in a new world—a dream-world. This was hap-

piness! This was life! The young girl did not analyze her feelings; she could not. She knew only that suddenly there had come to her an hour when every moment was replete with joy. She dreamed of no awakening; she imagined no change. Life must always continue thus—a delicious, beautiful story which should never end.

The sun some time since had dropped below the palm-crowned rise. The yacht was running now in near proximity to the delicacy of the shore. The cocoanut-trees sent down their searching roots to the salt sea, and drooped their welcoming tufts to its life-giving spray. Up there among the branches of the gru-gru and the ironwood, the nightingale and the mocking-bird called and sang and trilled as if in rivalry, the last-named coming off conqueror. And gazing on that magic shore, they had not seen the rising of the moon, and turned to find its broad band of silver flooding sky and sea—that mystical Southern moon, so different from the cold satellite which shines upon our Northern waters. Almost before the sun's rays had ceased to tinge the baby clouds with rose, it was here, and its glory effaced that other beauty of the gloaming. Poetry was in the air. The melody of the sea came wafted on the soft fingers of the breeze. The hour was ripe for romance and for love.

As Dulce arose at a signal from her father, a *sangre de cristo* lily was pressed into her hand. Her fingers touched those of Macias for a passing moment. She shivered and glowed from head to heart. Was this the way it felt, then? Riquita had told her some stories, as old nurses will. She had laughed, and scarce listened. Ah, old Riquita was right, then! She had said the time would come.

The President had arisen and walked forward. Dulce saw him talking earnestly with the captain of his body-guard in a secluded nook near the bow. She leaned across the table like a guilty thing. She took from a vase the mate of the blood-red lily which Macias had given her, and tremblingly dropped the gorgeous bloom over his shoulder. He caught her hand in his; he pressed his warm young lips upon her palm, her wrist. The girl drew hurriedly away, bewildered, overwhelmed, lost in a whirl of wonderful thoughts.

She entered the little deck-cabin. She fell upon the couch, her face buried in cold and shaking fingers. Dear God! could it be? Was she to have this happiness? How beautiful he was—like a young god! How trusted of

her father! How faithful, how honorable, how true!

Macias's face was hot; his hands were burning. He removed from the lapel of his coat the *boutonnière* which the steward had prepared for all guests alike, and replaced it with the glowing crimson lily. A faint odor arose from the petals. He closed his eyes. He dreamed that it was the sweet, young breath of Dulce.

The table was a silent quarter now. Señor Ramirez had fallen asleep. The President walked gloomily apart. Macias, his eyes closed and his cheek resting upon his hands, sat there late into the night, lost in dreams.

On the following morning two boats pushed off from the yacht. They were bound shoreward. The sound of the oars did not arouse Dulce. She had lain awake until nearly dawn, and now she slept on her white bed, her face upturned upon the pillow. A smile parted the childish lips. The hand lying outside the light covering held in loosening grasp a withered crimson flower.

As the boat rowed shoreward the day was yet young. There were faint pink blushes in the gray face of the east, for her bosom's lord was coming to greet her.

When Ramirez and Macias had landed upon the sandy shore of the small bay, they proceeded in a leisurely manner up the path which led to the cocoanut grove. There the President had said that he would meet them. When the body-guard, who had come ashore in the second boat, had landed, the boat pushed off from the beach and returned to the yacht for the President, as he had ordered.

"A light, Alano. *Gracias!*" Señor Ramirez's dark face was for a moment illumined like a Rembrandt portrait, and then enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

"A pretty creature that, Macias."

"Pretty! A goddess!"

"Too thin, too unformed, too childish."

"She is young yet, Señor. Yes; young and innocent and childish, thank God! You remember her mother, Señor?"

"A-a-ah! There was a beauty—the toast of the country."

Macias bent his head and inhaled the faint odor of the crimson lily that decorated his coat. It was almost fresh from its cool bath, his care during the past hours.

Ramirez seated himself lazily upon a fallen log, and puffed his *partagas* slowly, enjoyment obvious in every movement of the brown, taper fingers, in the raising of the

chin, the closing of the eyes, the puffing of the hazy clouds upward.

The younger man seated himself by the side of the elder, his manner as leisurely as that of Señor Ramirez; but first he ran his light cane underneath the log, and tapped upon its corrugated sides. As nothing of a disturbing nature appeared upon the bark, he chose a place where a broken branch made a comfortable back for his seat.

The sergeant approached respectfully, and saluted the gentlemen. "His Excellency said that we were to pass the cocoanut grove before stopping, Señores."

"What the devil is that to you?" ejaculated Ramirez; but at the same time he arose. "Do you think that I take my orders from you?"

The sergeant, unangered by these words, surveyed Señor Ramirez calmly. When he answered, his manner was strangely quiet.

"No, Señor; I know very well that the Señor does not take his orders from me. The Señor takes his orders from his Excellency; but *so do I*."

Ramirez moved on slowly. The sergeant, with his platoon, followed.

"Come, then, Macias." And, when the young man had joined him: "It seems some secret mission, this upon which we are bent. Perhaps the commissioners are to meet us here to consult about the new water system. As to that talk of an uprising, I have heard nothing of it."

Macias puffed lazily.

"There has been some talk of a revolution, I believe, if we import expert labor. But we shall have to; what else can we do?"

"Yes, yes; I know. The idea is to keep the people quiet until this matter is settled. We must impose a fresh tax, I suppose."

"I am sorry for that; they are overburdened already."

Macias turned and gazed out toward the bay. The sun was just above the horizon, and the black hull of the yacht was silhouetted against the red of the morning. Along the deck a tall, slight figure moved—a figure in clinging draperies. She raised her hand, and shading her brow, gazed shoreward. Macias drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and waved it. Was there an answering signal? He thought so.

"Come, come, Alano; but a little farther, the sergeant says." They turned a bend in the rough path, and the yacht was shut out from their gaze.

"There is no house here," said Ramirez. The body-guard had quickened their steps.

"Let us sit down again until his Excellency comes," said Macias, wiping his brow.

The sergeant quickened his pace. He stood at the side of the path, and touched his cap. "Señores, my orders are that you walk ahead."

"Your orders?" Macias started to his feet. He saw that in the sergeant's eye which only the condemned see.

"Your orders! Good God! Do you hear him, Ramirez? His orders!"

The sergeant dropped his eyes.

"I have my orders, Señores," he said.

Ramirez wheeled.

"So *that* was it! Sergeant, give me one day, one hour! Let me see the President! There is some mistake—some misapprehension on his part! He said that he would follow us. Wait, I implore, until he comes. He will not countenance such—"

"Close up behind there! The Señores will kindly walk ahead."

"No, man; no! Wait, I command you! Escomba, you were in my pay before you went over to him." Ramirez was ghastly, breathless.

The sergeant wavered only for a moment. Behind him there was an inexorable power, an autocratic will, a despotic master. Unless he obeyed that master's word, his fate would be the same that he had been ordered to carry out upon these his victims.

"Halt! Make ready! Take aim!" he said.

"Stop!" At the ringing command the sergeant hesitated; but it was no higher authority than Macias who stood there, his hand raised in air, as he faced those leveled barrels. Between his fingers was the lily which Dulce had given him.

"Wait, I say! Wait! *If he knew*, he would not take my life. Wait but for one moment." But even as he spoke the sergeant had said, "I ask your forgiveness, Señores," and then had as quickly given his last order:

"Fire!"

Ramirez fell sidewise, and died instantly. Macias fell forward upon his face.

"Dulce!" he whispered; and even as he spoke her name a second bullet bored through his back and into his heart. The spot of color between his fingers vied in its vividness with the life-stream which oozed along beside it.

A half-hour later the President walked slowly up through the cocoanut grove. The platoon of soldiers were cleaning their muskets. The President halted and surveyed the bodies, which were still lying in the path, with a strange smile.

"You do your work quickly," he said to the sergeant—"quickly and well. March down to the boat; I will follow."

"AND your guests, papa?"

"They have gone into the country at my bidding, Dulce."

"Did I hear firing this morning, papa?"

"Yes; the guard went ashore to practise."

"Did they take a target, papa?"

"Yes, Dulce."

"Are they good marksmen, papa? Our men, I mean."

"Yes, Dulce; they are very good marksmen."

"That is excellent. Dear father, why are you so sad?"

"Why should I be sad when I have you, my Dulce?"

The girl threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Oh, papa, is not the world beautiful? How glad I am to be alive! And our—your guests; they return—when?"

"Not this week, Dulce."

Dulce buried her face in the limp and faded leaves of the crimson lily.

"But he will return! He will return!" she whispered, as she pressed her lips to its petals.



THE HORNS.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

MY soul had died for joy what time
The violin rang out alone,
And requiem bells in solemn chime
Grieved through the viol's moan.

Then harp and cello led me on
Through maze of tender harmonies,
Beyond the hour, beyond the dawn,
Beyond the utmost seas.

But through that realm by music bound,
Like a bold blast of freshening air,
Sudden I heard the trumpets sound
With harsh and militant blare.

Then, as to Joshua's trumpet-call
Seven days repeated, Jericho
Yielded its stern, reluctant wall,
So were such dreams brought low;

And, their poor ruin quickly spurned,
Into fierce conflict I was hurled,
Where fields and cities brightly burned,
And battle shook the world.

HEROES OF THE DEEP.

BY HERBERT D. WARD.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN.



HEROISM is easily tired out, drowned out, starved out. The extraordinary spirit that suffers all these things, and still has hope and nerve enough left to fight to the finish, while companions despair—that being is as much a demigod to the commonalty to-day as he would have been three thousand years ago. While customs and people change, prowess is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

On Thursday, January 21, 1897, the fishing-schooner *Yosemite*, John McKinnon, otherwise known as "John Shortscope," skipper, was somewhere off Cape Sable. About noon it began to breeze up from the east-southeast, gradually changing to west by north, and later to west. It was freezing, and the vessel was icing up badly. By four o'clock in the afternoon it began to blow strongly, and to snow. At six the jib was triced up and the foresail reefed, and the log was hauled in. By dead reckoning, Ragged Island Light was twenty miles to the north-northwest. At a quarter to seven a white, fixed light was sighted on the lee bow. This was supposed to be a schooner at anchor, riding out the increasing gale. To make sure, the skipper "hove" the lead, and found ten fathoms of water. He then gave the order to haul her off to the southwest by south, and to set the riding-sail. By this time it was a fast and furious gale of wind and blinding snow.

Suddenly the lookout cried, "We're in the breakers!"

The shout had scarcely left his throat when the sea made a clean breach over the doomed vessel. The *Yosemite* was loaded with herring, even to her cabin and her bunks, all hands being stowed in the fore-castle. "Take to the rigging!" howled the skipper. It was in the dog-watch, and all the men were oiled up. Eight of them jumped for the main rigging. The cook took to the fore, as he had to come up the forward gangway. In a momentary lull the skipper "grabbed the chance" to go forward to get money out of his chest. He got as far as the fore rigging, and had to join the cook.

The vessel began to break up immediately.

The mainmast went first, carrying down the foremast. All hands were hurled into the water, each one looking out for himself. Close by, to leeward, with the sea breaking clean over it, could be seen the shoulders of a rock. Captain McKinnon was washed into the belly of a sail; and therein, like Jonah of old, he prayed for his life. The next sea tossed the sail, like a bit of seaweed, away from him, and thrust him on the rock. At the same time it flung the mast across his leg, and pinned him down. But just in time to save him from immediate drowning, a breaker lifted the mast, and brought within reach of his hand a bit of wire rigging, and then fetched the mast end up on the rock. In his own words, that need no interpretation, he "scrambled up."

It was now black, and fiercely snowing. The cook never came up. Another man was saved, with both legs broken. The rest had managed to make the rock. And now the sea cast at them bits of wreckage—bolts from the bow, splinters from the keel; and the slimy bodies of frozen fish slapped them like hail in the face. The rock was not over twelve feet in circumference. The nine men held their grip by clawing the clefts. At last a plank was washed up beside them. This they put endwise into the crevasse, and with flotsam rope lashed themselves, man by man, to it. There they lay all that night, expecting every moment to go; for every wave drenched them, and it was only the clutch that saved them.

Next morning found them all there. Across a channel only seventy-five feet wide there seemed to be the mainland. In reality it was an island. But the tide swept fiercely past the rock, carrying wreckage far out to sea; and besides that, the surf itself was such as not one of those experienced sailors had ever seen.

At ten o'clock the man with the broken legs died, and each one wondered, as he looked into his mate's cold, calm face, how soon the same fate would befall him. Not a soul was visible on the bleak shore. In the meanwhile a log-line, caught somewhere, tantalizingly swished near the rock, but

would not be seized. With it some one might get across, and so save the rest. Without it, the attempt to swim even that narrow channel seemed the sheerest suicide.

By afternoon despair set in. The little strength left after that terrible night of exposure was rapidly sapped by the loss of hope. Each one of them knew that not one of them could survive another night, when the thermometer came to its depth and the tide to its height. At four o'clock in the afternoon it was low water. No man spoke. The fate that could not be escaped cast a sullen silence upon all except the skipper. He knew that it was now or never. But what could he do, with his jammed legs? As it was, he was nearly dead. But he called Pat Rose to his side, and whispered to him:

"Another night means death, Pat; you know that."

Pat nodded solemnly. He did not say a word, but he crawled to the edge of the rock, carefully noting the action of the waves, the eddies of the tide, and the possibility of a landing-place on the other side of the leaping water. Then he arose, took off his oilskins, and stripped himself to his underclothes. He stood straight up, shaking with the result of twenty hours of exposure. His freezing legs scarcely supported him. His face was fiercely resolute. He gathered the last remnant of his courage, and held it in hand.

"It's no use, boys," he said simply, "to stay here and die. I'll take the chances for you. If I get there, I reckon we'll pull through all right."

The men roused themselves from their fast-increasing stupor, and watched their hero with fearful anxiety as, without another word, he leaped into the waves and struck out for the opposite ledge. Now he was on the top of a breaker, now he was swirled under, and disappeared. Twenty-five yards do not appear to be much, but it seemed to the poor frozen watchers on that rock that it took the actor ages of effort to play his part to the triumphant end. When his mates, whose lives absolutely depended upon this supreme effort, saw Rose hurled upon the rock, clutch it, and then drag himself beyond the ravenous breakers, they gave a feeble shout of joy. With a hopeful wave of his hand, Rose started, in his now freezing underclothes, to run for help. He ran fully half a mile, and then came back in despair. No living creature was to be seen, and it was fast darkening. He hurried back to the ledge.

"I can't find help!" he shouted. "You'll

have to swim for it. Come on, and I'll swim out and help you all!"

These were his brave words. It would take much freezing to daunt such a man. Carlyle would have loved him. Now Providence stepped in, and helped the huddling group on the rock. Peradventure, for the sake of one man's pluck, the ten were saved. For suddenly came within their reach the log-line, that had evaded these hapless men all day. John Hickey grasped it, made it fast to the rock, and tied the other end around himself. Rose's example had fired him; he needed just that to put him on his mettle. With a shout, he plunged in, and struck out. As he neared the ledge, Rose met him, and helped him up.

It now took only a few minutes to haul over a stouter rope and make it fast. On this the men came, hand over hand, and all were saved.

It was afterward known that the people on shore had seen the signal of the shipwrecked men upon the rock; but as it was impossible to launch the boat, they could not go to the rescue. Too rough to launch a dory; and yet Rose, exhausted, freezing, hungry, plunged in, and Hickey, too! The Spartans are not all dead. It honors our whole land that our Gloucester fishermen do such deeds so grandly, so uncomplainingly, so naturally, and so often.

Talking about it on the wharf, one day, when fish were scarce, John McKinnon told the writer, with tears furrowing his sad face, and in a voice toned to the deepest emotion:

"I can't imagine a more heroic act. If there's a man who's one of a hundred thousand, Pat Rose is that man. If it wa'n't for him, we'd have all gone, sure."

Cool-headed inventiveness when others are paralyzed with terror is no less a mark of heroism than the instinctive acceptance of personal risk. The real hero in a great conflagration may be the one who, at the instant of panic, keeps his head, and orders the crowd, imparting to it his own imperturbability. Such a one might have saved scores of lives in the horrible Parisian bazaar disaster. Add to this rare quality of calmness in danger the ability to devise instantaneously the unusual and only means of rescue, and you have a man indeed.

Perhaps the best instance of this rare gift that I have heard of occurred in February, 1862. The schooner *J. G. Dennis* was running home to Gloucester with a full fare from Georges, when she met a heavy gale of wind right in her teeth. Her master, Thomas

D. Dench, one of those elemental souls whom nothing could daunt, made up his mind to drive her right through. In a February gale the wind and the sea are about as cheerful opponents as a madman and a razor. In this struggle the *Dennis* had the worst of the encounter, and she was razed. She lost her sails,—all but the jumbo, I believe,—and her boats, and, besides, was blown offshore into the Gulf Stream. There she found a favorable southerly wind, and so pointed her nose again for home, having set her staysail and an old mildewed summer foresail. The sea was still very heavy, and the breeze was not a zephyr. Just at daylight, on the 2d of March, the lookout sighted a water-logged vessel, and bore down upon it. The skipper came on deck, and soon spoke the wreck, which proved to be the schooner *Life-Boat* of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, loaded with lumber, and bound to the West Indies. The only thing that preserved her name from travesty was the lumber that kept her afloat, most of the deck-load of which had been washed off. Her masts were gone, her boat was gone, and her cook and one man had been washed overboard. When the *Dennis* came within hailing distance, the captain and the three hands left were lashed on top of the after deck-house, expecting to go down any minute.

"For Heaven's sake," they begged, "don't leave us! Three big vessels have spoken us, and deserted us. For God's sake, save us!" they cried in desperation.

"Cheer up!" Captain Dench called back. "This time you're dealing with men, not cowards. We'll stand by."

Then came the problem of rescue. It was a wreck saving a wreck. It was the blind leading the blind. For neither vessel had a boat to put off, and to approach near in that sea was to risk a fatal collision. Besides, the wind was beginning to rise again, and the icy sea was running viciously. So Captain Dench, handling his vessel, with her flimsy sail, as best he could, lay to leeward, and ordered the men on the sinking wreck to throw overboard all the lumber left upon the deck. He then picked up what loose boards he wanted, and wrenched his gurry-kid from the deck. A gurry-kid is a big box, without bottom or top, that is fitted in the deck, in which fish is thrown. He then sawed the boards with his own hands, and made a bottom to the kid. This he calked with rope-yarn and pieces of rope. Then he patched up the seams with canvas junk. He then lashed two empty water-casks to each end of the box, and took two reaches to windward. This brought

the wreck under his lee. Then the men on board the *Dennis* launched their nondescript boat, and attaching to it a strong line, paid it out until it reached the water-logged schooner. They saved the men, of course; and besides that, they took off a gaff-topsail that was washing about the deck. This they bent for a jib, using their own jib for a mainsail. By this time their own foresail was pretty well exhausted. The rescue and the patching up took all of that day. That night, instead of making for Gloucester, Captain Dench decided to take the shipwrecked men home, and so "make a good job of it." So they turned their prow to Shelburne, which they reached after a hard tussle. The firm who owned the *Life-Boat* gave Captain Dench a suit of sails with which to come to Gloucester, and later the British government presented him with a splendid marine glass which his son uses on board his sloop to this day.

The spirit that passes no one by in distress, and is undismayed by impossibilities, is one not too common, even among mariners.

We instinctively look upon the hero as one who in moments of emergency or danger has manifested the maximum of iron-hearted activity. The readiness to endure suffering, the contempt for luxury, the willingness to court risk or death—this is courage indeed, but rather of the bull-dog variety, and none the less tenacious. Soldiers say that the sure test of courage is to rest on one's arms, motionless, silent, unanswering, while the enemy is spattering you with shot and shell.

Heroism rises to its greatest height when from a noble motive one endures the danger from which one might easily escape. "In other words," quoting Thomas Hughes, "may we not say that, in the face of danger, self-restraint is, after all, the highest form of self-assertion?" England can never forget her *Birkenhead*, and she recalls with equal Saxon pride her *Victoria*.

Napier would have been a good judge of the following incident.

This began with an accident. It is no joke to be caught off Cape Sable in a December hurricane. It was what happened to the *Fredonia* in 1896.

The *Fredonia* was a historic vessel. She was built by Burgess for Commodore Forbes, and made a cruise across the Atlantic. She was then sold to Gloucester, and became a fisherman, the handsomest, proudest, and fastest of the fleet. She was noted for her race with the crack Boston pilot-boat *Heeper*,

in which she was easily victorious. She was the best-known fishing-vessel on the Atlantic coast. But in 1896 the *Fredonia* was seven years old, and she had never been spared.

On that fatal morning a hurricane came up from the northeast. Captain Morgan had a crew of twenty-three men on board, and at half-past four in the morning it was blowing so wildly that he hove the vessel to under a doubled-reefed foresail. Without warning, a curling monster, cross-trees high,—so tall and toppling that one could see right under it, much as, in the case of the Cave of the Winds, one can look under the avalanche of Niagara,—boarded the *Fredonia*, and swept her clean. No one but a fisherman knows what this means. Take the difference between one hundred and nine tons, the burden of the *Fredonia*, and three thousand, the average of our ocean steamers. A wave that might not even stagger the *City of Paris* might be, if it assaulted just right, the death-blow of a fisherman. The *Fredonia* was easily "hove down," and she was swept as clean as if a plane had been run over her. The dories were demolished, masts gone, chain-lockers gone, sails gone; the new road was snapped off clean, and gone; cat-head and windlass torn right out, fore-rigging not to be seen at all, fore-boom and fore-gaff in splinters, backstay all tangled up with the jib-stay; checker-boards, trawl-tubs, gurry-pens, topping-lift, God knows where; bulwarks all gone, hatches gone, rudder and wheel-box gone, and even the ring-bolts on the deck were cut off as by a chisel. Only the pumps were left. One man had gone overboard, and another was literally blown to pieces. This was Olaf Olson. He lived about six hours.

All this happened in less than a minute, between four and five in the morning, when vitality is at its lowest ebb. Fortunately, only three men were on deck when the catastrophe happened; otherwise the fatality would have been multiplied. As it was, the plight of the crew was desperate; for it was soon discovered that the schooner's "grub-beam" had started, and that she was leaking badly.

All hands immediately manned the pumps to keep her above water. This they were scarcely able to do. The deck was almost flush with the sea. Every wave boarded the wreck, and the men were exhausted and disheartened. If the sea had not moderated by nine o'clock at night, and made the task easier, the crew would have given up the struggle; for the *Fredonia* was fast sinking, and the men were losing courage and becoming numbed.

At half-past four next morning, just twenty-four hours after the disaster, the steamer *Colorado* hove in sight, and, noticing the frantic signals of distress, bore down on the sinking vessel. With great danger, a life-boat was lowered; for the seas were very high, and rescue was a feat of great difficulty.

Indeed, President McKinley awarded Captain Whitten of the *Colorado* a gold watch and chain "for heroic service in effecting the rescue of the crew of the schooner *Fredonia*, on December 18, 1896." The names of the mate and the sailors who did the deed are probably forgotten, if ever known at all.

At last only five were left aboard the *Fredonia*. She was sinking rapidly, and the seas were washing her with increasing malignity.

"We can't leave him behind," said Captain Morgan, pointing to their crushed and silent mate, whose body was lashed to prevent it washing overboard. For to leave a shipmate to go down with a vessel is a discourtesy to the dead that sailors will not allow.

"But she's likely to go down at any moment," suggested one of the crew. "You'd better get out of her while you can. Any one of these seas might bear her under."

But Morgan shook his head. In the black before the dawn, outlined before a background of white spume, he could see the life-boat laboring back to save the remnant of the crew.

"I ain't going to leave until we give him a decent burial," said the captain, firmly.

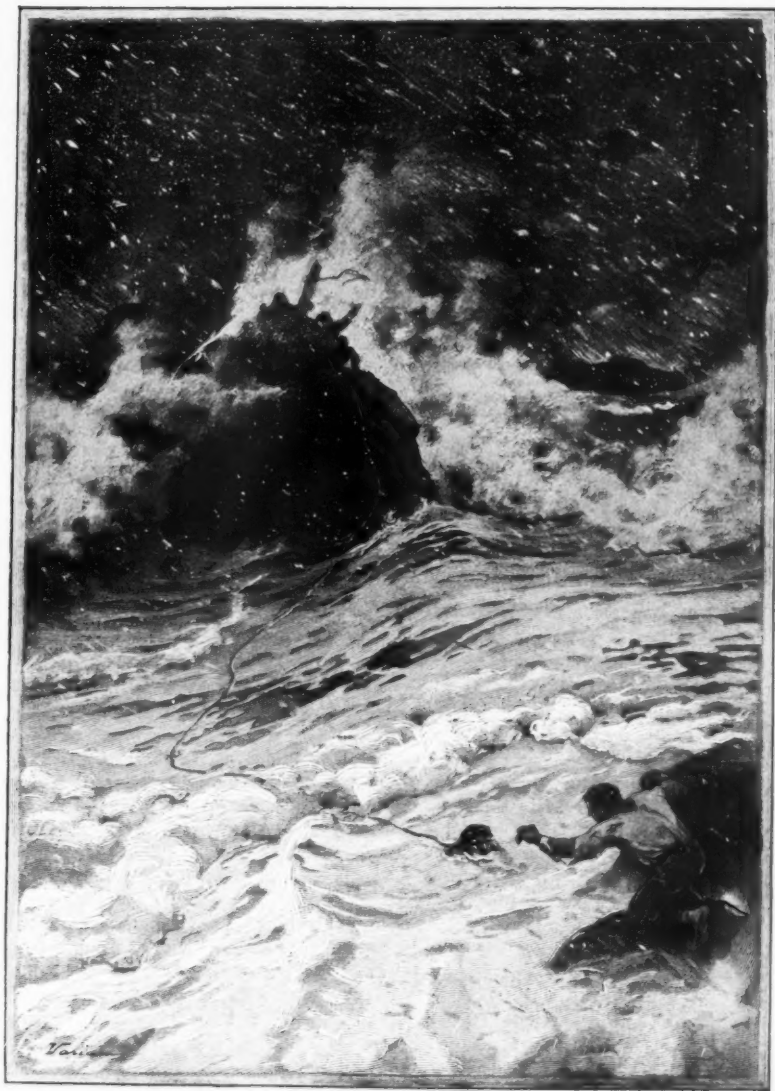
"We're with you, skipper!" the men cried as with one voice.

Then began a scene that is not so rare at sea as one might suppose. By this time the *Fredonia* was hardly able to keep her water-logged nose up.

"Keep off until we holler!" cried the skipper, motioning the wondering life-boat off.

Tenderly the men unleashed Olaf Olson, and tied him in a blanket. Then, in order that everything might be done shipshape, they lashed some wreckage together and made a raft. Upon this they bound their dead. And all the while they silently prepared their mate for burial the tremendous seas rose upon them, and whipped them with icy spray, and chased them with curling tentacles. And all the time the gallant vessel, throbbing with punishment, and groaning in her last efforts to keep alive, threatened to sink from under them.

Then, when the corpse was prepared, Captain Morgan said:



"HE NEARED THE LEDGE."

"We've got to have a prayer, boys. It won't do to send him over without one." Then his voice broke. "I can't," he stammered. "Let some one else."

Then up spoke Bob Diggins. "I'll try my best, skipper!"

So, while the rest held the raft at the stern, Bob uncovered his head, the others doing likewise, and made such a prayer as he could. "It wa'n't much of a prayer," the fisherman would say, if you asked him; "it

wa'n't worth mentioning." But we may think that the requiem of the gale and the tumultuous dirge of the waves were not sufficient to drown that prayer before it reached the throne of the Almighty. Then, with faces wet with salt of the sea and with their tears, the crew shoved Olson over the stern into a toppling wave. Every moment had been a risk to their own lives; but they did their duty by their mate, and they buried him with that religious instinct and

respect for the Christian hope which survives in wilder hearts than those of Gloucester fishermen.

By this time the *Fredonia* was at her last gasp. "Hurry the life-boat up! Jump! Haul him in! Next!" Captain Morgan was of course the last to leap for safety. He had scarcely been hauled into the life-boat by willing hands when the *Fredonia*, in final agony, tossed her head proudly on high, hung in the air for a thrilling instant, and then plunged forward into the ocean, adding one more tally against the deep which will be paid at the last day.

Thus the noblest vessel of the fleet met her end, witnessing in her last throes a loyal courage which deserves to be classed high among our modern instances of heroism.

IF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE would offer the use of a complete number, I might do scant justice to the heroic manliness of our American sailor. A few pages can only sketch the outlines of his sturdy, storm-tossed figure. I have selected the Gloucester fisherman as a type; for he takes the largest chances, encounters the heaviest seas, ventures the densest fogs, and endures the greatest cold—all in the smallest vessels. Besides, he is one whom I have intimately known for nearly fifteen years, and I can testify whereof I speak.

I might have given instances of greater bravery than I have. Exclusion has been more difficult than selection; for Gloucester is distinguished by these unknown nobles. The chances are that the most insignificant man cutting fish on the wharf, all slimy in his gурried oilskins, has been the principal in a feat of dramatic prowess. It is next to the impossible to get him or anybody else to talk about it. If our men did brag of their exploits, there would not be enough medals to go around.

I would like to tell of the wreck of the *Finance*, and how Fred Bryant lost his life in trying to take a line to shore in order to save his mates; how George Johnston plunged in next, only to be pulled back, half perished with the cold and exhaustion; and how James McIver, an Englishman, went into the bubbling surf, and although beaten back and back again, with his boots and clothes torn off, reached the island; how, notwithstanding his being almost frozen and well-nigh lifeless with exertion, he dragged the rope out of the sea, braced his torn and bare feet against an icy rock, and held the line taut until another of the crew got to land on it; how the hero

sank to earth then, and did not answer to his shipmates' call, and they found that he was dead where he had fallen, for his endurance had reached life's limit.

I should like to tell of the magnificent and sad attempt to rescue the crew of the *Maggie E. Wells* by Chief Officer Meyer and his six volunteers of the steamer *Amsterdam*. Many pages could not compass the glory of this exploit; for there is no more thrilling story on the crest of the sea than that of this piteous expenditure of six lives in vain. These the sudden squall and the cross-sea claimed. These brave, uncomplaining men died to save others; themselves they could not save. I should like to add a detailed account of the rescue, by the *Lord Gough*, of the *Cleopatra*, that was "hove down" on January 1, 1896. This story would include another burial service in the wreck, while the rescuers were resting on their oars.

It is a pity to pass by the proud fortune of the schooner *Volunteer*, that has been "in at the death," so to speak, of her sister craft several times, and whose crew is accustomed to daring deeds. Once Captain McNeil of the same vessel was the first to jump into a dory, call for two helpers, and go to the rescue of those aboard the old "hooker" *Star of the East*. He saved every one. It sounds simple, but if properly told it is quite a story, nevertheless. Instances of rescue like this could be counted by the hundred, and are too common to excite much attention on the Cape Ann coast. There is a man called Andrew Ross. He was on the *Edith M. McGinnis* at one time. As usual, it was off Cape Sable. The *Maggie and Lily* was fast sinking. The gale was a terrific one. It was only a matter of minutes when the boat would go down. All the captain of the *Edith* could do was to lie to windward, and let a dory drift down for the doomed men to jump in, and so be hauled back. Of course the dory was smashed, and three men were left—doomed. Then Andrew Ross (who had been the first one to be rescued) and Andrew Christie—good men with good names—launched another dory in the raging surf, and took the three off. Within a few minutes the *Maggie and Lily* disappeared.

I should like to dwell on the heroic coolness of Captain Rowe of the schooner *Alice*, who, when wrecked on the northern side of Lingan Head, went down from a position of temporary security in the rigging into the seething seas that swept the deck, got a cod-line and a monkey-wrench at the risk of his life, tied them together, and threw the



"THEY BURIED HIM."



"DEAD WHERE HE HAD FALLEN."

iron to the top of the high headland, thus making the necessary connection, and saving the entire crew.

In April, 1896, the *J. W. Campbell* was "hove down" in a squall, and Abraham McCormey was drowned. Some do not forget him in Gloucester to this day; for he saved the whole crew of the *Hattie D. Linnell*, when she was driven ashore on Christmas day, the previous year. It was rather a fine holiday present to make. She was blown on the foot of a high cliff at St. Pierre, and then took fire. The fate of all was fixed, when Abraham tied a rope around his waist, and jumped into the breakers.

I should be sorry to pass by Captain Waterman Quinn, and his encounter with

an iceberg off Labrador; or to omit recording how, when all the crew from terror took to the boats, only one remaining, too paralyzed by fright to move, the skipper alone voluntarily stayed by, and, single-handed, saved the vessel from destruction.

And there was Isaiah Hatch of the *Estelle Nunan*, who, at the risk of his own life, went aloft on the foremast in a frightfully pitching sea, and cut away wreckage that threatened the immediate destruction of the vessel and crew. There were James Furlong and James McLeod of the schooner *Canopus*, who ventured out in a small dory, and did the impossible, saving the whole crew of the *Sea Foam* of Lubec, Maine, in the midst of an overwhelming sea. This was an instance

of the greatest bravery. For a like deed President Cleveland forwarded testimonials to the captain and crew of the schooner *Harry Lewis* for their gallantry in rescuing the crew of the schooner *Restless* in January, 1888.

One feels as if one owed an apology to the unmentioned heroes, the bare record of whose names would fill the limits of this paper; for it is hard to choose between friends. The unwritten deeds of these modest and courageous fishermen have not been slighted out of these pages, but crowded out by sheer excess of the glory of the Gloucester fleets.

WE turn from the white hurricane back to the peaceful port. The sun has set. The yellow of the summer has changed to purple and to gray. The bay is motionless. The city's reflection is brown and oily. Into the mouth of the harbor a vessel creeps. Five dories are out ahead, patiently towing the trawler in. She refuses the emphatic invitation of the tug that philosophically returns, bearing the tidings that the flag of the incoming boat is at half-mast. Whose home does this news smite?

Now there springs into gradual being the wonderful spectrum of the land and of the sea, which can be seen only on the prism of the harbor. Like the solar spectrum, it has its type colors, that flash toward the eye in concentric lines upon the black waters. There, across the "Cut," shines the radiant light of the electric arc. Here flashes the intermittent crimson, a sure indication that the white lighthouse on the point is steadily and loyally blinking at its friends. The slowly moving line of green tells that the approaching fisherman casts her starboard gaze questioningly at me. Little pencils of blue, of

cherry, and of corn, falling from homes and streets and decks and riggings upon land and sea, tell stories of life and struggle, of danger and death, of misery and happiness, as surely as the Fraunhofer lines indicate the kind of vapors on the surface of the sun.

Prominently from the "Neck" there shines into the mouth of the harbor one little yellow light. Every night that line cuts the water until it is lost toward Half-way Rock. It is as steady as the spectrum of salt, and perhaps not so different, after all. It is the light of greeting and of welcome which the patient wife puts before her window for her husband on the sea. The hour when he will come she may not know, or if he will come at all. Is he living? Is he dead? He is now two weeks overdue; but as long as there is oil to burn, and longer than there is hope in the desolate heart, that signal will be there. It is the spectrum of sorrow, of loneliness, of patience, of despair and fortitude—of all that silent heroism of which men take so little account, and with which the lives of women are so sad and so great.

Is that half-mast flag for her?

She draws the curtain and looks out, with her work-worn hands against her temples to shield her eyes. She shivers, but not with cold. The children cling to her skirts, and wonder what it is that ails her. She does not speak. A hundred women like her watch on Gloucester shores, waiting for answers to awful questions. Which of the fleet? Which of the crew? Widowhood and orphanage come in with the half-mast flag. Into whose door will they enter? The vessel glides up spectrally and slowly into the inner harbor. She moves as if she were loath to make the wharf and tell her tale of splendor and of woe.





"LET US DENOUNCE EVERYBODY, AND LAST, THE DEVIL."

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XX.—Of how François gave Amar advice, and of how the Marquis bought his own head.

IT was now about May 26, when, at evening, a commissioner in a cocked hat, much plumed and scarfed, came into the dining-hall. Toto was between his master's knees, and was being fed. François heard a gray-haired old lady exclaim to a neighbor: "*Mon Dieu! chérie*, look! 'T is the Terror in person."

An actor of the Français cried out gaily: "I must practise that face. 'T is a fortune for the villain of a play. If ever I get out, it will be inestimable." Alas! he was in the

next day's list,—the *corvée*, they called it,—and came no more to table. François looked up, caught a glimpse of that relentless visage, and dropped his head again over the slender relics of a not bountiful meal. It was Jean Pierre Amar!

The marquis looked up from his plate, but made no effort to conceal himself. Amar walked around the table. Now and then his mouth wandered to left. It was comical, and yet horribly grotesque. He seemed to notice no one, and went out to make his inspection. Presently a turnkey came and touched François's shoulder:

"The Citizen Commissioner would see thee."

"I am ruined—done for!" murmured the thief; and, followed by Toto, he went after the turnkey. In the room used as a registering-office, Amar, "*le farouche*," sat handling a paper.

"Ah," he said. "Citizen Turnkey, leave the suspect with me, and close the door." The commissioner laid a pair of pistols on the table, and looked up at François.

"Well, citizen, we are met again. I am free to say that I had careful search made for thee, and now good fortune has brought hither not thee alone, but that infernal *ci-devant* who pinned me like a butterfly." As he spoke there was something fascinating in the concentration of emotion on the active side of this unnatural face. François felt the need to be careful.

"Why the devil don't you speak?"

"Will the citizen kindly advise me what answer it will be most prudent to make?" And for comment on his own words, which altogether pleased him, a pleasant smile drifted downward over François's large features.

"*Sacré!* but thou art a queer one, and no fool," said the Jacobin. "Thou wilt be dead before long; a monstrous pity! I would give my place for thy laugh."

"'T is a bargain to my mind. Let us change. I will set thee free at once—at once, Citizen Commissioner; I bear no malice." Amar, silent for a moment, stroked his nose with thumb and finger.

"Thou dost not remind me thou didst save my life."

"No; what is the use?"

"Use? Why not?"

Then François rose to the height of his greatness.

"I am a Frenchman, even if I am not of thy party. Had not the country needed thee, that day had been thy last. Citizen, as a man thou wouldst set me free; as a patriot thou wilt bow to the law of the republic. I am willing to die rather than soil the record of one to whom France owes so much." An overwhelming solemnity of aspect came upon this comedian's face as it met the gaze of the commissioner. "Alas! the country has few such citizens."

"*Tonnerre!* True—true; it is sad." The man's vanity was excelled only by that of the prisoner before him. François had personal appreciation of the influential value of the bait he cast. A great diplomatist of the older type was lost when François took

to the war against society in place of that against nations.

"If the Citizen Commissioner has no more need of me, I will go. To waste his time is to waste the genius of France." Not for nothing had François been of late in the society of the Comédie Française.

"*Tiens!* Who told thee to go? I desire to do my own thinking. Why art thou here?"

François laughed, but made no other reply.

"The devil! young man, art thou laughing at the Revolutionary Tribunal?"

"Thou art also laughing, monsieur." When François laughed, he who looked at him laughed also.

"*Dame!* yes. What right hast thou to make an officer of the Great Committee laugh? Thou wilt get into trouble."

"I am in it now, monsieur—up to the neck."

"No '*monsieur*' to me, aristocrat! What brought thee here?"

"A greedy woman denounced me. Could not I denounce her in turn?"

"*Mont du diable!* that is a fine idea—to let the denounced also denounce. It would make things move. I will mention that to *Couthon*." The half of the face that was able to express emotion manufactured a look of ferocious mirth; but it was clear that he took the proposition seriously.

"It appears that we do not go fast enough, citizen," said François. "In April, 257; in May, so far, only 308. So say the gazettes. What if we denounce Citizens Robespierre and Vadier? We might go faster. Let us denounce everybody, and last, the devil."

Amar set an elbow on the table, and, with his chin in his hand, considered this novel specimen of humanity.

François had a controlling idea that what chance of safety there was lay in complete abandonment to the natural recklessness of his ever-dominant mood of humor.

"Art thou at the end of thy nonsense, idiot?" said the Jacobin.

"Not quite; the citizen might denounce himself."

"By all the saints! Art making a jest of me—me, Jean Pierre Amar? Thou must value thy head but little."

"*Dame!* it was never worth much; and as to saints, one Citizen Montmorency said yesterday that the republic hath abolished the noblesse of heaven and earth too. Droll idea, citizen;" and he laughed merrily.

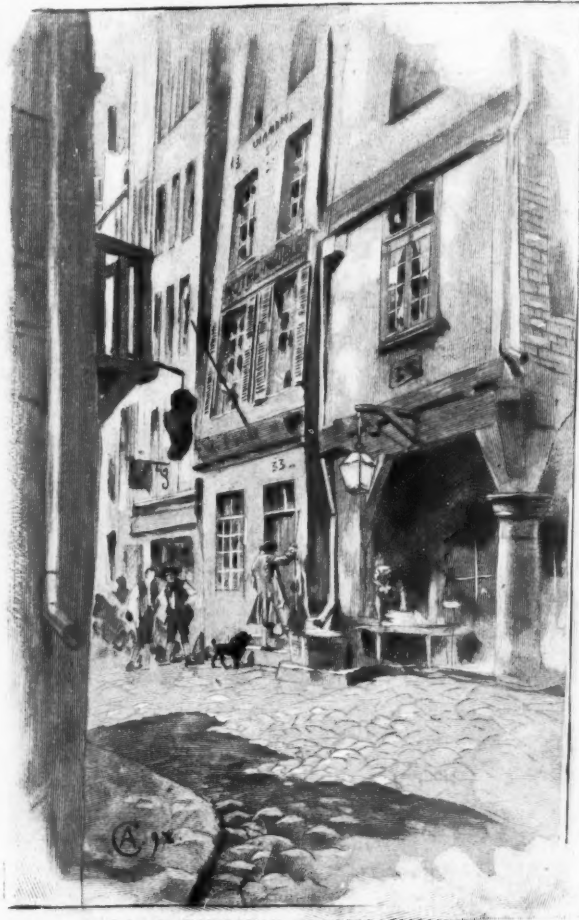
"Oh, quit that infernal laughing! Thou must be of the Comédie Française."

"No; I am of the comedy of France, like the rest—like the commissioner; but the citizen has two ears for a joke."

"I—I think so;" and he made it manifest by a twisted, unilateral grin of self-approval. "That idea of the citizen—prisoners de-

am as honest a Jacobin as the best. I will serve the republic, citizen, to the best of my ability."

"Then thou wilt report once a week, especially on the *ci-devants*. The head keeper will give thee pen, ink, and paper, and a



"HE RANG THE BELL AT 33 BIS."

nouncing—I shall not forget that. Wilt thou serve the republic?"

"Why not?"

"These common spies in the prisons are useless. I will put an 'M' to thy name on our list; 'M' for *mouchard*—spy. That will put thee down at the bottom whenever the Committee of Security comes to thy case. I am not ungrateful."

"Very good," said François, promptly. "I

chance to write here alone. I will so order it. But beware, citizen! I am not a man to trifle with; I do not forget."

"I should think not," said François, humbly.

"And when Grégoire comes, in June, thou wilt report to him."

"I—Grégoire—report—"

"Certainly. What's the matter? Off with you now. Ah, that *sacré* Citizen Ste. Luce. I

forgot him. Tell him his case will come on shortly."

"I am sorry."

"That is to lack patriotism."

"But he and De Crosne are the only people who amuse me, and it is dull in this bird-cage. He swears thou art clumsy with the small sword."

"I—I clumsy! I should like to catch him somewhere. I was too fat; but now!" and he smote his chest. "Didst thou think me clumsy—me, Pierre Amar?"

"I? No, indeed. These aristocrats think no one else can handle a rapier. Ah, if I could fence with the Citizen Commissioner a little, and then—"

"Impossible."

"He swears thou art coward enough to use the guillotine to settle a quarrel, and that thou dost fence like a pigsticker."

Amar, "*le farouche*," swore an oath too blasphemous to repeat. The great thick-lipped mouth moved half across so much of his face as could move at all. He was speechless with rage, and at last gasped, as he struck the table: "Me—Amar? Ah, I should like well to let him out and kill him; and I would, too, but there are Saint-Just, and Couthon, and the rest. Go; and take care how thou dost conduct thyself. Go! The *sacré* marquis must take his chance. Pigsticker indeed!"

Thus terminated this formidable interview; but, alas! it was now close to the end of May, and in the background of June was the man with the wart.

The next day, in the garden, François related to the marquis his interview with the dreaded Jacobin. The gentleman was delighted.

"*Mon Dieu!* François, you are a great man; but I fear it will do no good; my turn must be near. De Crosne got his little billet last evening, and is off on a voyage of discovery to-morrow, along with M. de la Morne, and De Lancival, and more. They will be in good society. Did you think that Jacobin Apollo would be pricked into letting me out for the chance of killing me?" he added.

"It came near to that, monsieur. I did say that you were not much of a blade, after all; that Citizen Amar was out of condition when you last met; and that if he and I could fence a little,—outside, of course,—M. le Marquis would regret the meeting."

"Delicious! And he took it all?"

"Yes, as little Annette takes a fairy-tale," was the reply.

"But, after all, we are still here. I envy

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you the interview. *Parbleu!* these fellows do their best, but they can't take the jests out of life. I hope the next world will be as amusing." As he ceased, François exclaimed:

"By all the saints! there is that crazy fool Despard."

"Despard—Despard?" repeated the marquis. "That is a contribution to the show. How the mischief did he get here?"

The unlucky Jacobin was wandering about like a lost dog, a shabby, dejected figure. Toto, at play, recognized his master's former partner, and jumped up in amiable recognition. Despard kicked him, and the poodle, unaccustomed to rude treatment, fled to François. The thief's long face grew savage and stern; to hurt Toto was a deadly offense.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said to the marquis, and went swiftly to where Despard stood against the wall.

"Look here, rascal," said François; "if ever thou dost kick that dog again, I will twist thy neck."

Despard did not seem to take in his meaning.

"It is thou, François. There is the *ci-devant*—the marquis. I followed him. I—Pierre Despard—I denounced him. I did it. I am not afraid."

"Stuff! Didst thou hear me? What have I to do with *ci-devant* marquises? Thou hast kicked Toto."

"I see him; I must speak with him."

"*Fichtre!* he is mad," said the thief, and went after him. At the coming of Despard, ragged, wild-eyed, excited, the group about the tall gentleman turned.

Despard paused before him. "It is my turn now! I followed—I followed—I denounced thee—I, Pierre Despard. They will let me out when thou art to die; it will be soon. I will take thy child—thy bastard—my wife's child. We will go to see thee—I and thy hunchback—to see thee on the tumbrel at the guillotine. She hath thy cursed cold eyes—frozen eyes."

The marquis listened with entire tranquillity.

"One or two more in the audience will matter little"; and, smiling, he walked away.

A strange tremor seized on the chin and lower lip of Despard. He said to François, "Come with me," and then, in a bewildered manner: "He is n't afraid yet. I—I want him to be afraid."

"*Dame!* thou wilt wait then till the cows roost and the chickens give milk."

"No; it will come."

"Stuff! How camest thou here? Didst thou denounce thyself? I have heard of men mad enough to do that."

"No. Do not tell. I trust thee; I always did trust thee. I am a spy. I am to stay here till I want to be let out, when he—he is tried. I wanted to watch him. Some day he will have fear—fear—and—I—"

"Well, of all the mad idiots! A mouse to walk into a trap of his own accord! *Dieu!* but the cheese must have smelt good to thee."

"I shall go out when I want to go. Didst thou know his daughter is dead? I am sorry she is dead."

"Yes—God rest her soul!"

"I wish she were here. If only she were here, it would be complete. Then he would be afraid."

"*Bon Dieu!*" cried several, "he will kill him!" The thief had caught Pierre by the throat, and, scarce aware of the peril of his own strength, he choked the struggling man, and at last, in wild rage, hurled him back amid a startled mass of tumbled people.

"Beast!" muttered François, at his full height regarding angrily the prostrate man. In an instant the jailers were at his side. "What is this?" said they.

"He—he kicked my dog!"

"Did he? Well, no more of this, citizen."

"Then let him be careful how he kicks my dog; and take him away, or—" Pierre needed no further advice.

Presently Ste. Luce came over to François.

"What is wrong?"

"He kicked my dog!"

"Indeed? Do you know this man well? Once you warned me about him. Where have you met?"

"We juggled together, monsieur, when I used to tell palms. He is a bit off his head, I think."

"'T is common in France just now. But he has a damnably good memory. We of Normandy say, 'As is the beast, so are his claws.' The fellow is of good blood in a way; but, *mon Dieu!* he is a coward to be pitied. To be through and through a coward does much enlarge the limits of calamity. If I or if you were to hate a man, for reasons good or bad, we should kill him. But a coward! What can he do? He has his own ways, not mine or yours. His claws are not of the make of mine. I have no complaint to make as to his fashion of revenging himself; but really, revenge, I fancy, must lose a good deal of its distinctness of flavor when it waits this long. It is, I should say, quite twelve years—quite.

There is a child, he says, or there was. Do you chance to know anything about it?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see it? Is it male or female?"

"A girl, monsieur. I never saw it."

"How old?"

"I do not know."

"Penitence becomes a question of dates, François. But it is true—true that I never had the least talent for regret; and if a man is not capable of regret, why, François, how the deuce can he achieve penitence? Don't think I am laughing, my most accomplished thief. There are men here who—there is M. de—well, no matter. There are men here who are honestly bewailing their past—well, amusements—sins, if you please. I cannot. There are some here who, because they are noble by descent, are making believe not to be afraid, and will make believe until the knife falls. I am not penitent, because I am not; and as to the knife, I have had a most agreeable life, and should never have gone on living if life had ceased to amuse me."

He was now silent awhile, his strong, handsome features clear to see, as they lay on the scant grass in the sunshine. The thief had learned that at times this great seigneur would talk, and liked to do so; and that at other times he was to be left to the long silences which were difficult to secure where this morbidly gay crowd, of all conditions of men, was seeking the distraction of too incessant chat.

He rose quietly, and went away to talk with Domville of the Comédie, who himself was always glad of the company of François's cheery visage.

In the salon, which was now deserted, he saw Despard. Pierre stood at an open window, and was pulling at his fingers, as François had so often seen him doing. He was gazing at the people in the yard. His eyes wandered feebly here and there, as if without interest or purpose. His attitude of dejection touched some chord of pity in his partner's heart.

"*Dame!* he must have thought I was rough with him for a dog—a dog." He had no mind to explain.

Pierre turned to meet him. He was not angry, nor was he excited. The shifting phases of his malady had brought to him again the horrible misery of such melancholy as they who are sound of mind cannot conceive. When this torture has a man in its grip, the past is as nothing; the present a curse; duty is dead; the future only an assurance of continued suffering; death be-

comes an unconsidered trifle; life—continued life—an unbearable burden.

Poor Pierre said no word of his ex-partner's recent violence. The tears were running down his cheeks. The man at his side was, as usual, gaily cheerful.

"What is wrong with thee?" said François. "I was hard on thee, but thou knowest—"

"What was it?" replied Pierre. "I—it is no matter."

François, surprised, went on: "Can I help thee?"

"No. I cannot sleep; I cannot eat. I suffer. I am in a hell of despair."

"But how, or why, *mon ami*?"

"I do not know. I suffer."

"Rouse up a bit. Why didst chance to come here? I asked thee that before. If thou canst get out, go at once. Thou art not fit to be in this place. This devil of a marquis excites thee. To be a spy thou shouldst be ashamed. Canst thou really get out when it pleases thee to go?"

"Why not?" said Pierre, in alarm. "Dost thou think they will not let me go? I did not want to be a spy, but I was half starved. All I could get I sent to keep my—his poor little humpback. Vadier lent me some money. I kept none, not a sou. I asked him to let me come here as a spy. They say my reports are useless. I can't help that. I will go out. I want to see that man suffer; I want to see him afraid. He is not afraid. Do you think he is afraid?"

"No."

For a moment there was a pause, when Pierre, in a quiet, childlike manner, said, "Do you think he ever will be afraid?"

"No, Pierre; he never will be. What a fool thou art to have come here! 'T is not so easy to get out."

"*Mon Dieu!* don't say that. I—they said—"

"Dost thou believe a Jacobin—and Vadier, the beast, of all men?"

"Hush!" said Pierre, looking about him suspiciously. "I must go—I must go. I must walk; I cannot keep still."

He remained in this mood of subdued terror and the deepest melancholy for some days. Then for a few hours he followed the marquis about, proclaiming his own wrongs in a high-pitched voice. At last Ste. Luce complained to the keeper, Vaubertrand, who hesitated to interfere, being puzzled and fearful as to the amount of influence possessed by this spy of the Committee of Security. He mustered enough courage at last to tell Despard that he must not speak to the marquis; and, as he luckily caught him

in his mood of despair and depression, the man timidly promised to obey.

XXI.—*How François, having made a bargain with Citizen Amar, cannot keep it with the Man of the Wart—How Despard dies in the place of the Marquis—Of François's escape from prison.*

THE second week of June was over. The keeper, who had taken a fancy to the merry thief, called him aside one afternoon, and said:

"Thou must write thy report, because tomorrow comes Citizen Grégoire. Thou canst use the office for an hour, as is permitted. But take care. Thou dost know how they are treated in the prisons who are suspected of making these reports to the committee. I will come for thee at dusk."

François thanked him, and at the time mentioned was locked up in the office; for despite Vaubertrand's amiability, he was careful as to the security of his prisoners. As it was now dark, the office table was lighted by two candles. He found pen and ink and paper, but no competent thoughts. What was he to say—whom to accuse? He had made a hasty contract with Amar, and was of no mind to fulfil his share of it. He got up from the desk, and walked about. "The deuce!" he said to Toto, who never left him. "'T is a scrape of our own making. I should have told that scamp with the pretty face to go to the devil with his spy business. *Sacristie!* doggie, I am like that fellow in the play that I once saw. He sold his soul to the devil, and did n't want to pay up when the time came. What to do?" He had told the marquis, whom he trusted, of the difficulty he had anticipated.

Ste. Luce, much amused, said: "Take me for a subject. I am as sure to die as an abbot's capon. If you have a conscience, it may rest easy so far as I am concerned."

François took it seriously. "I beg of you, monsieur—"

"Oh, a good idea!" laughed the nobleman, breaking in upon his remonstrance. "Tell them how you saw me kill three good citizens that night on the stairs. By Mars! François, those twenty minutes were worth living for. I was in a plot to rescue the king; tell them that."

"Not I," grinned the thief.

"Confound it! you are difficult."

And now, as François recalled their talk, his task was not more easy. He nibbled the end of his quill, and looked about him. At

last, as he walked to and fro, he began to exercise his natural inquisitiveness. It was never long quiet. He stared at the barred windows. A set of pigeonholes attracted him. He glanced hastily over their contents. "*Tiens!*" he exclaimed.

Every day or two, about 3 P.M., a clerk of the Committee of Security brought a great envelop stamped with the seal of the republic. Within was a paper on which were clearly set out the names and former titles of the citizen prisoners selected for trial the night before in joint counsel by the Great Committee and that of Security. The keeper copied each name in the space in the blank summons kept for this use, and these fatal papers were then duly delivered after supper.

François looked at the packet. It was sealed. He knew well what it meant. It was labeled outside: "Mandate of the Tribunals Nos. 4 and 5."

"*Toto*, we may be among them; we must see." He looked about him. Before him were all the writing-table implements then in use. He heated a knife, and neatly loosened the under wax of the seal. The death-call lay before him. He ran over it with shuddering haste.

"*Dieu!* we are not there. But, *mon ami*, here is the marquis!" His was the last name at the foot of the first page. François sat still, his face in his hands. At any moment he might be caught. He did not heed.

"I must do it," he said. He saw, as it were before him, the appealing face of the dead woman, and felt in remembrance the hand the great seigneur had given him on the stair. He had a glad memory of a moment which had lifted him up to the higher levels of self-esteem and manhood.

"I will do it, *Toto*; 't is to be risked; and, *mon Dieu!* the rest—the rest of them!" Some he knew well. Some had been kind to him. One had given him clothes when they were greatly needed. He was profoundly moved.

"If I burn it, 't is but to give them a day, and no more—if I burn it!"

He took scissors from the table, and carefully cut off the half-inch at the foot of the paper. It was now without the name "*Ste. Luce, ci-devant marquis.*" He tore up the strip of paper, and put the fragments in the fireplace, behind the unkindled logs.

Next he casually turned the page. "*Ciel!* this calls for eleven. I have left but ten. They will think it a blunder. One will be wanting; that is all."

He used a little melted wax under the

large seal, replaced the warrant in the outer cover, and returned the document to the pigeonhole whence he had taken it. This done, he sat down again, and began to write his report.

He found nothing to say, except that those he would have spoken of had been already disposed of; and now he thought again that he would burn the fatal paper. He rose resolute, but at this moment the head keeper came back.

François was sorry, but he was not used to writing, and made excuses until at last the man said impatiently:

"Well, thou must settle all that with *Amar* or *Grégoire*. I gave thee time enough." Could he have another chance? He was told that he should have it; but now it was supper-time; better not to be missing. He went out and up-stairs to his place at table.

He had lost his gaiety. Here and there at the table were the doomed men and women. He could not eat, and at last left the room to wander in the corridors. *Pierre* soon found him. He was eager, anxious, and full of strange news.

"When will that brute marquis be sent for? I was to go out to-day. They have forgotten. There is trouble in the Great Committee. I hear of it from *Vaubert* and *Robespierre* and *Vadier* think things go not fast enough; and the rest—the rest, except little cripple *Couthon* and *Saint-Just*, are opposing our great *Robespierre.*"

François began to be interested, and to ask questions. The gazettes were no longer allowed in the prisons. The outer world was a blank to all within their walls.

Despard, flushed and eager, told him how daily the exit of the prisoners for trial was met by a mob clamorous for blood. Then he began to exhibit alarm. Did François think that he, *Pierre*, might by chance miss the execution of the marquis? He would speak to *Grégoire*, who was coming next morning. They should learn not to trifle with a friend of *Robespierre*. When François left him he was gesticulating, and, as he walked up and down the deserted corridor, was cracking his knuckles or gnawing his nails.

After supper the varied groups collected in the salon. The women embroidered. A clever artist was busy sketching the head of a girl of twenty for those she loved, who were to see her living face no more. Some played at cards. Here and there a man sat alone, waiting, stunned by the sure approach of death. The marquis was in gay chat with the *Vicomte Beauséjour*.

"Ah, here is my mysterious gentleman," cried Ste. Luce. "They have bets on you. Tell these gentlemen who you really are. They are puzzled."

François smiled. He was pleased to do or say anything which would take his thoughts off the near approach of the messenger of doom. He said:

"M. le Marquis knows that I am under an oath."

"*Pardi!* true, true; I have heard as much."

"The bets stand over," said a gray old man, M. de l'Antilhac. "We knew you as a juggler."

"Yes; and a fencing-master," said Du Pin.

"You are both right. These times and the king's service set a man to strange trades. Well, gentlemen, I am not to be questioned. Tales lose heads."

They laughed. "Pardon me," said a younger man. "The marquis was about to tell us of the delightful encounter you had on his staircase. 'T is like a legend of the days of Henri IV of blessed memory."

"Tell them," said Ste. Luce.

"The marquis does me much—*Dieu!*" François cried, and fell back into a chair, as weak as a child. The turnkey went by him with the fatal missives.

"Art thou ill?" said De l'Antilhac. "What is it?"

"Yes," said François. "Excuse me. He—he—" And, as it were fascinated, he rose and went after the keeper.

Vauberttrand paused behind a gentleman who was playing piquet.

"Citizen St. Michel," he said, and passed on, as he laid the summons before the player.

"At last!" said the man thus summoned. "Quatre to the king—four aces. Let it wait."

Vauberttrand moved on. François followed him. The calls to trial and death were distributed. A man rolled up the fatal paper without a word, and lighted his pipe with it. One of those who sat apart took his summons, and fell fainting on the floor.

"Nothing for me?" said the marquis.

"Not yet, citizen."

"I was never before so neglected."

The game went on. Here and there a woman dropped her embroidery and sat back, thinking of the world to come, as she rolled the deadly call to trial in her wet fingers, and took refuge in the strength of prayer.

François felt as if it were he who had condemned these people. He went to his cell, and tossed about all night, sleepless. Rising early, he went out into the garden. After breakfast the keeper said to him:

"You ought to have had your report ready. Grégoire is coming to-day. He is before his time. If he is drunk, as usual, there will be trouble. That fool Despard is wild to-day. He will be sure to stir up some mischief. All the *mouchards* will be called."

"Despard is an idiot. He is raving one day, and fit to kill himself the next. Get him out of this."

"*Dame!* I should be well pleased. He swears I keep him here. He will—ah, *mon Dieu!* the things he threatens. I am losing my wits. My good François, I have been kind to thee, and I talk rashly. I wish I had done with it all."

"And I too, citizen; but thou art safe with me."

As the jailer spoke, he looked over his list of those summoned. "*Sacré bleu!* here is a list which calls for eleven, and only ten names!"

"Some one has made a mistake."

"No doubt. But Grégoire never listens. Pray God he be sober. Be in the corridor at nine; Grégoire will want to see thee."

François would be on hand. As to the report, he should wish to ask how to draw it up. He found a quiet corner in the courtyard, and began to think about the man with the wart—the man of whom he knew so little, and whom he feared as he had never before feared a man. The every-day horror and disturbance of the morning had begun. Officers were coming and going; names were called; there were adieus, quiet or heartrending. The marquis was tranquilly conversing, undisturbed by the scene, which was too common to trouble those who had no near friend or relation in the batch of prisoners called for trial. François had seen it all, day after day. It always moved him, but never as now.

He stood looking at a young woman who was sitting with the order on her lap, her eyes turned heavenward as if in dumb appeal. Now and then she looked from one man to another, as if help must come.

François glanced at the marquis; he was the center of a laughing group, chatting unconcerned.

"*Ciel!* has the man no heart?" he murmured. "Why did I save him even for a day? The good God knows. It must make life easy to be like him." The marquis would have been amazed to know that the memory of a white, sad woman's face, and of one heroic hour, had given him a new lease of life.

"Ah, Toto," said the thief to himself, "we held that stair together, he and I." The

thought of an uplifting moment overcame him. A sudden reflection that he might have been other than he was flushed his face.

"Ah, my friend Toto, we could have been something; we missed our chance in the world. Well, thou dost think we had better make a fight for it. Life is agreeable, but not here. Let us think. There is one little card to play. Art thou up to it? Yes; I must go now. Thou wilt wait here, and thou wilt not move. In an hour I shall be with thee; and, meanwhile, behold a fine bone. No, not yet, but when I come. Attention, now!"

He turned his back to the house, took off a shoe, and extracted a paper, which he folded so as to be small and flat. Then he produced a bit of a kid glove he had asked from Mme. Cerise of the Comédie Française. In it he laid the paper, and put the little packet, thus protected, in the dog's mouth. "Keep it," he said. "It is death—it is life." The dog lay down, with his sharp, black nose on his paws, shut his eyes, and seemed to be asleep. He had done the thing before.

When François entered the corridor he found the keeper.

"Come," said Vaubertrand. "The commissioner is in a bad way, and drunk, too. He is troubled, I think, and the citizens who are outside reproach him that the supply for the guillotine is small, and the prisons full. What have I done to be thus tormented? There will be a massacre. *Ciel!* I talk too much. I have favored thee. Take care—and thou canst laugh yet." Whereupon François laughed anew, and went after him.

The large hall on the first floor was unusually full. There was much confusion. The great street door, as it was opened wide and shut again in haste, gave a not reassuring glimpse of men in red bonnets roaring the "*Ça ira*." Over all rose the shrill tongues of the women of the markets. A new batch of prisoners was pushed in, the keeper declaring he had no room. Officers of the Committee of Safety untied the hands of the newcomers, and ranged them on stone benches to left. On the right were those who were called to trial. François stood aside, watchful.

Pierre Despard was waiting, flushed and anxious. As a spy, he had leave from Vaubertrand to descend in order to state his case to Grégoire. He went hither and thither, noisy, foolish, gesticulating. He was now in his alternate mood of excitement, and soon began to elbow his way toward the office.

"Citizen La Vague is summoned."

A tall man answered from the bench.

Then another and another was called. The officers went down the line, and, paper in hand, verified the prisoners. They were taken, one by one, into a side room by a second officer, and their hands secured behind their backs.

At last the first officer said: "Here are but ten, Citizen Vaubertrand, and the list calls for eleven. The keeper must see the commissioner." The officer in charge reproached Vaubertrand for neglect. The man with the wart came out from the office.

"Silence!" he cried. "What is this?"

The matter was explained, or was being set forth, when the door opened, and another half-dozen unfortunates were rudely thrust in, while the crowd made a furious effort to enter. Grégoire turned pale.

"Thou shalt answer for this. Find another. I shall hear of it, and thou, too."

Meanwhile, Despard, too insane to observe Grégoire's condition, and lost to all sense of anything but his own sudden wish to escape, was frantically pulling the furious commissioner by the arm.

"Citizen," he cried, "I must be heard! Dost hear? Thou wilt repent. I am the friend of Robespierre." Grégoire paid no attention; he was half drunk, and raging at poor Vaubertrand.

"I will report thee," cried Despard. "I denounce thee!" Grégoire turned upon him in a rage.

"Who is this?" he cried.

"I am Despard of the fourth section. I will let thee know who I am." In his madness he caught Grégoire by the collar and shook him.

Grégoire called out: "Take away this fool! What! you threaten me—me—Grégoire? Ah, thou art the rascal who plunders châteaux. I know thee. Thou dost threaten an officer of the Committee of Safety. Tie this fellow; he will do for the eleventh. Quick, there!" There was no hesitation. The officers seized their prey, and Grégoire, growling, went again into the office.

Pierre fought like the madman he was, but in a minute was brought back screaming and added to the *corvée*. It was complete. He was carried out raving, amid the yells and reproaches of the mob, which broke up and went along with the wagons.

Again there was quiet in the hall, where the thief stood in wonder, horror-stricken. "It is I that have killed him—he who did long to see another die. And for him to die in the place of the marquis—*dame!* it is strange."

"*Ciel!*" cried Vaubertrand, wiping the

sweat from his brow. "This is the second they took this way to make up for some one's blunder. Come, and have a care what you say. He is half drunk." François entered the office.

"Who is this?" said Grégoire, facing him, with his large, meaningless face still flushed and angry.

Vauberland pushed forward the reluctant François. "It is one of the reporters, Citizen Commissioner."

"Ahem! One of Citizen Amar's appointments," said Grégoire. "Thou canst go, Citizen Vauberland"; and he looked up as he sat at the table.

"Thy name?"

"François," said the thief.

"Thy occupation?"

"Juggler."

The Citizen Commissioner was on the uncertain line between appearance of sobriety obtained by effort and ebriety past control. As he interrogated François his head dropped forward. He recovered himself with a sharp jerk, and cried sharply:

"Why dost thou not answer? I said, How didst thou get here, and who gave thee thy order to report?"

"Citizen Amar; he is a friend of mine."

"Is he? Well, where is thy *sacré* report?"

"I should like to tell the Citizen Commissioner what I have to say. I—I did not know just how to frame it."

Meanwhile Grégoire was considering him with unsteady eyes. "Ah, now I have it; now I remember thee. Thou art an *ex-émigré*. I shall attend to thee. It was thou who stole my wallet of papers; and thou couldst laugh, too. *Ciel!* what a laugh! Try it now."

François replied that he was no *émigré*; as to the rest, he could explain; and leaning over, he said quietly:

"You will do well to hear what I have to say."

"You will do well!" Idiot! Why dost thou say 'you, you'? Cursed aristocrat that thou art! Say 'thou' when thou dost address me, or I shall—where is that report?"

"If the citizen will listen. There was in that wallet a little paper addressed to Citizen de la Vicomterie. *Dame!* it was good reading, and I have it still."

"Thou hast it? Thou wilt not have it long."

Grégoire was not over-intelligent, and had now the short temper of drink. The prisoner tried to get a moment in which to explain that another held the document.

Grégoire was past hearing reason. "Offi-

cers, here! here!" he cried. "Search this man! Search him. Strip him. Here! here!"

François did not stir. "When thou hast done we can talk."

"Hold thy tongue! Search him."

"*Ma foi*, *marquis*," said the thief, later, "they did it well. They even chopped up the heels of my shoes. And my coat! *Sacré!* The good keeper gave me another. In our cell, as I learned, they went through the beds and Heaven knows what else. I was well pleased, I can tell thee, when it was all over."

The commissioner had now cooled down. "Put on thy clothes," said Grégoire, and himself shut the door. It was François's turn.

"Citizen," he said, "didst thou think me fool enough to leave within reach that little letter of thine to the good citizen of the committee—to—ah, yes, La Vicomterie is his name. I am not an *émigré*, only a poor devil of a thief and a juggler. I do not love Citizen Robespierre any better than some others love him—some I could name. But one must live, and the day I go out to thy infernal tribunal, Robespierre will have thy letter. A friend will go himself and lay it before the committee."

Grégoire grew deadly pale, all but the wart, which remained red. "I am betrayed!"

"Wait a little. Thou art not quite lost, but thou wilt be unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless thou wilt open that door and set me free. I have no grudge against thee. I will arrange to have for thee the letter, and must receive from thee a new card of safety, and a good passport on business of the Committee of Security."

The commissioner was partly sobered. "How shall I know that thou wilt keep thy word?"

"Thou wilt not know until I do. Why should I not?"

"But the letter may be lost."

"Well, what then? Thou wilt be safe, and have one less life to answer for to the devil when he gets thee."

"Talk business. There is no devil."

"I don't agree with thee. His name is Robespierre. The mischief is that it is I who do not trust thee. Thou hast a wart, citizen. Men who have warts are unlucky to meet. But take care, because I am a desperate man, and most extremely value my head. If thou shouldst fail to—"

"No, no; I promise."

"Good, then."

"Wait; I will write out the papers."

"I shall not hurry thee. I must pack up. I will be back in half an hour. Be so kind as to arrange that I may return without hindrance."

François went at once to the garden, and called Toto. Then he hastened to his *cachot*, or cell, and, finding himself alone, shut the door, took the little packet from Toto's mouth, and gave him the promised bone. He placed the paper inside his stocking, and secured it with a pin. Next he gathered up his small effects, laid his mangled cloak on the bed of a fellow-prisoner, and descended thoughtfully to the office.

He was glad to see that the man of the wart was sitting apparently inattentive to the piles of accounts before him. "Clearly, the citizen is worried," said François to himself.

"I have thy papers. One had to be sent out for a signature. Here is the card of safety, and reapproved as that of a citizen who has denounced an *ex-émigré*. Also, behold a passport, and an order from the Committee of Safety to leave Paris on business of the republic. All are in the name of Citizen François, juggler."

"The citizen has been thoughtful."

"*Sacré!* I never do things by halves; I am thorough. And now, as to the paper?"

"It will be best for thee to come, at twelve to-day, to No. 33 *bis* Rue Poullétier. There I will take thee to my old room, or another, and make good my side of the bargain. After that, I have the agreeable hope never to meet thee again."

"I will be there at noon."

François's watchful ear detected a certain emphasis on the "I" of this phrase, which made him suspicious. He said quietly:

"Citizen, thou hast sold me my head. I shall give thee thine. Afterward I shall be in thy power."

"Yes, yes; that might be so with Arçar or Couthon, but not with André Grégoire."

"*Tiens!*" said the thief, "what is this—'André'? This order is signed 'Alphonse Grégoire.' The citizen must have been absent-minded. Look!"

Grégoire flushed. "True, true. I will write a second. I was troubled."

François stood still, received the second order, and, saying, "*Au revoir*, citizen," was about to leave, when a thought seemed to strike him. He paused, and said: "There is here a *ci-devant* marquis you may recall—Ste. Luce."

"Well?"

"Put his name at the foot of the file of

accused and keep it there. Get a clerk to do it. The citizen is aware that it is done every day."

"Impossible! Art thou insane? I run risk enough with thy order and passport. But this I dare not do. There are limits."

"Do it, or I throw up my bargain. By Heaven, I am in earnest! Come, what will it cost? Will one hundred louis d'or do the business?"

Grégoire reflected. What more simple than to say yes, pocket the money, and let things take their course?

"I will do it for that—I mean I can have it done."

"Then give me ten minutes."

"I will wait."

The rich throughout these evil days were allowed to have in prison as much money as they could get from without. About March of this sad year they were told that they must feed the poorer captives, and were regularly assessed. François was aware that the marquis was well provided. He found him in the garden, and asked him to step aside.

"I am free, monsieur," he said. "No matter how. And I have bargained for your own head." He briefly related so much of his talk with Grégoire as concerned the marquis.

Ste. Luce looked at him. "*Pardi!* You are an unusual type of thief—or man. I would thank you if I considered my head worth much. But, after all, it is a natural attachment one's body has for one's head, or one's head for one's body, to put it correctly. Will it be wasted money, my admirable thief, or will the rascal keep his word?"

"Yes—after we get through with the affair."

"You are a great man, François, but I have not the money. I lost it last night to Delavigne. I will get the loan of it. Rather a new idea to borrow one's head! Wait a little." He came back in a few minutes. "It pretty well cleaned out two of them. Good luck to you; and if ever we are out of this hole, we must fence a little. By the way, I hear they took that poor devil Despard to-day. It is a relief. He bored me atrociously."

"Yes; they took him in your place, monsieur. It was to have been to-day—"

"To-day! In my place? *Tiens!* that is droll."

"Yes."

"But how—why?"

"No matter now. I will tell monsieur some day."

"Are you a magician, Master François?"

"I was. But I did not desire this man's death."

"And the guillotine will have him, and he will not be on hand to see me scared. *Ciel!* but it is strange. Alas! the disappointments of this mortal life! Good luck to you, and *au revoir*. I thank you."

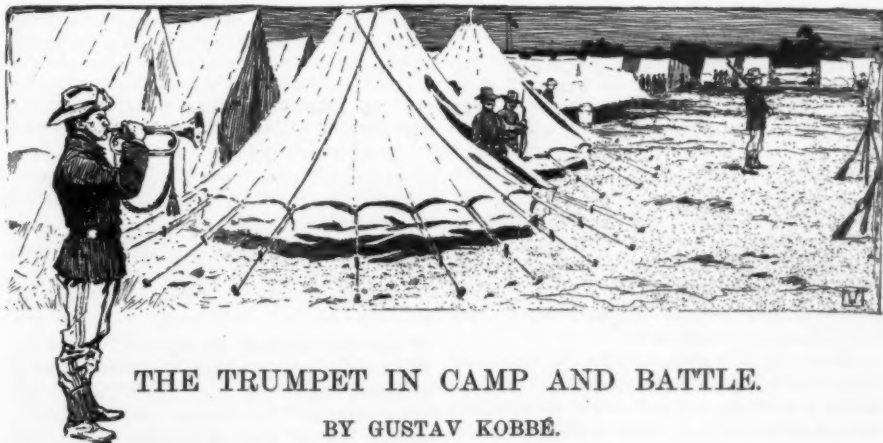
A few minutes later, Grégoire, having carefully disposed of the gold about his ample person, escorted Citizen François to the outer door. The look with which the commissioner with the wart regarded the retreating back and the big ears of François was unfriendly, to say the least.

François understood the risks of his position. For a time he was safe. After he gave up that precious paper he would be at Grégoire's mercy. "More or less," muttered the thief, with a laugh which set Toto to caper-

ing. He went toward the Seine, looked in the shop windows, and had a bite and a good bottle of wine, for the marquis had insisted on giving him ten louis for his own use. About half-past eleven he turned into the Rue Poulletier, and rang the bell at 33 bis.

"Come, Toto," he said, as he went in. "We owe Mme. Quatre Pattes a little debt. Let us be honest and pay." He closed the door behind him, and heard the sharp voice of the concierge: "Who goes there? Speak, or I will be after thee." He drew back, and looked in through the glassed door of the Crab's room. He knew she would not sally out. Why should she? Her house was only a hive of thieves and low women, who were driven away when they could not pay, and who rarely plundered one another.

(To be concluded in the next number.)



THE TRUMPET IN CAMP AND BATTLE.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

ONCE again the nation thrills to the call of the trumpet and the roll of the drum. The trumpet is the clock of the camp, but on the battle-field notes of command ring from its brazen throat. In camp it awakens the soldier, summons him to drill, invites him to mess, and bids him go to rest. In the face of the enemy it calls him to arms and to the charge. Over the soldier's grave it sings the last song—"lights out."

Considering the antiquity of the trumpet and the drum, and their obvious adaptability to sounding signals, it would seem as if field music must have originated simultaneously with these instruments. That soldiers marched and fought to their martial strains

in the most ancient times we know from passages in the Bible and the classics. But there is a difference between military and field music. The former is played by the regimental bands, and consists chiefly of marches and inspiring airs, the latter is played on the field of battle, to fire the soldier's heart. Field music is "sounded" by the bugle, the trumpet, the drum, or the drum and fife, and consists of a system of signals by which, instead of by word of mouth, commands are conveyed to the troops. It is impossible to discover when the first system of this kind originated. Probably it developed gradually. The fact that a trumpet or a drum can be heard much more distinctly on

the battle-field than an officer's voice, which might at the most important moment be lost in the din, is so obvious that signals for the most usual commands, "charge" and "retreat," must have come into use with the instruments capable of sounding them, other signals being gradually added.

Some calls in use in various armies to-day are believed to be very old. In "La Damnation de Faust," Berlioz introduces a trumpet-call after the soldiers have marched by on the plains of Hungary. This is a French cavalry call, and tradition says it dates back to the crusades. Fortunately, for it is very pretty, the call has been adopted from the French service into ours:



It is the French cavalry *retraite*, and our "retreat"—not the retreat in the face of the enemy, but the retreat at sunset, when the sunset gun is fired, and the flag is lowered on the last note of the call. Dress-parade is usually held at this time, so that the ceremony is an imposing one. It is known in the United States navy as "evening colors," and the same call is sounded.

The firing of a gun at sunset is said to be a survival of an ancient custom which consisted in making a great noise in camp as the sun went down in order to frighten away evil spirits.

The first use of field music of which we have absolutely authentic information was at the battle of Bouvines, that village of French Flanders where the French have won no fewer than three victories—Philip Augustus defeating Otto IV of Germany there in 1214, Philip of Valois defeating the English there in 1340, while in 1794 the French defeated the Austrians at the same place. It was at Bouvines, in 1214, that trumpets sounded the signal for the victorious French charge, the first authentic instance of a command given by a trumpet-call.

Without attempting to describe the technical differences between the trumpet and the bugle, it may be said that the trumpet

has louder and more penetrating notes than the bugle. The trumpet *schmettert* (smashes), as the Germans say. In our own army formerly the bugle sounded the calls for infantry, the trumpet for cavalry. Now, with the extended order for skirmishers, we use the trumpet exclusively. But bugle and trumpet, with the above distinction in their functions, are still used in several foreign armies. This distinction between the instruments is very ancient. Horace says, in his first ode to Mæcenat:

Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubae,
Permixtus sonitus.

Forcellini, commenting upon this passage, says: "Sunt qui lituum a tuba distinguunt, ex eo quod ille equitum sit, haec vero peditum." ("There are those who distinguish between the *lituus* and the *tuba*, in that the former is used for mounted and the latter for foot soldiery.") The *lituus* was the cavalry trumpet, the *tuba* the infantry bugle.

Tennyson, with an exactness which was perhaps only the intuition of a poet, writes in "Guinevere":

Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice.

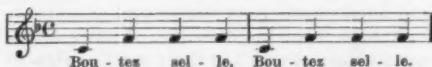
And again, in the same book of the "Idylls of the King":

Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west.

It was the trumpet at the sound of which the warhorse neighed, and the trumpet which sounded "thro' the thick night" to summon King Arthur. The bugle has, however, inspired one of the most beautiful of the songs in "The Princess," with its refrain:

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

The oldest trumpet-calls preserved in notation are to be found in a composition published in Antwerp in 1545—"La Bataille," by Jannequin, describing the battle of Marignano in 1515. A *boute-selle* (our "boots and saddles") and an *à l'étendard* (our "to the colors") occur in this. Here is the *boute-selle*, certainly a very primitive affair:



The earliest indisputable evidence of the use of the drum in the English army is furnished by Froissart, who mentions the drum in the list of instruments to the music of which Edward III entered Calais in 1347. The drum seems to have been first used for field music in Italy. "The drum proclaims the commands of the officer to his troops," writes Machiavelli in his "Art of War," in which he also recommends trumpets and flutes, probably fifes. The fife seems, however, to have been first introduced into Germany, where it still retains a strong hold. We hear of it in England, however, as early as 1683, Sir James Turner writing in his "Pallas Armata": "With us any captain may keep a piper in his company, and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him"—to which Sir James adds quaintly, "perhaps just as much as he deserveth."

"Tattoo," which is sounded at 9 P.M., after which quiet must prevail in the quarters, can be traced back to the Thirty Years' War, during which it was established by Wallenstein, the soldiers calling it *Zapfenstreich*, the name it still bears in the German army, and which exactly describes the purpose for which it was established. The call was introduced by Wallenstein to terminate the nightly revels of his unruly troopers. In order that the drinking-bouts should really cease with this call, the provost was ordered to proceed to all the sutlers' booths, see that the bungs (*Zapfen*) were in the barrels, and draw a chalk-line (*Streich*) over them, the sutler being exposed to heavy penalties if the morning inspection showed the line to have been tampered with during the night. Hence *Zapfenstreich* means literally "bung-line." The *grosse Zapfenstreich* ("grand tattoo") of the German army is a magnificent expansion of this call. I have heard it on the Emperor's birthday, and it is also usually played after the annual manoeuvres by the combined bands and field music of the whole corps, some two thousand performers. After eight bars for fifes and drums, a few drummers begin the long roll, pianissimo, the number being augmented and the volume swelled until a thunderous fortissimo reverberates from more than three hundred drums. Suddenly these break into four bars of simple march tempo, and the bands play the *Zapfenstreich* proper, an old-time quickstep. After this the cavalry bands play the retreat, trumpet-calls being interspersed with rolls of kettledrums and full chords on the brass instruments. A short call for drums and fifes, a slow movement,

the "prayer," by the combined bands, a roll for the drums, the bugle-call *Gewehr ein*, and two bars of long chords, bring to a close a stirring performance, the effect of which is heightened by the brilliant surroundings—torchlights, glittering uniforms, and resplendent arms.

Our own term for the call to quarters, "tattoo," is derived by some authorities from "tap to," giving it the same meaning as *Zapfenstreich*. In the British infantry service tattoo is elaborate, bugles, drums, and fifes, and sometimes the band, taking part. The "first post," or "setting of the watch," is sounded by the bugles twenty minutes before the hour at which the men have to be in their barracks. The "rolls," three strokes by the big drum, each succeeded by a roll on the side drums, follow the call. The drum-and-fife corps then march up and down the barrack-yard, playing quicksteps. At the hour for retiring to quarters, "God Save the Queen" is played, the whole being concluded by the bugles.

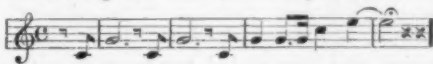
In our army tattoo is not an elaborate ceremony; but it is the longest call in the service, consisting of twenty-eight bars, taken partly from the French and partly from the British service. The first eight bars—



—are the French signal for lights out (*extinction des feux*), and were formerly played for taps in our army. These eight bars, which were Napoleon I's favorite call, are followed by twenty bars which are copied from the British infantry tattoo, described above, and begin:



concluding with this effective phrase:



It is usually played in a three-part arrangement, and is one of the most sonorous and impressive of all the calls.

Tattoo is too long a call for words; but the Germans have adapted verses to their Zapfenstreich, for instance:

"Zu Bett! zu Bett!"
Die Trommel geht.
"Und dass ihn Morgen früh aufsteht,
Und nicht so lang im Bette läßt [sic]."

This may be freely translated:

"To bed! to bed!"
The drum has said.
"To-morrow early out of bed,
And do not be a sleepy head."

Another Zapfenstreich verse, which once was prophecy, but now is history, is as follows:

Die Franzosen haben das Geld gestohlen.
Die Preussen die wollen es wieder holen.
Geduld! Geduld! Geduld!

(The Frenchmen, the Frenchmen our money have ta'en.

The Prussians will soon get it back again.
Just wait! Just wait! Just wait!)

Our own tattoo is especially interesting, because the French call of "lights out," which forms the first eight bars, was one of the calls of Napoleon's army, and was, as stated above, a great favorite with him. This was one of the calls which were "*composée et arrangée par David Buhl*" for the army of Napoleon. In Georges Kastner's "*Manuel de Musique Militaire*" these calls are given, and attached to this one is a note: "*Sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur.*" The "Emperor's favorite" is the only call of his army which has survived the monarchy, the second empire, the revolution, and the commune. The French still cling to the "*Sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur*"—"lights out." It is as if the foot-lights had been turned down on the drama of *la gloire*. Yet the French seem to hear in the favorite call of the great Napoleon—and a beautiful call it is—a voice from their glorious past. And so, although now soldiers of *la République Française*, the French army goes to rest as the "*sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur*" falls upon the stillness of the night. Strange, too, that it was not "boots and saddles," or the call to arms or to the charge, that the great commander loved best, but the call that sent the army to its rest.

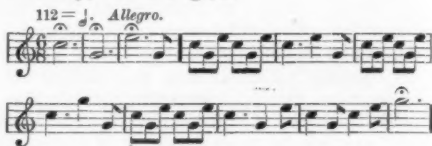
The concluding twenty bars of our tattoo, which, as I have stated, are taken from the English service, the English themselves seem to have derived from one of the *tocchi di tromba* of the Italian service; for they bear

in part a striking resemblance to *il silenzio*, a fine trumpet-call of the Neapolitan cavalry, which I have found in Kastner's book.

Our own bugle-calls underwent considerable change when Upton's tactics came into use in 1867. Both Scott's and Casey's tactics were largely adapted from the French infantry service, and the French infantry calls were transferred bodily to our service. Retreat, for instance, was the call still in use in the French infantry, beginning:



Instead of the present sonorous and effective tattoo, we also had that of the French infantry, which begins:



When Upton's tactics were prepared, General Upton requested General Truman Seymour (then Major of the Fifth United States Artillery), who was a man of artistic and musical tastes, to prepare a system of calls. The object of Upton's tactics being to provide uniformity in all branches of the service, the calls were made the same for all arms, excepting such signals as pertain to special acts of the trooper and the artilleryist which the infantryman cannot perform.

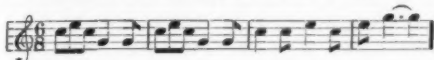
Major Seymour did his work very well. It is doubtful if any army has as terse and practical a system of drill and skirmish calls as ours, while the general calls are capitally selected. As the calls were to be the same for all branches, Major Seymour could choose from both infantry and cavalry calls. Of the old calls found in Casey's tactics he retained the reveille of the French infantry:



to which our soldiers sing:

We can't get 'em up,
We can't get 'em up,
We can't get 'em up
In the morning.

He also retained the French "church call" (*la messe*). This and our dinner call are both taken from the "Sonneries de Chasseurs d'Orléans," which were promulgated in 1845, our dinner call being the French *la soupe*:



For the retreat of the French infantry Major Seymour substituted for the same ceremony the French cavalry call, that ancient call of which I have already given the music. Another spirited signal adopted from the French cavalry is the "assembly of trumpeters," or "first call":



This precedes reveille, retreat, and tattoo, and, as these calls are usually played by all the trumpeters at the post, is the signal for them to assemble. It is also the first call for all ceremonies. Another pretty call is the "assembly," the signal to form the companies into ranks:

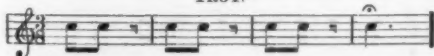


The most thoroughgoing change made by Major Seymour was, however, his erasure of the French infantry tattoo, and his substitution of the call, made up of the French extinction des feux and the British tattoo, which I have described above.

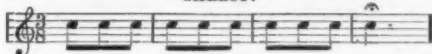
The skirmish signals have been devised upon a most practical system. All changes of gait are differentiated upon the same note. Thus we have:



TROT.

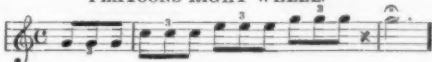


GALLOP.

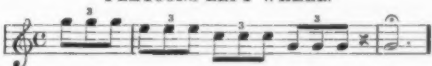


Movements to the right are signaled on the ascending, those to the left on the descending, scale:

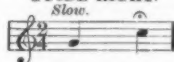
PLATOONS RIGHT WHEEL.



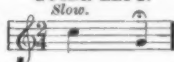
PLATOONS LEFT WHEEL.



GUIDE RIGHT.

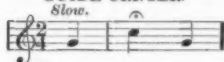


GUIDE LEFT.



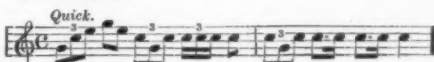
In guide center, the middle or center note of the three is the one that is accentuated and held:

GUIDE CENTER.



These calls are readily memorized, not only by the men, but, in the mounted service, by the horses, which will go through a drill faultlessly if left to themselves to follow the signals.

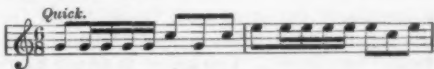
A characteristic cavalry call is our "boots and saddles":



This is said to be an English call, but I do not find it among the English cavalry signals. The same call in the French cavalry is in exactly the same rhythm as ours, though it begins a fifth lower:



and ours would therefore rather seem to be derived from the French. Ours, being pitched higher, rings out louder and more effectively, and bears out that sentence in our cavalry tactics: "It is generally expected of cavalry, and is its pride, to be bold and daring." "Stable call":





is another characteristically buoyant cavalry signal. Our soldiers have set these clever verses to it:

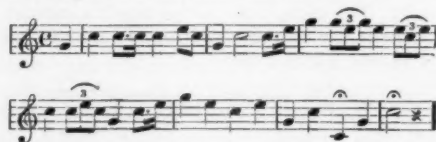
Now go to the stable,
All you who are able,
And give to your horses
Some oats and some corn.

For if you don't do it
The captain will know it,
And then you will rue it,
As sure as you're born.

West Point has a church call of its own, which is extremely pretty. It is here printed for the first time:



At West Point special calls not used elsewhere in the service are sounded for the different recitations, and at 7 P. M. a pretty "evening call to quarters" is sounded. This is also printed here for the first time:



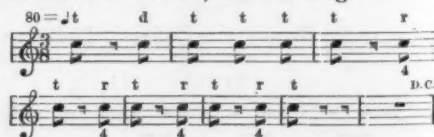
These calls are believed to have originated at this post many years ago, and are tenaciously clung to.

The drum and fife seem to be disappearing from our service. There is a drum-and-fife corps at West Point, which has preserved a number of the old calls, such as "peas upon a trencher" for breakfast, "roast beef" for dinner, and "Hark, the bonnie Christ Church bells" for church. The latter is an old Eng-

lish round; and, in fact, our drum-and-fife calls are of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh origin, having evidently been adopted into the Revolutionary army from the British service. Under Scott's and Casey's tactics there were no fewer than fifteen general and twenty skirmish calls for the drum. Among the former were the "general" (to strike tents, etc., preparatory to marching), "assembly," "veille," "retreat," "tattoo," and the "long roll" or "daddy-mammy," as it is always called in the British and American service. At West Point the old calls, like "peas upon a trencher," have been handed down by ear. The drum and drum-and-fife calls under the new tactics are few in number; for in the new extended order the line is so long that an instrument of penetrating tone like the trumpet is needed. For this reason, although a few of our infantry regiments retain the drum-and-fife corps, the musicians must also be trumpeters.

The uninitiated think that in order to make a drummer of a person it is only necessary to give him a drum and two sticks. But a drummer requires a most supple wrist, all beats being from the wrist; and while some people can learn to drum in six weeks, others cannot learn in a lifetime. The "daddy-mammy," for instance, is produced by striking two blows with the left hand and two blows with the right hand with extreme regularity and phenomenal rapidity, so as to produce a continuous tremolo, and must be learned at an early age. "Daddy-mammy," by the way, undoubtedly derived its name from the suggestion in the "long roll" of the exercise of parental authority, whence our own phrase, "what Paddy gave the drum."

The music for the drum is for convenience written in the treble clef, the C on the staff being used. As the drum does not produce a musical note, it is necessary only to indicate the rhythm and the nature of the beat—whether a tap (*t*); a flam (*f*), which means two taps; a drag (*d*), in which one stick drags over the drumhead, while the other taps; or a roll (*r*). The number of strokes to each roll is indicated by figures. Here, for instance, is the "general," consisting of taps, rolls of four strokes, and one drag:



The "daddy-mammy" has this notation:



"To the colors" is a good example of a drum-and-fife call, the drum-beats being flams and taps, with a roll of nine strokes:



General Albert Ordway was the author of an interesting little book which recognizes the utility of the bicycle for military purposes. There are cycle corps attached to several regiments of the Connecticut National Guard, and experiments are being made in our standing army, under the supervision of General Miles. General Ordway's book is entitled "Cycle-Infantry Drill Regulations"; and in addition to the regular trumpet-calls of our service, he devised a system of whistle-calls. The notation, if I may so term it, of the calls consists

of short and long dashes indicating the duration of the blast, for instance: forward, -- (two short blasts); halt, -; begin firing, --- (two long and two short blasts); cease firing, ---; double time, ---, ---, ---. These calls are interesting, because the officers of the United States army have recently been ordered to have whistles inserted in their sword-hilts for use in giving signals on the skirmish-line.

In speaking of our trumpet-calls I purposely omitted one with which it seemed most appropriate to close this article, for it is the call which closes the soldier's day—"lights out," or "taps":



I have not been able to trace this call to any other service. If, as seems probable, it was original with Major Seymour, he has given our army the most beautiful of all trumpet-calls. Played slowly and expressively, it has a tender, touching, mournful character, in keeping with the fact that it is sounded not only for "lights out," but also over the soldier's grave, be he general or private, so that as with "lights out" night closes in upon the soldier's day, so with the same call the curtain rolls down upon his life.

TWO AND FATE.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

THE ship we ride the world in sniffs the storm,
And throws its head up to the hurricane,
Quivering like a war-horse when ranks form
With scream of bugles and the shout of men;
Neighs to the challenge of the thunderbolt,
And charges in the squadrons of the surge,
Sabring its way with fury of revolt,
And lashed with exaltation as a scourge.
Who would not rather founder in the fight
Than not have known the glory of the fray?
Ay, to go down in armor and in might,
With our last breath to dominate dismay,
To sink amid the mad sea's clashing spears,
And with the cry of bugles in our ears!

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

NANCY PENINGTON.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

AT the foot of Church street, on the bluff of Black's Creek, in Bordentown, New Jersey, there is a small inclosure known as the "Hopkinson burying-ground." In this place of sepulture are laid to rest the Bordens, the Hopkinsons, the Kirkbrides, and other allied families, and among the inscribed stones there is cut on one of them: "In memory of Ann Penington, daughter of Isaac and Sarah Penington, who departed this life October 28th, 1806, in the 22nd year of her age."

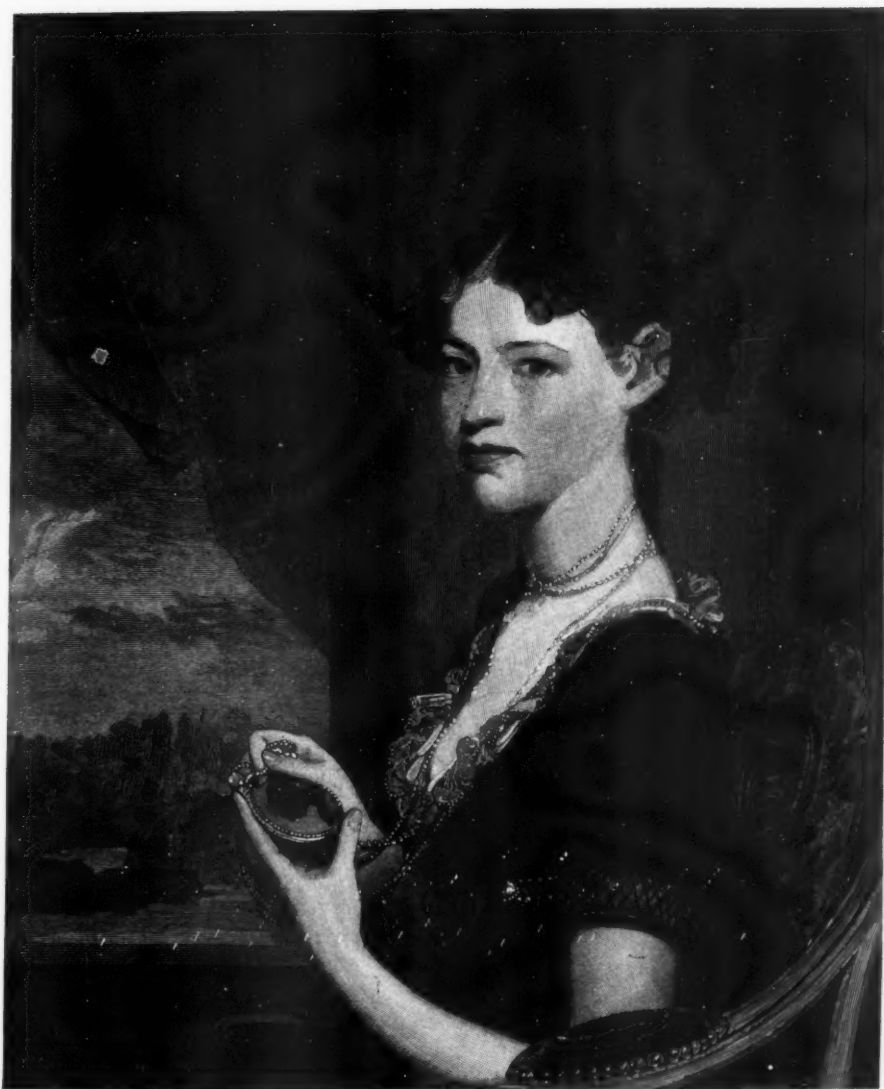
Carried off in the bloom of youth by consumption, the indications of which can be descried in her picture, Nancy Penington had sat the previous year to have her portrait painted for her half-sister, Elizabeth Wister; and this picture, painted when she was twenty, is one of the most interesting of the portraits of women that Stuart limned. It is interesting in itself as a characteristic portrait of a young woman, beautifully executed; but it has the added interest of having received the highest possible mark of approval from the great painter himself when he affixed his signature to the canvas.

Stuart's conceit was proverbial, and when he was asked, on one occasion, why he did not place his name or initials upon his pictures to mark them, answered: "I mark them all over." While this is emphatically true, and Stuart's pictures are otherwise unsigned, he is known in two instances to have placed his name on his work. One of these is his original whole-length portrait of Washington, belonging to the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, signed, "G. Stuart, 1796"; and the other is this portrait of Nancy Penington, where beneath the window-bench can be read, "G. Stuart, Bordentown, 1805."

That this superb portrait is well worthy of the guinea stamp thus placed upon it by Stuart can be seen from the admirable engraving by Mr. Wolf, wherein the qualities of the painter are rendered with masterly skill. It is painted with unusual care for one of Stuart's pictures on this side of the water. Many of his portraits in England show thoughtful attention to the details; but when Stuart returned to his native land he seems to have thrown off

all convention, and to have painted with a freedom that sometimes ran into carelessness. He had the true artist instinct and love for white, and therefore we find most of the women that he painted robed in diaphanous, colorless gowns, wherein he could show his feeling and his power. But he painted Nancy Penington in black velvet, seated in a chair covered with crimson brocade, the better to set off her auburn hair and her red-hazel eyes, and to give the sensation of healthiness to the hectic flush upon the cheek that bespeaks her early doom. This canvas is more than a portrait: it is a picture; and it is this picture quality in portraiture that makes the English school, to which Stuart essentially belonged, so easily the greatest school of portraiture the world has ever seen. Stuart has also given us in this work a glimpse, in the view of the Delaware's banks, of what he might have accomplished had he turned his brush to landscape art, as did his co-worker, Gainsborough.

Cosmo Alexander, with whom Stuart went to Scotland in 1773, died not long after reaching Edinburgh, and Stuart was left, according to his biographer, in the care of Alexander's friend Sir George Chambers, who "quickly followed Alexander to the grave," leaving Stuart without protection. But this story is without foundation, as there was no Sir George Chambers at the period considered. There was, however, a Scotch painter of some repute, Sir George Chalmers of Culter, who had married either a sister or a daughter of Cosmo Alexander; and this Sir George Chalmers is doubtless the person intended, although he lived on until 1791, so that it could not have been his demise that left Stuart to his own resources, which, being few, necessitated Stuart's working his way home on a Nova Scotian collier, after only a few months' absence. The circumstances connected with this episode in Stuart's early life were of such a painful character that his daughter says he could never be induced to talk about it; and while no direct advantage seems to have been gained from this brief visit, the atmosphere of more cultivated lands certainly gave him a broader vision and purer taste for art.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY THE MRS. STEVENSON, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF NANCY PENINGTON.



SAN JUAN HARBOR. VIEW FROM CASA BLANCA, PONCE DE LEON'S HOUSE.

THE ISLAND OF PORTO RICO.

BY FREDERICK A. OBER,

Late Commissioner in Porto Rico of the Columbian Exposition.

THE "great navigator" who discovered the New World was very felicitous in his names for the lands he found, and it was with good reason that he called Borinquen, the Indian island, Puerto Rico, after the noble harbor in which he watered his ships in November, 1493. As Aguadilla it is known to-day, and the same palm-shaded spring gushes forth now as then, in volume sufficient to supply a fleet.

Fifteen years later another of fame's favorites, Ponce de Leon, landed in the bay, where he was well received by the Indian cacique Agueynaba, who gave him specimens of gold. In the year 1510 he founded the town of Caparra, now known as Pueblo Viejo, abandoned the year following for the more advantageous situation of San Juan. The Indians becoming, as the Spaniards say, *disgustados*, because they were reduced to slavery and compelled to labor in the mines, rebelled, and murdered all the white men they could catch outside the settlement. The Spaniards had told the guileless red men that they were immortal, and for a while they believed them; but Cacique

Agueynaba finally conceived a theory of his own, and proceeded to put it to the test. In accordance with his orders, two of his followers caught an unprotected white man while fording a stream (which is known and shown to-day), threw him down, and held his head under water three long hours. Then they took him out, but still with fear and trembling, and, dragging the body to the bank, sat by it during two whole days, until unmistakable signs of decomposition convinced them of the man's mortality. In the end—and it came quickly—the Indians, to the number of half a million or so, were exterminated; but that was a mere incident in Spanish colonization, and the places they left vacant were filled with blacks from Africa.

San Juan, the city founded in 1511 on the north coast, soon became a place of importance, and not long after settling here Juan of the Lion Heart built himself a castle on the promontory above the harbor's mouth, and there he planned the voyage through the Bahamas which resulted in the discovery of Florida, in 1513. But his search for the fabled

Fountain of Youth was not so fortunate; and so in 1521, being stirred by the news from Cortez in Mexico, he set forth again, this time to be wounded by an Indian arrow, to die in Cuba, and to be brought back to San Juan, where his ashes still repose, in a leaden case, beneath the altar of the Dominican church.

From his castle, known as "Casa Blanca," the view he often gazed upon is still outspread, through screens of palms above the crenelated wall around his garden, across the landlocked bay which, so many times since De Leon's death, has been the scene of naval demonstrations.

Those early settlers may well have deserved their fate; still, one may hardly withhold sympathy from them in their many and varied misfortunes. In 1515 they had a visitation of ants which devoured everything before them; and then, soon after the insects had been driven away or destroyed, an epidemic of the smallpox decimated their ranks, swiftly followed by another disease, more insidious, but scarcely less fatal in its effects. In 1529 French pirates burned the town of San German, on the south coast; the fierce Caribs ravaged the eastern provinces, carrying off some of their prominent men to be sacrificed at cannibal repasts; and seventy

years later, in 1595, "that great pirate, Don Francisco Drake," appeared off San Juan, which city he sacked, the English claim; but to be gloriously repulsed, the Spaniards say. The fortifications of San Juan then mounted seventy pieces of artillery, with thirty-four in the great Castillo del Morro alone. There is no doubt that a Dutch attack was repelled in 1615, and another English attempt defeated in 1678; but in the latter instance the Porto-Ricans were aided by a hurricane, which destroyed many of the ships of war. The islanders were wont to point many a moral with this signal instance of divine interposition, until a fleet of their own was similarly destroyed, in 1702, when it seemed to them more rational to ascribe such an event to natural causes.

During the greater part of the seventeenth century the *filibusteros* and *bucaneros*, composed of combined Dutch, French, and English renegade adventurers, continually harried the coast and attacked the supply galleons coming from Spain. At first intrenched in the island of St. Kitts, they were driven out by a fleet under Don Federico Toledo, fitted out in Porto Rico, when they flocked to the island of Tortuga, north of the coast of Haiti, whence they preyed upon Spanish commerce at their convenience.



COUNTRY GIRL AND CALABASH-TREE.

The Morro of San Juan, standing well out at sea, was a chip on the Spanish shoulder at which passing fleets could not resist taking a shot or two. The last great attack upon San Juan, previous to the American bombardment of this year, was in 1797, by the English, under Abercrombie, who were compelled to retire after a three days' siege.

During the century that has elapsed since that event the inhabitants of this rock-ribbed fortress town have boasted the impregnability of their fortifications, until so rudely disturbed by the guns of modern battle-ships.

Until it was discovered that Porto Rico possessed great value as a "strategic center" of naval operations, the fair isle slumbered undisturbed, merely a link, and no important one, in the emerald chain that separates the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Suddenly naval folk became aware of its importance; they saw that while it borders on the Caribbean Sea, yet it breasts the rough Atlantic waters; that it is equidistant, or about a thousand miles, from Key West and Colon; from New York fifteen hundred miles, which is half the distance from Cadiz; thirteen hundred from Newport News, which is half the distance to the Canaries. It lies, in fact, at the very point that we should have selected for a coaling-station, had we unrestricted choice of

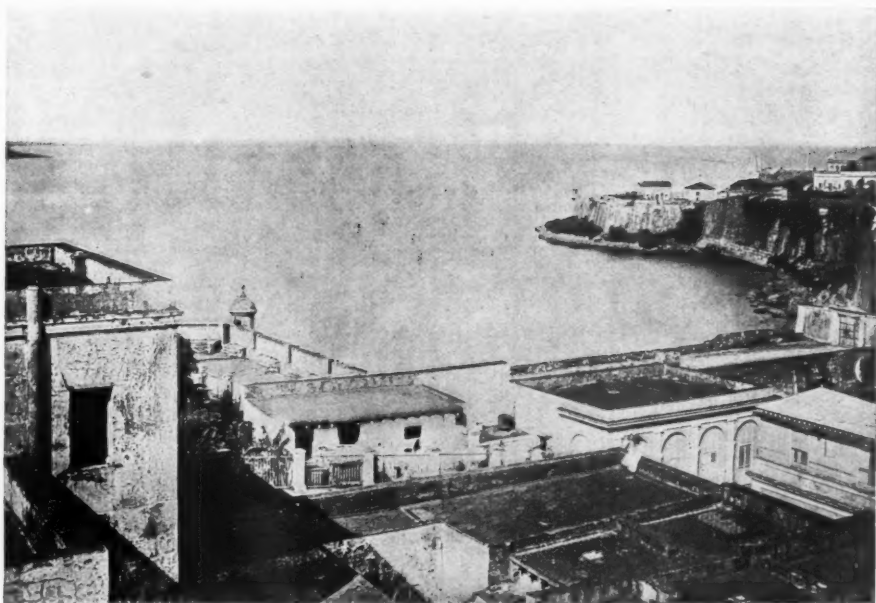
location. All the arguments that have been advanced for the acquisition of the island of St. Thomas, sixty miles distant, and for which at one time we were almost ready to pay seven million dollars, apply with tenfold force to Porto Rico, with its six good harbors to the one of St. Thomas, and its commercial as well as strategical potentialities.

The commerce of the island is chiefly with the United States; and for the last ten years, according to the available statistics, we gained half a million each year in exports, and two millions in imports. Its exports to Spain in 1895 were over six million dollars, and to the United States ten times that amount; its imports from Spain for the same year being about nine million dollars, and not twice that amount from the United States. In size Porto Rico ranks as fourth of the Greater Antilles, coming after Jamaica, being only 108 miles in length, to its rival's 149, and of about equal breadth, or between 40 and 50 miles, with an area of 3600 miles, as against Jamaica's 4193. Yet it is said to export nearly or quite double the quantity of sugar, tobacco, and coffee that its neighbor sends abroad.

A compact little island, an irregular parallelogram in shape, it can be easily governed, and readily made defensible; while its sister isle of Cuba, with its seven hundred



IN THE MARKET-PLACE, PONCE, THE LARGEST CITY IN PORTO RICO.



FORTIFICATIONS OF SAN JUAN—SOUTHWEST ANGLE, LOOKING WESTWARD.

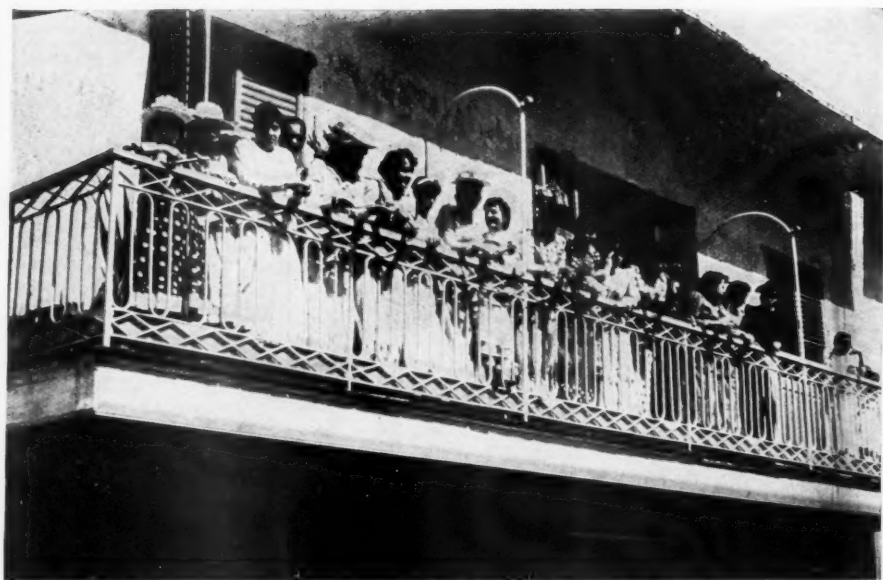
miles of length and its two thousand miles of coast-line, cannot. While the mountains, swamps, dense forests, and bayous of Cuba afford secure hiding-places for the insurgents, with consequent prolongation of a rebellion, in Porto Rico, on the contrary, the physical features all lend themselves to the continuation of whatever system happens to be in power. In a word, there are no points of vantage whence a rebel against authority may emerge to annoy his enemy, no retreats that are not also accessible to the Spanish soldier. This is the simple reason why uprisings have never made head in Porto Rico, why they never will. Many a time the banner has been raised with "*Patria, Justicia, Libertad! Viva Puerto Rico libre!*" inscribed thereon, but only to be trailed in the dust at the point of Spanish bayonets, and those who bore it sent, some to Africa, some to be shot.

The entire aspect of this island on the northeast verge of the Caribbean is peaceful and paradisaical. An interval of twelve years lay between my first and second visits to Porto Rico; yet, though I had traveled in other countries meanwhile, I could recall no such scene of grandeur, tempered with the melting loveliness of a tropical landscape, as greeted me when I approached the north coast of the island. It is indeed, as the Spanish writers who have seen it say, a

panorama agradabilísimo. In the extreme northeast rises the highest peak of the central cordillera, in the Luquillo Sierra, known as "el Yunque," or "the Anvil," variously estimated at from thirty-six hundred to forty-five hundred feet in height. The hills are of lesser elevation toward the west and southwest, but the whole north-central country is rugged and uneven. Between the spurs from the main range lie innumerable secluded valleys, where the soil is of great fertility. The impressive features of the landscape are the rounded summits of the multitudinous hills, which leave the coast in constantly rising billows that finally break against the cordillera vertebra; yet all are cultivable, and cultivated, to their very crests, though the higher mountain peaks are forest-clad.

More than thirteen hundred streams, it is said, of which number perhaps forty or fifty attain to the dignity of rivers, rise in the hills and seek the coasts, most of them running northerly, though the best harbors are in the west and south. But notwithstanding the great river flow, portions of the island in the southwest are afflicted with drought at times, owing to the precipitation of the northeast "trades" against the northern hills.

The higher hills are clothed in the



A BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE PLAZA, SAN JUAN.

exuberant and diversified vegetation of the tropical forest, where tree-ferns flourish, and great gum-trees and mountain palms tower aloft; at lower levels are the cedar and mahogany, walnut and laurel, with many others noted for their useful woods. Throughout the island are found those trees and shrubs valuable for their gums, as the mamey, guaiacum, and copal, while the list of medicinal plants includes most of those, invaluable to our pharmacopœias, which tropical America has given to the world. These are the *silvestres*, nature's wild children; but of cultivated plants there is no species peculiar to the tropics that does not flourish here. In the littoral levels, between the mountains and the sea, grows the sugarcane, which may be cultivated up to an altitude of three thousand feet. It was introduced here from Santo Domingo, having been brought to America either from Spain or the Canaries. The annual yield of sugar is estimated at about seventy thousand tons.

In these fertile lowlands, also, tobacco does exceedingly well, and the annual production is said to be quite seven million pounds. It may be cultivated on the hills, but the true mountain-lover is the coffee, which does not do well below six hundred feet, and is at its best a thousand feet above the sea. It was first brought here from Martinique, in 1722, and now yields to the extent of seventeen

thousand tons annually. Maize, the true Indian corn, is indigenous, as is the yucca, the aboriginal "staff of life"; and both grow everywhere, as well as the pineapple, which is more reliable and more universal than the peach of our north-temperate zone. Cotton and rice are found at nearly all elevations, the latter, which is the chief food of many laborers, being what is known as the mountain variety.

Bananas and plantains are wonderfully prolific, bearing fruit in ten months from planting. The plants virtually last sixty years, being equally long-lived with the cocoa-palm, which produces nuts in six or seven years, and thereafter during the space of an ordinary life, its yield being reckoned at a hundred nuts a year. The annual product of bananas is given as two hundred millions, and of cocoanuts three millions. The entire range of tropical fruits is represented here, such as the guava, lime, orange, aguacate, sapodilla, and avocado pear; while all subtropical vegetables may be raised, including those of the south-temperate zone, such, for instance, as are grown in Florida.

The mineral kingdom has not been so exhaustively exploited as the vegetable, but more than traces have been found of copper, coal, and iron, as well as vast deposits of salt. The rivers at one time ran to the sea over beds of golden sand, and from the

streams to-day (as in the neighboring island of Santo Domingo, where the first American gold was discovered) the natives wash out nuggets, by the crude processes of that distant day when Agueynaba went prospecting with his false friend Ponce de Leon.

There are no native quadrupeds here larger than the agouti and the armadillo, but birds are relatively numerous, with a few of fine song, and some of brilliant plumage. All domestic fowl do well here, and the great pastures of the northeast and southeast support vast herds of cattle and horses, which suffice not only for the needs of the island, but are exported to all parts of the West Indies, being held in high esteem.

There are no poisonous reptiles to be feared, but insects of questionable character are too numerous for comfort. This island, indeed, were a Paradise without them; even with them, the inhabitants seem to experience little trouble. The worst of these are the scorpions, centipeds, tarantulas, wasps, mosquitos, some species of ants, ticks, chigoes, and fleas. The heat of a tropical climate like that of Porto Rico, which, though rarely exceeding 90°, is continuous, is conducive to the breeding of insect pests of all sorts.

The climate is hot and humid, but not inimical to health, except locally, in the marshy districts, and in cities where the

ordinary rules of sanitation are neglected. There is no yellow fever away from the coasts. Though all the seasons may be indicated here, yet only two are distinctly recognized, the rainy and the dry, the first lasting from July to December, and the latter from January to June, both inclusive. The midwinter days are most delightful, differing but little from those of autumn in southern Spain.

The chief centers of population are Ponce, on the southern coast, with thirty-eight thousand inhabitants; and San Juan and Mayaguez, with about twenty-seven thousand each. The principal harbors are San Juan and Arecibo, on the north coast; Aguadilla and Mayaguez, on the west; Ponce (roadstead), Arroyo, and Guayanilla, on the south; and Humacao and Fajardo, on the east. In some respects Ponce, the largest city, is more attractive than the capital, San Juan. It has a fine cathedral, several plazas, a large theater, excellent stone buildings, and an abundant supply of pure water conducted from the hills by means of aqueducts. In going from the port of Ponce to the city one may note the direction of the prevailing winds by the dust-covered canes, which are on the southern side of the road, while those on the north side are bright and clean.

Communication between cities is chiefly

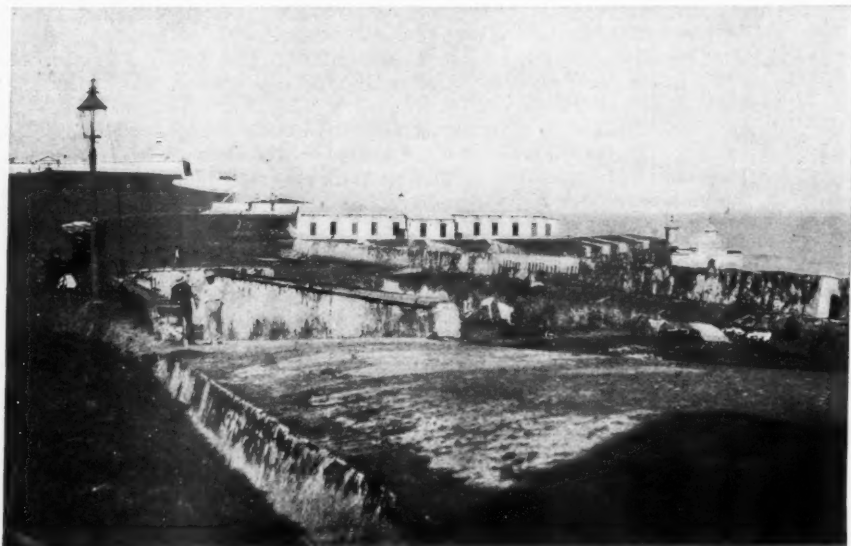


UNDER THE SEA-WALL, SAN JUAN. OCEAN SIDE OF FORTIFICATIONS.

coastwise, though there are some good roads and many bridle-trails. A railroad has been projected around the island, and about one hundred and thirty miles have been built of the total four hundred to be constructed; while there are nearly five hundred miles of telegraph lines, connecting all important points, besides two cables maintaining communication with the outside world. These are controlled by the government, which is vested in a captain-general appointed by the crown,

causeway and two bridges. Within the curvature of a deep and landlocked bay lies the harbor, sheltered from all except northerly winds, with a "boca," or narrow entrance, which vessels drawing three fathoms can enter and find anchorage within at any depth to six fathoms, with two and a half at the wharves.

The seaward or western front of the islet on which the city is built is precipitous, and here is perched the old castle known as the



MORRO PARADE-GROUND, NORTH OF GLACIS, SAN JUAN.

who is assisted by a military junta, also by royal appointment. About 5000 troops regularly garrison the island, which are supplemented by a reserve militia. The colony is divided into seven departments, with representation in the Cortes according to the number of inhabitants, and the captain-general is president of the assembly of the island, the royal *audiencia*. Recently Porto Rico has been more profitable to Spain than Cuba, the annual revenue usually exceeding expenditures by a million and a half of pesos, the last statistics available giving the former as 5,455,000, and the latter 3,906,000.

As the only fortified city, the possession of which carries with it that of the island, San Juan, the capital, deserves perhaps particular description. It is situated at the extreme western end of an island on the north coast, about five kilometers long and two broad, connected with the mainland by a

Morro, between which and the city proper lies a parade-ground some twelve hundred feet in extent. Trapezoidal in shape, San Juan rises amphitheater-like from the bay, completely inclosed within massive walls from fifty to one hundred feet in height. In general appearance it has some suggestions of Algiers, with its gaily colored houses, jutting balconies, airy miradors, and inclosing medieval walls; though not so imposing as that "diamond in an emerald setting," nor so picturesque.

Morro Castle dates from Ponce de Leon's time, but the Morro as it stands to-day was completed in 1584. The *faro* stands here, with a first-class light, and within the Morro's walls are the buildings of a small military town—quarters for troops, a chapel, bake-house, and guard-room, with dungeons down by the sea and underneath. This is the citadel, the initial point of the line of circumvallation,

composed of connected bastions, castles, and *fortalezas*, running from west to east, to the Castle San Cristobal, thence north to the ocean.

The oldest portion of the line is at the southwest angle, and is called the "Fortaleza," the platform of which supports the captain-general's palace, and was built in 1540. The sea-wall to the north is pierced by the gateway of San Juan, which affords entrance to the glacis of San Felipe del Morro, between the palace and the semi-bastion of San Augustine. Turning southwardly from the Fortaleza, we note the bastion of La Palma, and the semi-bastion of San Justo, in the curtain between which two is the arched entrance from the Marina, or outside ward, to the intramural city, and known as the Puerta de España. Beyond it, to the east, are the bastions of San Pedro and Santiago, the latter in the eastern wall, the middle part of which is pierced by the landward gate called the Puerta de Santiago, protected by a ravelin of the same name. The fortress San Cristobal, though sometimes called a castle, is in reality an amplification of the fortifications facing east, or landward, and extends from the bay on the south northward to the ocean.

These fortifications in their present shape were projected in 1630, and virtually finished between 1635 and 1641; but San Cristobal and the outworks were not completed until the comparatively modern date of 1771. The eastern advanced works consist of two lines of batteries, protected by a deep moat; of the small fort of San Antonio at the bridge of that name; and at the extreme eastern end of the islet a still smaller fort, San Geronimo, which defends the bridge of Boqueron.

Oceanward, reliance is placed more in the cliffs and foaming breakers than in artificial bulwarks. Directly beneath the northern wall, entrance from the city to which is by a gate through the Morro glacis, lies the principal cemetery, filled with mausoleums, *panteons*, and marble monuments. While those who can afford it are sealed up in cinerary cells of the vast columbarium against the fortress wall, other hundreds merely occupy rented graves, from which they are evicted at the expiration of a certain term of years, after a custom prevailing in all Spanish countries. Over the gateway of this cemetery juts an ornate sentry-turret, and above it stands a metal figure of the recording angel.

The houses of the intramural city are

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built mainly of *mamposteria*, with plain fronts, sometimes having Tuscan cornices, flat roofs, and iron balconies. Of the thousand houses within the walls, not more than half the number are two stories in height, but few are three, and all, of course, are chimneyless. The streets are flagged, but filthy, for the supply of water is scant, chiefly derived from rains; and though occupying an unexampled situation on a high tract of land between southern bay and northern sea, San Juan is frequently scourged with yellow fever and other diseases endemic in the tropics.

There are two plazas and several plazuelas in the city, which afford breathing-spaces, while in the Marina outside is a small but beautiful public garden used as a pleasure resort. The chief buildings are the governor's palace, the city hall, the archiepiscopal palace, two colleges, three hospitals, and eight places of worship, including the cathedral, with three spacious naves, and a high altar of finest marble. In the church of La Providencia is the special patroness of Porto Rico, Nuestra Señora de los Remedios, whose cloak alone is valued at fifteen hundred dollars, and her jewels at twenty thousand.

The largest edifice in the city is the Cuartel de Ballaja, three stories in height, inclosing an area of 77,700 meters, and used as quarters for the troops. The places of amusement are the theater, owned by the city corporation, several clubs and casinos, and the cock-pit. The last-named is to be found outside the walls, in the Marina; but the active participants in the exercises of the *valla de gallos*, the cocks themselves, are to be seen all over the city. Of a morning, particularly, the air rings with challenge and counter-challenge, sent forth in clarion tones, as at daybreak each owner of a bird (and this means nearly every male resident of San Juan) brings out his chanticleer and ties him to a stake driven into the sidewalk in front of his house. A common sight here is that of some fond fancier holding his feathered jewel in air at arm's length, and spraying head and wings with water with which he has filled his mouth. Bull-fights are rarely celebrated here, because, alas! San Juan cannot afford to import a really fine "line" of fighters, human and taurine, for the *corrida*; so the cock-pit, perforce, supplies its place.

It is difficult to differentiate the 800,000 natives of Porto Rico from their brother Hispano-Americans in Cuba, Mexico,

and South America. The statistics inform us that there is a total population of about 806,000, nearly half which number, or 326,000, are colored, many of the others very much "mixed"; and yet all adhere to the racial type, which is Spanish, as well as the language spoken by all. No great attention is paid to education, although there are 500 primary schools in the island, as well as those of secondary and higher grades. "The Puertorriqueños," says an author of the last century, "are well proportioned and delicately organized; at the same time they lack vigor, are slow and indolent, possess vivid imaginations, are vain and inconstant, though hospitable to strangers, and ardent lovers of liberty." Referring to the various peoples here, such as the Chuetas, or descendants of Majorcan Jews, the Gibaros, or Spanish-Indian mestizos, etc., the same old writer says: "From this variety of mixture has resulted a character equivocal and ambiguous, but peculiarly Puertorriqueñian. The heat of the climate has made them lazy, to which end also the fertility of the soil has conduced; the solitary life of the country residents has rendered them morose and disputatious."

A more modern author affirms that they are "affable, generous, hospitable to a fault, loyal to their sovereign, and will to the last

gasp defend their island from invasion. The fair sex are sweet and amiable, faithful as wives, loving as sisters, sweethearts, and daughters, ornaments to any society, tasteful in dress, graceful in deportment, and elegant in carriage. In fact, visitors from old Spain have frequently remarked their resemblance to the *doncellas* of Cadiz, who are world-renowned for their grace and loveliness."

The truth is that they all have the Spanish *cortesía*, and are more like the polite Andalusians of the south of Spain than the boorish Catalans of the northeast. Even the lowliest laborer, unless he be one of the four hundred thousand illiterates, signs his name with a *rubrica*, or elaborate flourish, and styles himself "Don," after the manner of the Spanish grandees; and the humblest shopkeeper, when receipting a bill, will add that he "avails himself with intense pleasure of this occasion for offering to such a distinguished gentleman the assurance of his most distinguished consideration!"

This need not imply affectation, nor even insincerity, but merely a different conception of the social amenities from that of the all-conquering American, who, it is to be hoped, will not treat this foible with the contempt which, in his superior wisdom, he may think it merits.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

A PAINTING BY PIERRE MIGNARD, IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN.

THE radiant angel stands within her room.
 She kneels and listens; on her heaving breast,
 To still its fluttrings, are her sweet hands pressed,
 The while his lips foretell her joyful doom.
 Tears—happy tears—are rising, and a bloom
 Clothes her of maiden blushes that attest
 The Rose she is. The haloed, heavenly guest
 Lingers upon his cloud of golden gloom.
 He gives to her the lily which he brings.
 Each cherub in the aureole above—
 Where harps unseen are pealing peace and love—
 Smiles with delight, and softly coos and sings;
 While over Mary's head, on whitest wings,
 Hovers the presence of the Holy Dove.

FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES.

WITH A DISCUSSION OF PENDING PROBLEMS.

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP,

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

THE guns of Admiral Dewey did something more than destroy a Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila. Their echo came back to us in a question new in the history of our government. In the shaping of the Constitution our fathers evinced a foresight that has ever since been our admiration; but their prescience looked ahead to no such problem as this one which a naval victory on the other side of the world has raised. It is a problem for the solution of which we have surprisingly little data. Neither precedent nor experience can be satisfactorily drawn on, and we see with sudden clearness that some of the most revered of our political maxims have outlived their force. Washington's farewell address, and the later crystallization of its main thought by President Monroe, had come to possess with us almost the force of a constitutional provision, and even to be regarded by the nations as one of the fundamentals of our government. Our stanch belief in the value of that doctrine of political isolation has been shaken by Dewey's victory. The impending question of what shall be done with the fruit of that victory has made us examine in a new temper, and with new lights, this political doctrine of ours; and it has sharply emphasized to our minds the changed conditions surrounding us now, compared with those which gave birth and force to that doctrine.

The world is much smaller now than when Washington read his farewell address. The Philippine Islands, although almost on the other side of the earth, are much nearer the seat of our government, by the measure of transportation and time, than were in that day regions that are now populous States. The same factors that have brought comparatively close to us the most distant countries have developed a new mainspring that has become the directing force in international affairs—the mainspring of commercialism. In the days when Washington enunciated the policy of political isolation the questions that were before parliaments and assemblies were questions

of individual freedom, of representative government, of civil and political rights. The debates of the legislative bodies of the nations are no longer on those lines. They are on finance and questions of commercial development. It is the age of commerce, and it is commerce that has for a generation been shaping the foreign policy of every nation but ours. It has been the flag of commerce, rather than of national aggrandizement, that has led the troops of England, France, and Germany through Africa. It was to plant the flag of commerce that there has been such maneuvering by the nations of Europe to gain footholds along the Chinese coast. And now, without the slightest premeditation on our part, and with the most inadequate preparation to handle the question, we have suddenly found ourselves in possession of a vantage-point more valuable than the prizes for which the great nations of Europe have been scheming. With the extraordinary conditions surrounding this sudden acquisition of rights, it is natural that there should be the most intense interest in the characteristics and the commercial possibilities of these islands and their population of eight millions. To reach any intelligent opinion in regard to their disposition, we need, of course, as clear an idea as possible of just what they are, of the advantages to be gained by their retention, and of the difficulties to be encountered in their administration.

It is as a base for commercial operations that the islands seem to possess the greatest importance. They occupy a favored location, not with reference to one part of any particular country of the Orient, but to all parts. Together with the islands of the Japanese Empire, since the acquirement of Formosa, the Philippines are the pickets of the Pacific, standing guard at the entrances to trade with the millions of China and Korea, French Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula, and the Islands of Indonesia to the south. Australasia may even be regarded as in the line of trade. A glance at the

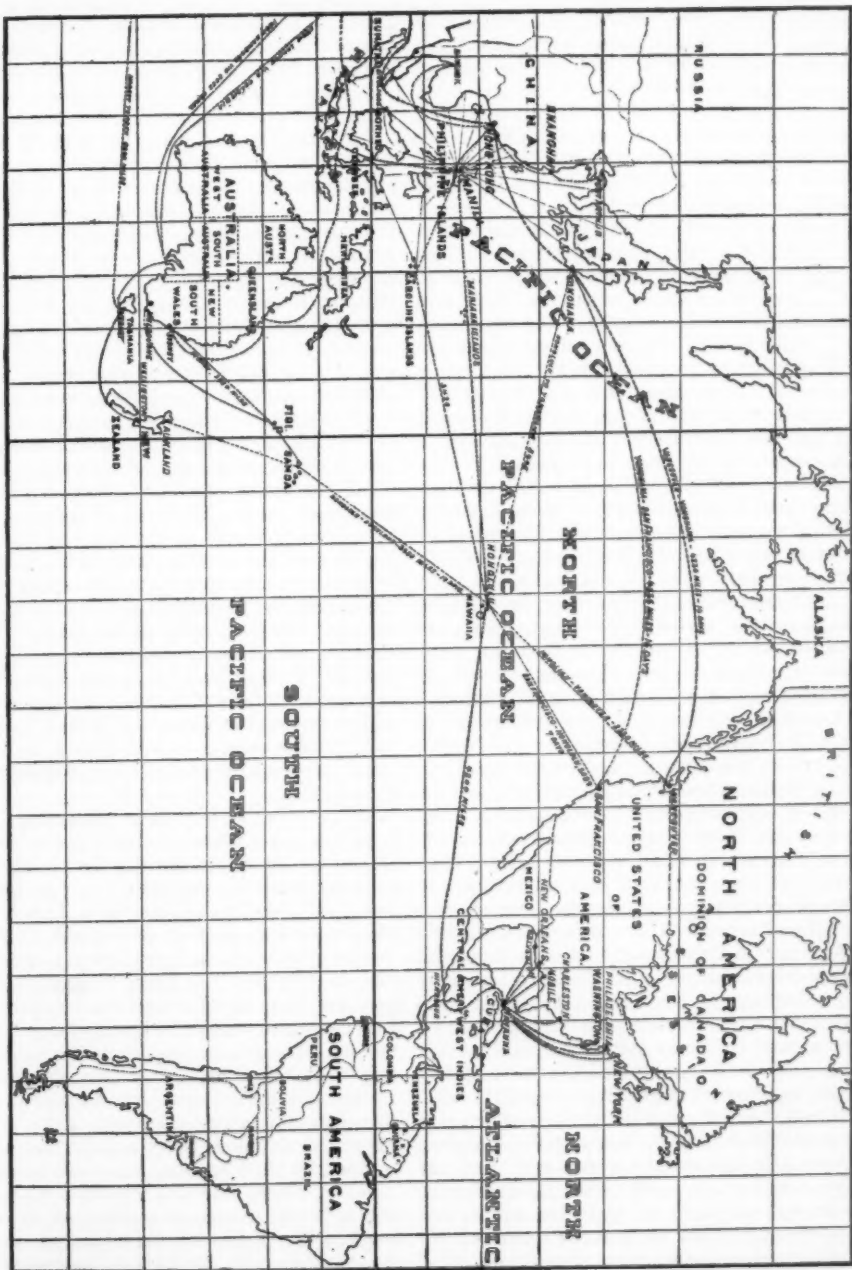
map will readily show what a commanding position the archipelago occupies with reference to adjacent territory. While it is true that the islands lie a little out of the direct line of ocean traffic in voyages by way of the eastern passage, there are reasons which operate strongly for a discontinuance of navigation by way of the Straits of Malacca and the China Sea to the Orient. The voyage by this course is one dreaded by all navigators at certain seasons of the year, when the Straits become the center of the worst storm disturbances known to the world, and when navigation is consequently restricted. With the opening of the Nicaragua Canal, however, the trade of our Atlantic ports with the Orient will take the safer and shorter route thus provided; and in addition to this, the commerce of much of Europe which now seeks the East by the voyage through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Indian Ocean, and the Straits, or by the Cape route, will turn in the opposite direction. The possession of the Philippines by a progressive commercial power, if the Nicaragua Canal project should be completed, would change the course of ocean navigation as it concerns a large percentage of the water-borne traffic of the world. Europe looks to the Nicaragua Canal and the Pacific as offering a better route to the far-Eastern countries; and in the event of its completion, the archipelago will be the gateway to all the trade of lower China and the countries south. Hong-Kong, the great warehouse where are stored and whence are distributed the products of the earth in the maritime trade of China, may, in the course of these changes, now in prospect, become scarcely more than a distributing-point for the trade of the valley of the Si-Kiang.

In the trans-Pacific trade the Hawaiian Islands will afford a resting-place for ships, and their importance will be immeasurably increased by the opening of the canal, and the diversion of ocean traffic from the channels it now follows. The Nicaragua Canal and the Hawaiian Islands will be invested with new interest to us by the unexpected acquisition of rights in the Philippines, which will then be a key to the Orient of vast importance to the United States, or to any other progressive nation which may have the opportunity to make of them a base for the distribution of far-Eastern commerce.

More than half of the people of the earth live in the countries which may be easily reached from the Philippines. There is China, which, according to the latest estimates, has

a population of more than 400,000,000; the East Indies (British, Dutch, and French), 343,000,000; Japan, 42,000,000; British Australasia, 5,000,000; Siam, 5,000,000; and the Straits Settlements, 600,000—altogether, a population ten times that of the United States. Trade relations cannot at once be established with all these millions, for many of the populous provinces of China and far-Eastern Asia lie remote from the coast, and it will be years before communication with the interior is opened by rail. Nevertheless, since the Chino-Japanese war railroad-building in China has been advancing rapidly. Out of adversity something of good has come to the Celestial Empire, and the lesson taught by the victorious Japanese has resulted in the birth of a new China. Ancient exclusiveness is being laid aside, and the empire is already on the road to progress. How long the dominion of Hong-Kong over the maritime trade of China will last, even should the Philippines not become its rival as a distributive market, is a question which may largely be determined by the occupation of Kiao-Chou, Port Arthur, and Wei-Hai-Wei. Russia's great railway across her Siberian possessions must also be taken into account in disposing of the trade of China. Penetrating the rich province of Manchuria, with the certain prospect of forming a junction with a road to be built from Shanghai, it will be only a few years before that city will be connected by rail with Europe. The great rivers of China, the Si-Kiang, the Yang-tse-Kiang, and the Yellow River, have hitherto furnished the only ready means of reaching the trade of the interior. Hong-Kong, at the mouth of the Si-Kiang, has monopolized the commerce of the valley drained by that river, and the trade of Canton, formerly of much magnitude, has dwindled into insignificance. It may be easily seen that the recent acquisition of Kiao-Chou Bay, Wei-Hai-Wei, and Port Arthur gives Germany, England, and Russia, respectively, advantageous locations with reference to the commerce of the valley of the Yellow River. The onset made with a view to opening China to trade cannot fail to result in a remarkable transformation of the empire in a few decades—a change as complete as that which has taken place in Japan, which twenty-five years ago was as China is to-day, and is now a ranking power, a leading member of the family of progressive nations.

The foreign commerce of all the countries of the far East exceeds two thousand millions



MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN PREPARED IN THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF STATE.

a year. The reports of the bureau of statistics of the Treasury Department show that the imports are a few millions in excess of one billion dollars, and the exports about the same. In the total value of the foreign trade the United States has an interest of about one hundred and fifty million dollars, a little over seven per cent. Our chief trade among these countries is with Japan. We buy more than thirty-two per cent. of Japan's exportable products, and we supply twelve per cent. of all the empire buys abroad. We take one twelfth of China's exports, sending in return one twentieth of her imports. Trade with the Hawaiian Islands is almost exclusively our own, more than ninety-nine per cent. of their exports being shipped to the United States, while they take from us seventy-six per cent. of all their imports. We enter into the trade of British Australasia to the extent of five per cent. of its total commerce. To the Philippine Islands we send but little over one two-hundredth part of their imports, while we take more than one fifth of their entire exports, and more than one half of their exports of sugar and hemp. The import figures must not, however, be taken to indicate the whole of American shipments to the countries named, for they represent only the trade direct. Many exports of the United States are credited in English and American statistics to the commerce of Great Britain. Our interests in the Orient, however, may best be understood from the fact that, next to Great Britain, we have the largest commerce with these countries. Germany and France, although active in securing commercial advantages in China, have not yet acquired sufficient importance in trade returns to be classified, except as "other Europe." There is a promising field for our manufactures of cotton in almost all countries of the Orient. Within a few years our exports of raw cotton to Japan have doubled, and our trade with China has shown a marked tendency toward expansion. We have the bulk of the trade in mineral oils, although there is a growing competition with Russia, which may be greater when the trans-Siberian road is completed. American flour also has gained a foothold, and the growers of the hard wheat of California, the best shipping wheat in the world, look to the far East as a future market for their exportable surplus. Machinery of all kinds is rapidly gaining in favor, and within a year one of the Chinese railroads has been equipped with Baldwin locomotives. One of

the street-railway lines of Manila is now provided with American cars made in Philadelphia, and notwithstanding the great expense of transportation, they are preferred to those of Germany, which were discarded.

What is there in the Philippines, aside from their most important consideration as a base for the extension of trade? This magnificent archipelago has an area of about 114,000 square miles, or more than two thirds that of the Spanish peninsula, and three times that of Spain's possessions in the West Indies. The chain extends in a southeasterly direction for a distance of some eighteen hundred miles, and separates the waters of the China Sea from the Pacific. Luzon, nearest Formosa and the coast of China, and the largest island of the group, is of sufficient extent to equal the combined area of Cuba and Porto Rico. The fertile island of Mindanao, at the southern extremity of the archipelago, has an area equal to that of "The Pearl of the Antilles." Between these two great islands, Luzon and Mindanao, are others, smaller and of varying importance. Upon one of them, Panay, is situated the city of Iloilo, rapidly developing into a port quite independent of the influence of Manila, which, for the most part, controls the trade of the Philippines. Apart from the chain proper lies the island of Palawan, which, extending in a southwesterly direction from the island of Panay, reaches almost to British Borneo, and is the western boundary of a body of water of great depth, known as Mindoro or Sulu Sea.

The number of islands in the archipelago is variously estimated at from five hundred to two thousand, the smaller figure relating to those which are susceptible of cultivation or are valuable for their timber and minerals. Their area is as large as that of the six New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. The area of arable land, however, is scarcely more than one third of that contained within the limits of the States named. The reason for this is the volcanic origin of the islands, and the consequent ruggedness of the country. In Luzon, the principal island and the one upon which Manila is situated, there is a fertile valley drained by the Cagayan, some two hundred miles in length and one hundred wide, lying between ranges of mountains on each coast. The valley of the Cagayan, under good government, has a bright future before it. At the mouth of the river is the town of Aparri, opposite the island of Camiguin, which stands guard over an extensive bay.

In this bay, harbor facilities may be found equal to and safer than those in the Bay of Manila; and persons who have been to the islands investigating their possibilities of development look to Aparri as likely to become a rival of Manila. This is so for the reason that Aparri is twenty-four hours nearer Hong-Kong, and four hundred miles nearer San Francisco, than the capital of the island. As already said, Manila dominates the Philippine trade, although Iloilo has gained some importance as a sugar-mart, and Cebu is known for its exports of hemp.

After centuries of Spanish misrule, the islands are scarcely more advanced than they were when, in honor of Philip II, they were given their name. Their varied resources are virtually undeveloped. Their people have never been taught how to take advantage of the bounties which nature has placed before them.

Interest chiefly centers on the island of Luzon, not only because Manila is situated on that island, but because of the diversity of its products. In the valley of the Cagayan are great tobacco-fields, which rival those of the Vuelta Abajo of Cuba. The greater part of the sugar exported from the Philippines is produced on the island of Luzon. Hemp, the main product of the group, is grown almost entirely on other islands. Rice is a staple crop, because, as with most other peoples of the Orient, it is the greatest article of food consumption. None is exported, however; and notwithstanding there is abundant territory suitable for rice-growing, it has not been utilized, for the reason that the directing agencies have in this, as in all other instances, failed to induce the people to make the most of their advantages.

Coffee also is grown, and the more civilized natives have each a little grove of trees, which produce four or five bushels of the coffee-berry a year. Only small quantities are sent to the markets for export. A little corn is raised, mainly in the vicinity of Manila, where in season it is peddled on the streets, boiled or roasted. None is fed to stock, paddy rice being used for that purpose. Hay is unknown, its place being taken by a swamp-grass, upon which the buffalo cattle, the draft-animals of the Philippines, feed.

The most important agricultural product is what is known to commerce as Manila hemp. Thousands of tons of this fiber are raised annually on the Pacific slopes of the southern islands, where it also grows wild. That this is the leading product of the Phil-

ippines is due to the fact that its cultivation requires the least effort. With only careless attention, it is possible to raise many tons to the acre. The fiber is obtained from a species of plantain called *abaca*, a tree which grows to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet and is from eight to twelve inches in diameter. The trunk may be as easily separated as a stalk of celery. An ordinary knife only is required to cut down the tree, and a rude instrument is used to press out the juice and shred the fiber. After a little drying in the sun, and packing it into bales of two hundred and forty pounds each, it is ready for shipment. The United States and England take almost the entire crop. Hemp of this kind is grown nowhere else in the world. It is said that a fortune awaits one who can invent a machine which will accelerate the process of pressing out the juice and pulp, leaving only the fiber. A rude knife and a lever for holding it strongly in position are the instruments now in use.

Next in the order of importance as a product of the soil is sugar. The poorest sugar in the world is produced in the Philippines, and yet the islands are capable of producing the best. The reason for the poor quality lies in the method of manufacture, and not in any disadvantage of soil, climate, or character of the cane, which is superior in saccharine. The methods of sugar manufacture which prevailed in the fifteenth century are still in vogue in the Philippines. The last account of mills in operation showed that there were in the islands 5920 cattle-mills, 239 steam-mills, and 35 water-mills, while there were only three vacuum-pan sugar-works. The process of making sugar in these islands varies with locality; but all the product is what is known as a very low grade of muscovado sugar. It is not drained or clarified by any of the modern methods, and brings the lowest price in the markets of the world, except, perhaps, low-grade sugar of a similar character made in Brazil. The estimated crop of the islands for the season of 1897-98 is 190,000 tons. Cuba's crop for the same period is estimated at 200,000 tons. Until the year 1890 the United States annually imported from 110,000,000 to 300,000,000 pounds of Manila sugar; but since that time a market has been found nearer the supply, and China and Japan have become large consumers of Manila sugar. There are extensive refineries at Hong-Kong, which take a considerable part of the product. Last year our imports of sugar from Manila were only a little over 73,000,000 pounds. This falling

off is due to two causes—one the market found in China and Japan, and the other the competition of the bounty-aided beet-sugars of Europe, which have also the advantage of nearness to London and New York, the great sugar-centers of the world. The consumption of sugar is increasing so rapidly, especially in the United States, that, properly handled, the sugar resources of the Philippines will necessarily be developed in order to add to the world's supply. We annually import sugar to the value of \$100,000,000, an amount which largely offsets our exports of wheat. It is believed by the best authorities that by the employment of modern methods the industry in the Philippines may be made to rival Cuba in the output and quality of cane-sugar. It has been a matter of comment that while sugar of excellent grade is produced in Cuba, in the Philippines, under the dominion of the same country, but little effort has been made to develop resources which even surpass those of Cuba. One reason for the superior quality of the sugar of Cuba, however, is to be found in the proximity of the United States. American capitalists have there entered the field with modern ideas and modern machinery. Still other reasons may be assigned: in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the British West Indies, notwithstanding a lack of labor, the industry advanced until brought into competition with beet bounties. In the latter countries it has been necessary to import coolies to cultivate the fields and work the mills, but in the Philippine Islands there are many thousands of laborers available for work in the manufacture of cane-sugar. How to use the surplus labor in the Philippines has been, seemingly, more of a problem than the lack of labor in the West Indies. With such a redundancy there has been no inducement in the Philippines to introduce labor-saving machinery. There are in abundance two elements of productivity—land and labor. The intelligent use of capital, added to these, would revolutionize the industry, and make the Philippines a great cane-sugar-producing country.

The third product of the Philippines in the order of importance is tobacco. While the United States furnishes a market for the hemp and sugar of Manila, scarcely any of its tobacco or cigars is brought to this country, except now and then upon sailing-vessels engaged in the Eastern trade. But the crop is an important one, and Manila tobacco and cigars have long held the same reputation in the East that the Havana product holds in the West. Lately the industry

has shown a tendency to expand, owing to the fact that the Spanish government, realizing, in one instance at least, the effects of an evil policy, has abandoned its monopoly of the trade. Much revenue was formerly derived by the government from its exclusive control of the tobacco-market, and for that reason it was maintained many years, until the industry languished. Delivery of the crop under the old system was required to be made at the government warehouses in Manila, and the natives were bound to accept for it the standard price fixed by the Spanish authorities. Needless to say, this was far below the market value of the tobacco. The manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, and cut tobacco at Binondo, a populous part of new Manila, has now assumed great proportions. One company employs 10,000 hands, and has a capital of \$15,000,000. Spain has heretofore taken the bulk of the crop grown on the sixty thousand acres under cultivation. There are few other products of agriculture to be mentioned. Fruit is not cultivated, but grows wild in abundance and variety characteristic of a tropical country. Bananas of delicious flavor, oranges of poor quality, mangos, guavas, and many other native fruits grow wild. There are no olives or figs, and there is no vine-culture. Dairy-farming has not yet been established in the islands, although there is said to be great opportunity in that direction. Butter is imported from London in bottles, and, naturally, is held at a very high price. Throughout all the islands of the archipelago agriculture is yet in an undeveloped state. Vast opportunities may be found for exploiting modern methods of farming. There is not a farm in any of the islands which will compare favorably with even the worst on the American continent. Plowing is done with a sharpened stick, and nothing is known of agricultural labor-saving implements such as are in use in the United States and other civilized countries. Only the most primitive methods are employed.

The mineral resources of the islands have never been developed, although they are known to be considerable. There is coal in abundance in Cebu and Negros. Gold is found in the alluvial deposits along the streams, and at the mouths of rivers, particularly in Luzon and Mindanao. Copper exists in the central districts of Luzon, and lead is plentiful in Cebu. Immense deposits of sulphur are found in the craters of extinct volcanoes, and in some of the islands there is found a good quality of iron ore.

While riches await a progressive people in the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of the country, there is still another source of wealth not yet drawn upon, and toward which the attention of capitalists in this country has already been directed. A company is now forming for the purpose of invading the forests which clothe the slopes

forth to decorate the interiors of our palaces and residences.

The present foreign commerce does not seem large in comparison with our own enormous and growing trade. In the best seasons \$30,000,000 a year will cover the exports, and \$25,000,000 the imports—a total commerce in one year of about half the value of what



A TIMBER-YARD.

of the mountain-ranges and cover thousands of acres of the valley lands not yet under cultivation. These forests, abounding in rare hard woods, are virtually untouched. More than sixty varieties capable of use are known to exist. The rarest are a green and a yellow wood, which retain those colors in the finished product. They are susceptible of high polish, and for carving are said not to be surpassed. The trees are not large, but the logs cut from them will average a foot in diameter, and are quite large enough for all practical purposes. Some day, whether the United States retains possession of the Philippines or not, adventurous and enterprising men will push their way into the hearts of these valuable forests, and their treasures will be brought

we sell to foreign countries in a single month.

The proposition to retain permanent possession of this important group, raising as it does a problem entirely new to our scheme of government, is not attended with unanimity of public sentiment. Standing upon the threshold of a new and momentous venture, it is natural that there should be at once two parties: the one radical and in favor of holding advantages fortuitously gained, ambitious to participate in the world's rivalry for new markets; the other representing the conservative element, who, while realizing the temptation which the occasion presents, are nevertheless mindful of the dangers involved in a distinct departure from time-honored

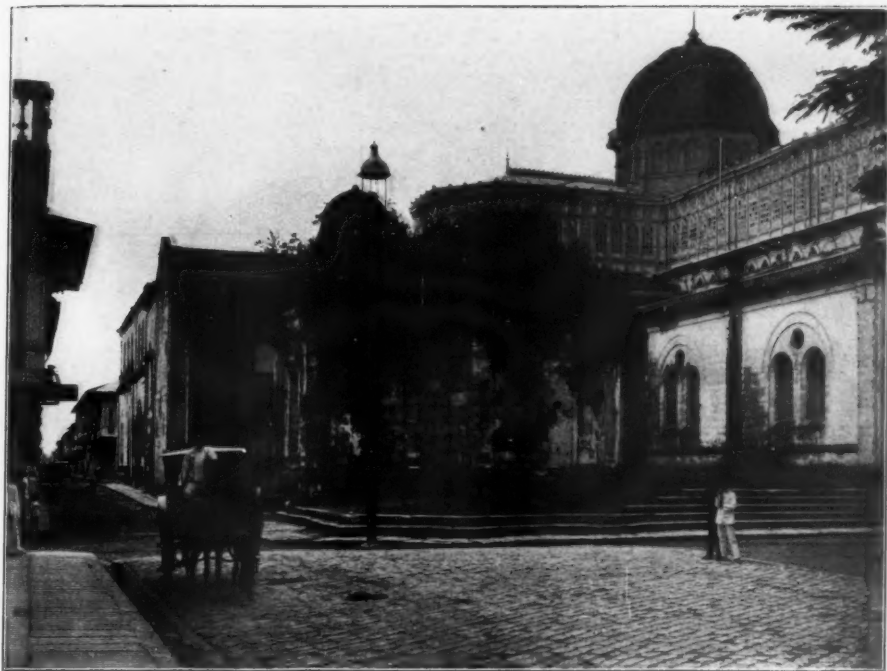
precepts hitherto regarded as necessary to the safety of our institutions. To the first of these the project is alluring. In the undeveloped resources of the Philippines they see a great opportunity for our genius. They recognize that in a decade we might make a change greater than has been wrought since Magalhães discovery until the present time. They see great development companies formed to cultivate tobacco and sugar by modern methods, others formed to test the richness of the unknown mineral deposits, and still others to develop transportation or to reap the treasures of the forest. They see, also, that with honest, intelligent, just, and humane government there might be astounding improvement in the character of the people. All this is recognized as well by the conservative party, to whom the commercial side of the question strongly appeals, but who fear the dangers from a governmental standpoint. To them the character of the population is a cause for hesitation in any plan of permanent control. There can be no thought of assimilation. It cannot be expected that the people of these islands will ever be brought to a comprehension of our institutions. We need not even hope for sympathetic submission. In this race of natives and half-castes, with its considerable percentage of Chinese, our conservative party sees a people who must be governed in a

manner foreign to our whole system. It is foreboded that a strong paternalism, virtually without representation, is what the islands must have; and this element sees that the administration of such a system would be hampered by a legislative power always jealous of the executive, and in this case necessarily ignorant of the conditions and requirements of the problem. They argue that if we are to enter this field of antipodal development, we should clearly comprehend what a departure it would be from the lines of our historical growth, and we should recognize its full import; that we should at the beginning understand that our Constitution contemplates no such conditions; that if we are to administer such a government as would be required of us, we should start with a solid foundation, laid in constitutional amendment, drawn with a full knowledge of the necessities of the case. But it is believed by them that if we take the time to give this subject the consideration necessary before such a constitutional amendment can be adopted, there will be little danger that we shall finally take an ill-advised or hasty step.

Alaska might be offered as a precedent, but it is in our own hemisphere, and sparsely peopled; it involved no problem so difficult of solution as would be that of a government for the Philippines. Still, there are features



A CIGAR FACTORY OF MANILA.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

of its acquisition and administration which, by analogy, might be applied to the permanent control of the Philippines. Alaska, it will be remembered, was ceded to the United States by Russia on March 30, 1867, and was soon thereafter formally delivered into our military possession, General Rousseau of the army representing our government. By an act of Congress, approved July 27, 1868, the laws of the United States relating to customs, commerce, and navigation were extended over the vast territory thus acquired, and from that date until May 17, 1884, a period of sixteen years, these laws were administered and executed by the Treasury Department and its subordinate officers.

The act of May 17, 1884, provided for the appointment of a governor for Alaska, a United States district court, with marshal, clerks, and deputies, and for United States

commissioners to be stationed at various points in the Territory. Subsequently laws have been passed regarding town sites, and protecting fishing and mining rights; and the present Congress has passed a law defining the rights of railway corporations, extending the homestead laws over the Territory, and limiting the amount of land to be taken up, purchased, or occupied by any one person or corporation upon navigable waters.

So that Congress has met the necessities of this Territory, as they have arisen from time to time, by suitable legislation; but no provision has been yet made for a territorial form of government with a legislature. That will come in due time, and the future will see one or more States carved out of that great territory, but not until it is peopled with men from the States in such numbers as to give assurance of stable self-government.

LIFE IN MANILA.

BY WALLACE CUMMING.

THERE is no place in the civilized parts of the world which has been so entirely unknown, even to well-informed people, as the Philippine Islands. Even the ubiquitous "globe-trotter" passes them by, for they are

off the regular route which runs from Singapore, via Hong-Kong, to Shanghai or Japan, and the China Sea is a specially unpleasant body of water to cross. The steamers running between Hong-Kong and Manila are so small



A BIT OF CORREGIDOR.

that the trip is like a rough Channel passage lengthened to between sixty and seventy hours. Of the alternative route from Singapore I will not speak beyond saying that the steamers on this route are Spanish; for to most people who have not had the advantage of a Spanish bringing up the usual Spanish steamer is not to be thought of. Never shall I forget the nightmare horrors of my own first passage from Hong-Kong to Manila. I was hurrying to Manila to enter the American house of Peele, Hubbell & Co. as a junior clerk. At that time (the autumn of 1882) Manila was being devastated by the worst epidemic of cholera ever known there. The death-rate rose to thirteen hundred a day, and Peele, Hubbell & Co., having lost two clerks, and not knowing how many more might go, cabled me an offer of a position.

On reaching Hong-Kong, I found that, owing to the quarantine against Manila, the next regular steamer would not leave for ten days or two weeks. Being blissfully ignorant of the fact that a person entirely unacquainted with the life and ways of the East, and not having enough knowledge of Spanish to swear by (barely enough, indeed, to swear *with*), is about as useful as the vermiform

appendix,—and with the same capacity of being very troublesome,—I allowed myself to be persuaded to take passage on a tiny little German tramp steamer, about to start. She was of less than two hundred tons, with her cabin just forward of the engine, and separated from it by an iron bulkhead which gave it the benefit of all the heat. It was barely large enough to accommodate a fixed table and four chairs, and had on each side a cabin with two berths each. There were two other passengers. One doubled up with the captain. The other, a young Filipino, shared the other cabin with me. We ran into a typhoon just outside of Hong-Kong harbor, and did not get out of it until we entered Manila Bay, six days later. Never did time pass so slowly. I had forgotten to bring any reading material. The cabin was unbearably hot, the deck was under water the whole time, and the bridge was the only place of refuge; even that was soaked with spray. The night was even worse, for though I was not sick, my little Filipino more than made up for my immunity, and effectually deterred me from occupying the berth to which I was entitled. So I made a bed of the cabin floor, twisting myself around the

legs of the table to prevent being rolled from side to side. We did arrive at last, however, though the steamer had such a list, through the shifting of her cargo, that dishes would slide off the cabin table even when we were anchored in the calm water of Manila Bay.

The coast is a bold one at the entrance to Manila Bay, a small rocky island dividing the entrance into two unequal passages. The island is that Corregidor so often mentioned in the reports of the naval battle. After passing through the entrance, the bay widens out, extending about forty miles north and south, and the same east and west.

Manila is on the eastern shore of the bay. About seven miles nearer the entrance, on the southern shore, is Cavite, the scene of the great naval battle, where there are a dry-dock and an arsenal. We came to anchor on Sunday morning about a mile offshore. All vessels drawing over sixteen feet discharge a part of their cargo in the bay and then enter the river Pasig, on which are located the principal business houses and wharves. Though any land would have been most welcome after six days of such tossing as we had experienced, yet my first view of

Manila was most unattractive. Two terrible typhoons had visited the city six weeks before, and the shores of the bay were literally strewn with wrecked vessels. Every vessel lying in the bay at the time had been driven ashore, while thousands of native houses were destroyed.

The population of Manila was placed at about three hundred thousand. That is probably not an overestimate, for it is certain that at least sixty thousand people died of cholera during that epidemic. All statistics are, however, mere guess-work, for there are no official figures. During all the years the Spaniards have owned the islands, they have occupied only the mere edges, and great areas on the larger islands are as wild and unknown as at the landing of Magalhães.

The old city, called there distinctively "Manila," is built in the angle made by the river Pasig and the bay. It is surrounded by stone walls forty feet thick, and a wide moat, in part double. Each gate has a portcullis, and is approached by a drawbridge, and the top of the wall is lined with cannon of two hundred years ago. It is said to be the most perfectly preserved type of the old walled city now left. In it are the cathedral, the archbishop's palace, most of the



A STREET IN CAVITE.



CITY WALL OF MANILA, WITH ITS DEFENSES.

government offices, and many convents and monasteries. Many European Spaniards live there.

Spreading far on the shore of the bay, and on both banks of the Pasig, on a perfectly flat, alluvial plain intersected by numerous creeks, are the different pueblos, or wards (some fifteen or twenty in number), which together constitute what is known to the outside world as Manila. The population is a mixture of all races. Every color is represented, from the blonde Caucasian Scandinavian to the darkest native. The latter is least common, and is usually an American negro from some ship, or, more rarely, a specimen of the dwarfish aboriginals known as Negritos (little negroes). They have the thick lips, flat noses, retreating foreheads, and woolly heads of the West Coast African, and closely resemble the Bushman of South-central Africa. They are numerous, and in the unknown interior of Luzon they live an utterly savage life, and have never been even nominally subdued.

The Spaniard from "the Peninsula," as they call Spain, is invariably an office-holder, or in the army or navy. He looks down on everybody else, and has come to make as much money as possible, no matter how, and then go back to spend it in Spain. Then there are the Filipinos,—"children of the country," they are called,—who are supposed to be pure-blooded descendants of Spanish settlers. But there are few of them without some touch of Chinese or native blood. There are from forty to sixty thousand

Chinese. Many of them are wealthy, but the bulk of them are coolies earning twenty cents a day. The vast majority of the population is made up of every shade and cross, natives (Malays) and half-breeds (mestizos). Smallest in number, but controlling the entire import and export business, are the "foreigners"—English, Germans, Americans, Swiss, etc. Most of the European countries are represented.

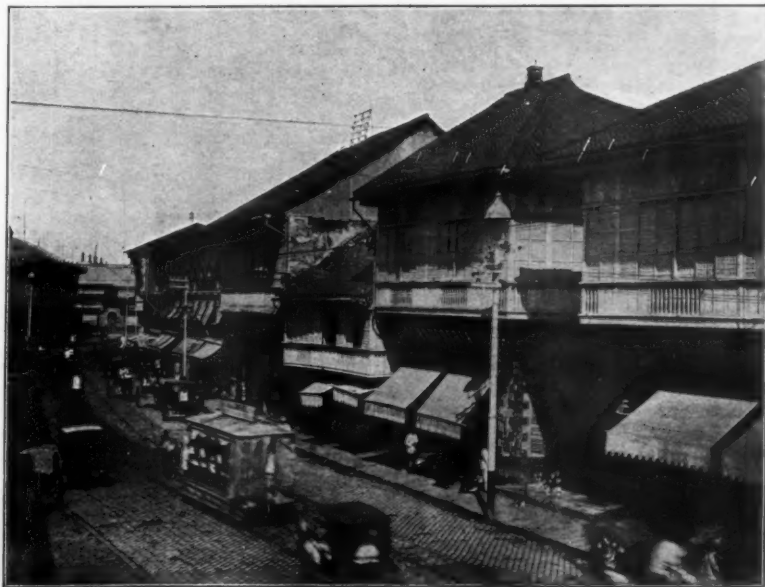
Among the first things to impress a stranger are the horses. Descended from horses brought from Mexico, they have become much smaller, while they are also much more shapely. In fact, I have never seen a better-looking breed. There is nothing of the pony about their shape, though in size they range between forty-eight and fifty-two inches. At first it looked absurd to see them ridden by big men whose stirrups hung down to the horses' knees; but I soon found out that they easily carried a rider weighing two hundred pounds. The foreigners have a jockey club, which holds two meetings a year at the beautiful turf track at Santa Mesa. To avoid sharp practice, members of the club only are eligible to ride. This necessitates a scale of weights starting at one hundred and thirty-two pounds and rising to one hundred and fifty-four pounds. It demonstrates the speed and strength of these miniature horses that a mile has been run in two minutes and ten seconds by a pony carrying one hundred and fifty pounds. Only stallions are used. Mares cannot even be brought into the city. Nobody walks;

everybody rides; and on any special *fiesta* thousands of carriages fill the streets. I doubt if there is a city in the world that can turn out half the number of private vehicles in proportion to the population. The better houses differ in some ways from any other in the world. Always of two stories, there is a high stone basement, with a carriageway through to the court, where are the servants' quarters and domestic offices. The upper story is of wood, being complete in itself, so that in case of an earthquake it will settle together. The ceilings are covered with cloth instead of plaster. A wide stairway leads up from the carriageway. Between three and four feet above the floor of this story is a wide window-ledge with grooves running the whole length of every side. In these grooves slide blinds, and also frames in which are set small squares of oyster shell (called "conchas"). Both blinds and conchas run the full length of each side. Either or both can be closed at the same time, and both can be slid back to the width of one at each end, leaving the whole side open, and allowing the air to circulate as freely as in a shed. The roofs were formerly made of heavy curved tiles. Now galvanized iron is used, as it vastly decreases the chance of the roof falling during an earthquake, and lessens the damage if it does. On the other hand, the iron roof is

much more likely to be blown off by the terrible typhoons.

The native houses are built of bamboo, with thatched roofs made of the leaf of the nipa palm, and elevated from six to ten feet on bamboo poles. When one builds a house in Manila, it is necessary to decide whether to make it safe from earthquake or typhoon. The frail nipa house may swing like a ship in a heavy sea during an earthquake, but is perfectly safe; while the tile or iron roof may fall, killing and destroying everything near it. But when the typhoon comes, the nipa houses go down by the hundred, while the tile- and iron-roofed ones suffer little.

Possibly the chief peculiarity of the Philippines is its position as the stronghold of the priest and the religious orders. All the great orders are established there; black, blue, brown, and white robes swarm in the streets. All education is in their hands, and in the country and village the priest is virtually all-powerful. No translation of the Bible is allowed to enter the islands, and no Protestant church can be built, no service held. To illustrate the power of the church, I will describe the ceremony I saw on Corpus Christi. There was a great procession, with all the officials, troops, and sailors taking part. Finally the procession halted, and the archbishop drove slowly by in his carriage, drawn by four white horses, with outriders and



ESCOLTA, STREET OF MANILA.

guards. As he passed the colors of each regiment, the carriage stopped, and the colors were laid on the ground. The archbishop descended, stood on them, and elevated the host to the four quarters, and then went forward to repeat the ceremony at each regiment.

they do on all the great holidays of the church, to music, fireworks, cock-fighting, processions, etc.

Almost all these processions took place at night, and the effect was most picturesque. There would be a line of marchers, men,



A HALF-BREED. THE UPPER PORTION OF THE COSTUME IS MADE OF THE FIBER OF PINEAPPLES.

Formerly, a serious drawback to a visit to Manila was the lack of hotels, but now there are several. If the visitor has letters of introduction, there is also a pleasant and comfortable foreigners' club at which he may stay. Manila loves holidays. At one time there were over forty in each year. The number has been sadly diminished, though there are still thirteen left, I understand. Each pueblo has its saint, and on that saint's day the inhabitants give themselves over, as

women, and children, walking in single file on each side of the street, every one with a lighted candle in his hand. At intervals, in the middle of the road, would come images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, borne on the shoulders of from ten to thirty men, surrounded by priests, and preceded by a band of music. Some of the images were covered with diamonds and other precious stones, said to be enormously valuable. In these cases there was always a guard of

soldiers with fixed bayonets about the image. Often there would be thousands of people walking in these processions, and all the while it was moving, tens of thousands of rockets and bombs would be fired. These rockets and bombs are home-made. The rockets consist only of a joint of bamboo filled with powder, exploding with a great

gray robe with a hood, and it comes to the ground. The effect is very strange, and as the people go they repeat continually: "*Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ora pro nobis!*" It may seem strange that grave-clothes are provided before they are needed; but in Manila they are considered a prime necessity, and every native owns those clothes, even if he is bare



A NATIVE.

noise, but with little light. The bombs are simply a handful of powder tightly wrapped with hemp. They cost a mere trifle, but make a great noise, and no fiesta is complete without plenty of them.

The most curious procession is participated in only by natives and the poorer mestizos. It takes place, if I remember rightly, during Holy Week, and is a high solemnity. Every one walking in the procession is robed in his grave-clothes. The garment is a long, loose

of all others. The ordinary dress of the native man is trousers and shirt of "piece-goods" (calico), the shirt being worn outside the trousers. On holidays they wear a shirt made of *piña*, which is an expensive material. Native servants wear the same articles, but they must be of spotless white; and very suitable and nice-looking it is, though I suppose that the idea of being driven by a coachman so dressed would shock the habitués of Central and Hyde



COCK-FIGHTING, A COMMON STREET SCENE.

parks. A curious freak of custom was that native servants were required to serve barefooted, while it was an insult if a Chinese servant appeared before his superior without his shoes.

Our firm had a mess-house, in which the partners lived, and which was open to all their American and English employees. Should the latter prefer to live elsewhere, one thousand dollars a year was allowed as the equivalent. I lived at the mess, finding it much the more comfortable. Indeed, it would have been hard to be dissatisfied with our way of living; and as it will show the style in which the great American houses in the East are conducted, I think it worth telling with some detail. The mess was a fine house, handsomely furnished, in one of the pleasantest parts of the city. The table was supplied by a

Chinese cook. He was allowed five hundred dollars a month, and given certain of the heavier groceries, such as flour, rice, etc. He paid his under-cooks, and was responsible for meals at the mess, and for breakfast (like the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*) and afternoon tea, which were taken at the office by all the employees, except on Sundays and fiestas. Then there was a majordomo, who had control of all the servants and had charge of the house. There was also an extra house-servant, and a Chinese porter, who opened and shut the great house doors, filled the baths, pulled the punka, and watered the street in the dry season. Then every one had a personal servant, who took care of his room, attended to his clothes, waited on him at table, prepared his early breakfast (about 7 A. M.), and so on. Everybody also

owned a horse or horses, which involved one more servant at least. Being a junior, I contented myself with one pony and a two-wheeled trap, something like a dog-cart. The others drove victorias and pairs. Three of our mess owned racing-ponies, which inured to my benefit, as it gave me as much riding as I wished. After the bath and an early breakfast came the drive to the office, between eight and eight-thirty; then work till twelve-fifteen, at which hour breakfast was served at the office; then work again until five-thirty, interrupted between three and four by afternoon tea; then to the bungalow to dress, to drive, and back to dinner at seven-thirty.

To a lover of music Manila is a charming place. The natives have wonderful musical talent, and there were numerous bands. Those of the three regiments then stationed there were remarkably good; and four afternoons each week they played in turn on the "Luneta," a sort of plaza on the shores of the bay just outside the old walls. I recall vividly the open-air concert, by three hundred instruments, given in honor of Prince Oscar of Sweden. The glorious full moon of the tropics, far brighter than in more Northern lands, shining on the quiet waters of the

bay, the innumerable lights, the brilliantly dressed crowd, and the thrilling music of the mighty bands, softened in volume on the great plain, combined to make it an occasion to be long remembered. The "Battle of Castellejos," which they played, was inspiring, and the effect was heightened by the repetition of the trumpet-calls by soldiers who were stationed at intervals far off upon the plains, while the guns on the city walls added a touch of reality.

During the height of the rainy season, from about the middle of June to the middle of September, all outdoor pursuits are suspended. The violence of the downpour is hardly to be imagined by dwellers in higher latitudes. The streets in Manila, and some of the roads for a few miles outside, are fairly good during the dry season, but quickly become nearly impassable when the rains set in. As I have already mentioned, Manila is intersected in all directions by creeks, which are traversed by hundreds of canoes. These canoes are dugouts, often of great size, and the natives are most expert in handling them. They are indispensable at times when vast floods come down from the great lake, about thirty miles from Manila, of which the river Pasig is the outlet. One



SCENE ON A CANAL IN MANILA, SHOWING LIGHTERS AND CANOES.

storm will sometimes raise the river and overflow most of the city. After a few hours' rain I have gone direct from our steps into a *banca* (canoe), and been paddled through the streets to the office.

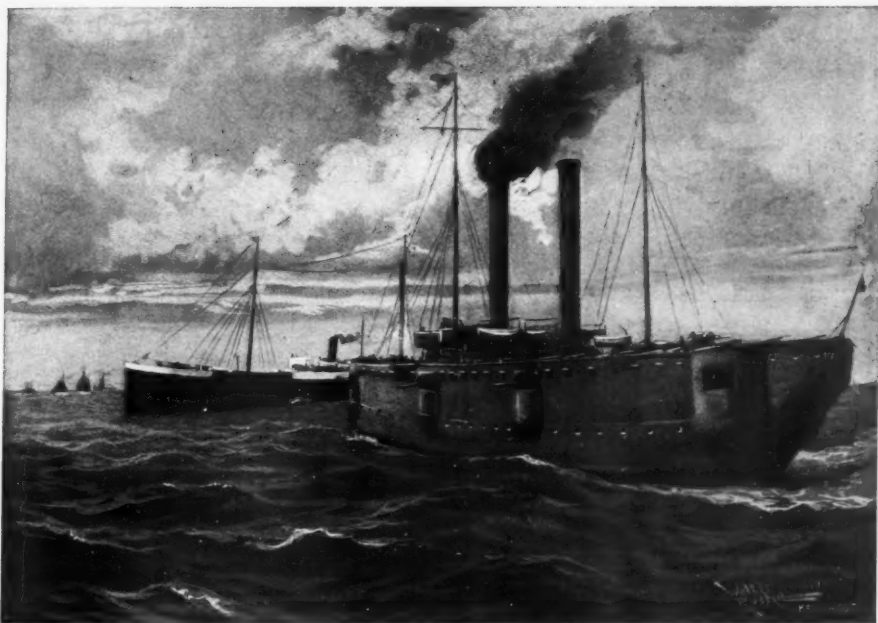
In this lake is found one of the most remarkable phenomena in the islands. Not very far from the center rises what is evidently the old crater of a submerged volcano. Circular in shape, it comes up abruptly from the water, the sides several hundred feet in height, except in one place, where it is not more than thirty. The natives are dreadfully afraid of it, saying it is full of crocodiles; but a party of us who went there in a steam-launch induced them to drag their canoes over, and paddle us about. The interior walls rise perpendicularly, and are masses of vegetation which has found foothold in every crack and cranny. The water within seems to have no communication with

the lake, and is no longer water, but a mass of corruption and putridity that fills one with shuddering horror. We saw no crocodiles. Perhaps our noise frightened them; but I cannot understand how fish could live in that mass of filth, nor where the crocodiles would find food, if fish were lacking. The depth of this place is unknown, no bottom having been found in the soundings thus far made.

I have no space here to write of many other interesting topics: the venality of the Spanish officials, from the lowest to the highest; the almost incredible impediments which they throw in the way of business; the character and customs of the women, Filipina, mestiza, and native; the fruits, including the mango, king of all, and the one hundred and sixty-five varieties of bananas, and—but the list itself might extend almost to the length of an article.



NATIVE HOUSE AND NATIVES IN MANILA.



CAPTURE OF THE "BUENA VENTURA" BY THE "NASHVILLE."

AN ARTIST WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

BY WALTER RUSSELL.

ON Thursday afternoon, April 21, 1898, I was at work upon a drawing in my room at the Key West Hotel. The usual quiet of the town was disturbed by unusual cheering beneath my windows. "*Viva Cuba libre! Vivan los Americanos!*" by Cubans, had been the only sounds of cheering I had heard in Key West; but this cheering was by *Americans*. In the corridors I found a scene of confusion. Correspondents and artists were making pell-mell for their rooms, while others were appearing with hastily packed grip-sack in one hand and wearing apparel in the other. A glance assured me that *war had begun*.

Without delay I placed my half-packed luggage, three cameras, and nine half-gallon bottles of a popular spring water in a carriage at the door, and drove to the despatch-boat *Sommers N. Smith*, which was to take me, with four others, to the seat of war.

The *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, and *Terror* were throwing out great volumes of black smoke, hastily getting up steam; the *Marblehead*, *Wilmington*, and one or two other gunboats were already under way, moving very slowly. Torpedo-boats were skipping from one ship to the other with messages; sailors who had

had shore-leave, and had been searched for by the master-at-arms's assistants, were being many of them literally shipped on the *Somerset* for delivery aboard their respective ships. An army of correspondents and artists were in Key West, representing newspapers and magazines all over the globe.

Supper was served under the awning of our trim little craft. We were about to push out into the stream, when one of our crew sheepishly sneaked ashore, then another and another. This was a wholly unanticipated defection; but we were not alone in our misfortune, for we soon discovered that the entire crew of the despatch-boat at the next wharf had deserted. Immediately we steamed out half a mile or so to insure keeping the remainder of our crew with us. "Did you think you were shipping to go to a Sunday-school picnic?" thundered our captain to his mutinous men.

That night the fleet lay at anchor between Key West and Sand Key, all ready for an early morning start. We were informed that if challenged we must show a signal similar to the one shown us. For that purpose we lacked one red lantern, and I was sent in a



CAPTURE OF THE "PANAMA" BY THE "MANGROVE." (THE LARGE VESSEL IS THE CAPTIVE.)

small boat to the *Cincinnati* to borrow one. I was glad of the opportunity, for it afforded me a chance to see how Jackie felt about going to war. The American sailor was even more anxious than I expected. "Remember the *Maine*!" was the watchword. It was chalked upon the gun-shields, inside turrets,

on the ceilings, and over the hammock-hooks. That night we had drawn lots for turns at the watch, it being agreed that "discipline" would be good for us. One of the party put several slips of paper in his hat, and our hours for watch were picked from its depths. We all sat out the first watch, and

then the second. Then, as we were all sleepy, it was agreed that we should postpone our "discipline" until the morrow. That night "discipline" died.

At five o'clock the next morning all hands took a plunge into the sea. Then we saw the *New York* signaling. Soon the flag-ship was moving, followed in double, indented column by many other ships. Two torpedo-boats were doing scout duty on each side of us. We covered about seven square miles of the Atlantic, no ship more than four hundred yards from the one immediately preceding it. It was an impressive sight. The sun beat down with tropical fervor; but with an awning over our heads, and an ice-box at our side, war up to that point was luxury. As we passed one ship, then another, down the line, and shouted to some friend by megaphone, invariably the cry came back, "Remember the Maine!"

The *Nashville* was seen to leave the line of formation. With my field-glasses I saw on the horizon a smoke-stack, two masts, and a flag with a peculiar device—a Spanish flag, sure enough. One or two others joined in the chase. So did we. When the *Buena Ventura* had surrendered, a boat was lowered from the *Nashville*, and I was close enough to note the eagerness of our sailors, and the joy on the face of the young officer detailed to board the prize. The crew of the *Buena Ventura* were soon reassured and the captain pacified; and our sailors, pulling away at ropes and chains, their cutlasses dangling at their sides, soon brought the ship about, and prize and escort disappeared below the horizon, *en route* for Key West.

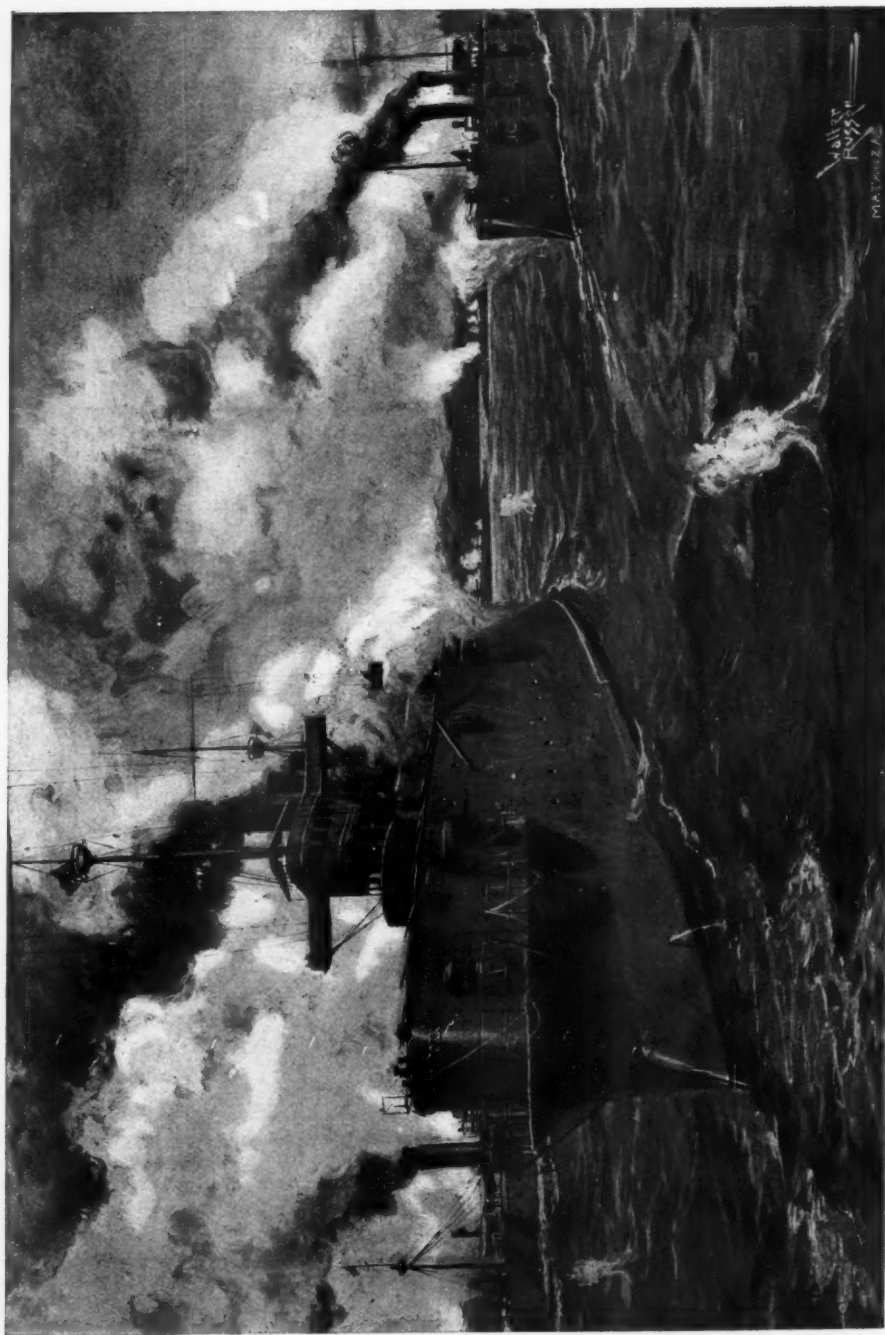
Toward five o'clock that afternoon the coast of Cuba loomed up ahead. A faint suggestion of masonry, with a thimble-shaped tower, appeared later. That was Morro Castle. A puff of smoke was seen issuing from the bow of the *New York*, followed by a loud report. She turned sharply to the east, and ran like a race-horse toward a pinhead on the horizon. Black smoke curled from her three funnels. Chief Engineer McConnell was getting all that was possible from her boilers. Soon the prize began to run close in to shore, while shot after shot went flying after her. Our little yacht tore through the rough water in a frantic endeavor to keep up with the race. The seas off Havana are treacherous in the extreme. Soon two sick men were watching the exciting race. In due time the *Pedro*, our second capture that day, was on her way to keep the *Buena Ventura* company. She made a

noble run; five miles more would have put her safe in Matanzas harbor.

Off Matanzas I witnessed the first serious bombardment. After our ships had fired for five minutes, the Spanish batteries answered, the first shell striking about a hundred yards to the left of the *New York*, and out toward us. The Spaniards banged away wildly, their shells either going over our heads or falling widely right and left. Our shells rained into the Spanish batteries, raising columns of sand mixed with black specks (I wondered if the black specks were Spaniards) high in the air, the dust blotting out the distant mountains for a moment. The *New York* had a monopoly of the firing until the Spaniards returned the fire. I could see the *Puritan's* guns training upon the enemy long before permission was given from the flag-ship to fire. When a few puffs of smoke had revealed the Spanish batteries, the *Puritan* and the *Cincinnati* were allowed to try their skill. The signals had not reached the yard-arm before advantage was taken of them. In all about one hundred and five shots were fired by our ships, the last one, a thirteen-inch shell from the *Puritan*, entering the battery upon the left shore, utterly demolishing it. The fire ceased as suddenly as it began, and then the three ships steamed toward Havana for a mile or two and stopped.

We steamed alongside the *New York*, shouted our congratulations to Admiral Sampson, who stood upon the bridge, and offered to take to Key West any mail or despatches he might have. He accepted our offer. Suddenly a blue-shirted, bare-armed creature with flying hair appeared through the superstructure door, and spoke to an orderly, who, raising a megaphone to his lips, shouted: "Mr. — wants to know how long you will wait for him to finish his article for the —?" And picturesque Mr. —, stripped for action, was given ten minutes.

A great monotony overhangs the whole fleet on blockade. Sometimes two or three ships are together; more often they are ten miles apart. We lay near one or another the greater part of the time, and occasionally went aboard for a chat with her officers and crew. The day following the bombardment of Matanzas we sighted the *Iowa*. Some one suggested that we go tell Captain Evans about the fight. We steamed alongside. Captain Evans stood on the bridge over our heads. Then came the cry (always the first cry from the ships to a despatch-boat), "What's the news?" We told him about the fight, while his eyes dilated. He leaned



ENGAGEMENT AT MATANZAS, APRIL 27.

as far as he safely could over the rail until we had finished, and then replied, in his own characteristic way, "Why don't they give us a chance?" This called forth laughter from our boat, and cheers from the *Iowa*. A small boat was lowered from the *Iowa*, and a bag of mail came aboard, with a request to send it to Key West by our tender, which made daily trips to us for news. We moved away from the

Iowa, and fell in with another craft, a torpedo-boat towing a small prize to report to the *New York*; then steamed up the coast to Cabanas. Every night all lights were extinguished, and we lay, quietly drifting, the only incident usually being a flash from a blinding search-light till the invisible patrol, having satisfied herself regarding our identity, would hood her search-light, and disappear in the darkness.

WILD EDEN.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THERE is a garden inclosed
In the high places,
But never hath love reposed
In its bowery spaces;
And the cedars there like shadows
O'er the moonlit champaign stand
Till Light, like an angel's hand,
Touches Wild Eden.

Who told me the name of the garden
That lieth remote, apart,
I know not, nor whence was the music
That sang it into my heart;
But just as the loud robin tosses
His notes from the elm-tops high,
As the violets come in the mosses
When south-winds wake and sigh,
So on my lips I found it,
This name that is made my cry.

There, under the stars and the dawns
Of the virginal valleys,
White lilies flood the low lawns
And the rose lights the alleys;
But never are heard there the voices
That sweeten on lovers' lips,
And the wild bee never sips
Sweets of Wild Eden.

But who hath shown me the vision
Of the roses and lilies in ranks
I would that I knew, that forever
To him I might render thanks;
For a maiden grows there in her blossom,
In the place of her maidenhood,
Nor knows how her virgin bosom
Is stored with the giving of good,
For the truth is hidden from her
That of love is understood.

No bird with his mate there hovers,
Nor beside her has trilled or sung;
No bird in the dewy covers
Has built a nest for his young;
And over the dark-leaved mountains
The voice of the laurel sleeps;
And the moon broods on the deeps
Shut in Wild Eden.

O Love, if thou in thy hiding
Art he who above me stands,
If thou givest wings to my spirit,
If thou art my heart and my hands,—
Through the morn, through the noon,
through the even
That burns with thy planet of light,
Through the moonlit space of heaven,
Guide thou my flight
Till star-like on the dark garden
I fall in the night!

L'ENVOY.

Fly, song of my bosom, unto it
Wherever the earth breathes spring;
Though a thousand years were to rue it,
Such a heart beats under thy wing,
Thou shalt dive, thou shalt soar, thou shalt find it,
And forever my life be blest,
Such a heart beats in my breast,—
Fly to Wild Eden!

THE SANITARY REGENERATION OF HAVANA.

BY GEORGE M. STERNBERG, M.D., LL.D.,

Surgeon-General U. S. Army.



PAIN took possession of the "Pearl of the Antilles" in 1511, but it was not until after the capture of Havana by the English in 1762 that it became a city of importance.

At the date last mentioned the whole island contained only one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. The city was evacuated by the English in July, 1763; but, according to the Spanish historian Pezuela, "new life was given to agriculture in Cuba by England's commercial activity, and by the desire to open a new mart to her African slave-trade." More than four hundred thousand African slaves are said to have been imported to Cuba during the sixty years following the English occupation.

There is historical evidence to show that yellow fever prevailed as an epidemic in Havana in 1648, and subsequently up to the year 1654, when it disappeared, and for more than a hundred years, if we can rely upon negative evidence, the city of Havana was free from this pestilential malady. The historian already quoted (Pezuela) says: "Although Havana is situated on the northern boundary of the torrid zone, it was very justly considered one of the most healthy localities on the island before its invasion, *in a permanent manner*, by the vomito negro (yellow fever), imported from Vera Cruz in the summer of 1761." This quotation and others in the present paper are from the report of Dr. Stanford E. Chaillé of New Orleans, made, as chairman of the Havana Yellow Fever Commission of 1879, to the National Board of Health. The other medical members of the commission were the present writer and Dr. John Guiteras, then of the Marine Hospital service, now professor of pathology in the University of Pennsylvania.

The author already quoted gives the following account of the reintroduction of yellow fever into Havana in the year 1761, after a period of immunity from this disease of one hundred and seven years:

"In May there came from Vera Cruz, with materials and some prisoners destined for

the works on the exterior fortifications of Havana, the men-of-war *Reina* and *America*, which communicated to the neighborhood the epidemic known by the name of the 'vomito negro.' At the end of the following June there were stationed in this port nine men-of-war, despatched from Cadiz, and sent to the chief of the squadron, Don Gutierre de Hevia; they brought a reinforcement of two thousand men. To the epidemic more than three thousand persons succumbed on this *the first appearance* of the vomito; from May to October occurred the greater number of victims in the garrison and in the squadron."¹

The historical evidence relating to the prevalence of yellow fever subsequently to the year 1761 indicates that the city of Havana has not been free from the disease since that date—in other words, that it is now, and has been since the date mentioned, endemic, *i. e.*, that the city is permanently infected with the germs of the disease. The question of the sanitary regeneration of Havana, therefore, from our present point of view, relates to the possibility of placing this city in such a sanitary condition that it shall be exempt from yellow fever.

Before considering this question, let us inquire whether there is any good reason for the belief that such immunity exists elsewhere as a result of improvements in the sanitary conditions of cities lying within the area of yellow fever prevalence. We know that there may be an immunity due to latitude or altitude quite independent of local sanitary conditions. With reference to this I may be permitted to quote from one of my own published papers:²

"Yellow fever is essentially a disease of the sea-coast, and especially of large cities in an unsanitary condition; but when circumstances are favorable it may extend into the interior, following routes of travel, and especially navigable rivers.

"It is, however, confined to the lower levels, even in tropical or subtropical regions.

¹ "Pezuela," vol. iii, p. 27.

² Article on yellow fever, in "The American System of Practical Medicine." Lea Bros. & Co., publishers.

In the Antilles the disease rarely prevails at an altitude above seven hundred feet. In Mexico the cities of Orizaba, Jalapa, and Puebla, which are more than three thousand feet above the sea-level, have never suffered from the disease, although they have unrestricted communication with the infected sea-port, Vera Cruz. In Spain, where several severe epidemics have occurred, the disease has rarely prevailed at an altitude above one thousand feet. The epidemic at Madrid (altitude, two thousand feet), which occurred in 1878, was, however, an exception to this rule. In the United States a severe epidemic occurred at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1878. This town has an altitude of seven hundred and forty-five feet, which is the highest point at which the disease has prevailed in this country.

"*Temperature* is an essential factor in determining the prevalence of yellow fever in those places where it is endemic, and in the establishing of new centers of infection. Although the disease prevails to some extent throughout the year in the cities of Havana, Vera Cruz, and Rio de Janeiro, it is especially prevalent during the hot season in these cities, and its epidemic extension occurs only in the summer months."

The researches of the Havana commission of 1879 showed that during the ten years preceding our visit to Havana deaths from yellow fever had occurred not only every year, but every month in the year. The average number of deaths was greatest in July (328), and least in February (14).

In places which have a mean winter temperature below 65° F., the disease, when introduced, cannot establish itself as an endemic. The development of an epidemic requires a temperature of 75° to 80° F., maintained for some time, and upon the approach of cool weather the progress of the disease is checked. When the temperature falls below the freezing-point it is usually completely arrested, and, as a rule, the disease does not recur during the succeeding summer, unless it is again introduced.

Probably the only reason why yellow fever has not established itself permanently at any one of our Southern seaport cities is because the winter temperature is too low to preserve the vitality and favor the multiplication of the germ. It therefore dies out during the winter, or, according to the popular idea, is killed by the first frost. This being the case, we must not be too ready to assume that if we had possession of Havana this pestilential malady would be promptly stamped out by

the sanitary improvements which we would make. For, as a matter of fact, we have not accomplished this in our own cities on the Gulf coast. When yellow fever is introduced into one of these cities during the season favorable for its prevalence, history shows that it extends, with more or less rapidity, until the epidemic is terminated by the cool weather of autumn; and all efforts to arrest its progress by sanitation have heretofore been attended with a very unsatisfactory degree of success. Why, then, should we expect to be more successful in Havana if the task were thrown upon us of effecting the sanitary regeneration of that city to such an extent as to make it immune from the disease under consideration? Two questions present themselves: 1. Could the government of the United States effect the sanitary regeneration of Havana, if we had possession of that city? 2. Would the Congress of the United States appropriate the money necessary to accomplish this result?

Without attempting to answer the second question, I may remark that Congress has not heretofore appropriated money for the sanitary improvement of cities within the limits of the United States, and each municipality has had unlimited authority to be as dirty as it pleased. Questions relating to water-supply, disposal of sewage, paving of streets, etc., are disposed of by each city according to its own good pleasure, and it would be a new departure for the general government to appropriate large sums of money for these purposes.

That it is practicable to put the city of Havana in such a sanitary condition that it would be exempt from yellow fever I fully believe. But that this is an undertaking of considerable magnitude, involving the expenditure of large sums of money, and requiring much time, will be apparent when we have taken account of the nature of the sanitary improvements necessary for the accomplishment of the desired result.

The assertion has repeatedly been made that General Butler kept yellow fever out of New Orleans during the Civil War by "cleaning up" the city; and those who have accepted this statement have naturally inferred that by the same methods the city of Havana could be made proof against this disease. The reasoning is good, but it is based upon erroneous data. The street-cleaning and other measures of police enforced by General Butler, in my opinion, had nothing to do with the exemption of New Orleans from yellow fever during his administration as

military commander of the city. It was my fortune to be on duty in New Orleans during the administration of General Banks, which immediately followed that of General Butler, and the police regulations inaugurated by Butler were followed, to some extent at least, by Banks. The city of New Orleans remained free from yellow fever during Banks's administration also, but that this was due to its condition as to cleanliness is not credible. Many cleaner places have suffered from yellow fever when it has been introduced during the season favorable for its extension. I have had personal experience in support of this assertion, and may mention in this connection the epidemics at the Pensacola navy-yard in 1874, and at Fort Barrancas, Florida, in 1875. These places, under strict military surveillance, were kept in a better state of sanitary police than Butler ever attained in New Orleans. The true explanation of the immunity of New Orleans during the Civil War is to be found in the absolute quarantine restrictions by which the exotic germ of the disease was kept out of the city. This was rendered more easy by the fact that very little commerce was maintained with Havana and other infected ports. In 1861 the native-born citizens of New Orleans were to a large extent immune from yellow fever, because of the frequent epidemics which had occurred in that city during the ante-bellum period. During the great epidemic of 1853, 7970 deaths resulted from this disease in the city of New Orleans, and this was followed by 2423 in 1854, 2670 in 1855, 74 in 1856, 199 in 1857, and 3889 in 1858—a total of 17,225 during the decade preceding the war. This probably represents at least 170,000 cases. As many of the older inhabitants of the city were immune from having suffered from the disease in previous epidemics, it is evident that to a large extent the citizens of New Orleans were immune to yellow fever when it was occupied by the Federal troops in 1861.

The immunity of the creoles of New Orleans was not a birthright, as they generally supposed, but was due to an attack during childhood, commonly unrecognized, or at least to postnatal exposure during successive epidemics. The idea also prevails in Havana that native-born citizens have an immunity from the disease, and as a matter of fact the deaths from yellow fever are largely among strangers, and in the mortality statistics of the city this disease comes third, the first place being occupied by pulmonary con-

sumption, and the second by the group of intestinal diseases, including diarrhea, dysentery, and cholera infantum.

The death-rate of a city is, as a rule, the best index of its sanitary condition, and, judged by this standard, it is evident that there is great room for improvement in this city, which at one time was "justly considered one of the most healthy localities on the island" (Pezuela). Chaillé, in the report of the Havana Commission, from which I have already quoted, says:

"The actual sanitary condition of the principal ports of Cuba is very unfavorable, since in recent years their death-rates have ranged from 31.9 to 66.7. It also proves that the sanitary condition of the inland towns is very little, if at all, better than that of the seaports. The high death-rates of Guanabacoa and of Marianao are especially notable, because these suburban towns, within three and six miles of Havana, are summer resorts, and enjoy, especially Marianao, a high repute for salubrity."

The annual death-rate of Havana, estimated from the best attainable sources, was found by Chaillé to be 36.3 per 1000; of Guanabacoa, 39.8; of Marianao, 39.5. If we compare these rates with that of London (18.8), or of some of our principal seaport cities in the United States,¹ it will be evident that there is ample room for sanitary regeneration.

Let us now consider for a moment the actual sanitary condition of Havana at the time (1879) that the Yellow Fever Commission of the National Board of Health made the investigations to which reference has already been made.

"In Cuban cities generally good drainage is never found, except in such comparatively inextensive parts where nature requires little or no assistance. Even in Havana, the oldest and wealthiest city, the visitor is often astounded, especially in the rainy season, by impassable mud-holes and green, slimy, stagnant pools in the streets and in the back yards. This condition was found even in the Pueblo Nuevo ward, which is located so admirably for good drainage that little labor would be required to make it perfect.

"Messrs. Ariza and Herrera reported: 'Havana has no sewers, save in a few principal streets. These sewers have been built at interrupted intervals, and without reference to any general plan for drainage. They

¹ Boston, 22.5; Philadelphia, 20.17; Baltimore, 18.43; New York, 21.52; New Orleans, 27.88.

are seldom cleaned, and are generally obstructed in part or wholly with sediment or filth from the streets, and exhale offensive odors. As the sewers are few in number, the greater part of the water of the city empties through the streets into the harbor or the sea, but the quantity flowing into the sea is comparatively small.' Mr. A. H. Taylor, a civil engineer thoroughly informed on this subject, testified that the sewers of only three streets subserved any good purpose whatever, and that the remainder were so defective that the city would really be much better off without them. Covered by gratings which have large interspaces, the dirt and refuse of the streets find such ready entrance that a number of these sewers were seen filled up, with apparently solid materials, to within a few inches of the gratings. Since very few houses are connected with sewers, these are less offensive than they would otherwise be; but no one who has seen them can find any words except of unhesitating condemnation for their grossly defective structure.

"Less than one third of the population live on paved streets, and these are as well paved, and kept as clean—it is believed cleaner than is usual in the United States. The remainder live on unpaved streets, which for the most part are very filthy. Many of these, even in old and densely populated parts of the city, are no better than rough country roads, full of rocks, crevices, mud-holes, and other irregularities, so that vehicles traverse them with difficulty at all times, and in the rainy season they are sometimes impassable for two months. Rough, muddy, or both, these streets serve admirably as permanent receptacles for much decomposing animal and vegetable matter. Finally, not less, probably more, than one half the population of Havana live on streets which are constantly in an extremely insanitary condition; but these streets, though so numerous, are not in the beaten track of the pleasure tourist, in which capacity the writer, in 1856, spent ten days in Havana without witnessing many of the evils now testified to with emphasis.

"At least twelve in every thirteen inhabitants live in one-story houses; and as the total civil, military, and transient population exceeds two hundred thousand, there are more than twelve inhabitants to every house. Tenement-houses may have many small rooms, but each room is occupied by a family. Generally the one-story houses have four or five rooms; but house-rent, as are also food and clothing, is rendered so expen-

sive by taxation, by export as well as by import duties, that it is rare for a workman, even when paid from fifty to one hundred dollars a month, to enjoy the exclusive use of one of these mean little houses. Reserving one or two rooms for his family, he rents the balance.

"In the densely populated portions of the city the houses generally have no back yard, properly so called, but a flagged court, or narrow vacant space, into which sleeping-rooms open at the side; and in close proximity with these, at the rear of this contracted court, are located the kitchen, the privy, and often a stall for animals.

"Messrs. Ariza and Herrera report that in Havana the average height of the ground floor is from seven to eleven inches above the pavement; but in Havana, and more frequently in other Cuban towns, one often encounters houses which are entered by stepping down from the sidewalk, and some floors are even below the level of the street. In Havana some of the floors, in Matanzas more, in Cardenas and Cienfuegos many, are of the bare earth itself, or of planks raised only a few inches above the damp ground.

"The privy and the sink for slops, the open kitchen shed and the stable, immediately adjoin each other, confined in a very contracted space close to sleeping-rooms. The privy consists of an excavation which often extends several feet laterally under the stone flags of the court. Even if the sides be walled, the bottom is of the original porous earth or subsoil rock, thus permitting wide-spread saturation of the soil.

"Of the various evils recounted in connection with the subject of houses, there are two which deserve special attention. Many facts, besides those associated with the holds of vessels, justify the belief that the growth of the poison of yellow fever is specially favored in warm, moist, ill-ventilated places, where air is closely confined. The low-lying floors touching the earth, the small, densely packed houses, the unusually contracted ventilating-space in their rear, the large unventilated excavation for privies and sinks, all furnish, as is firmly believed, the most favorable breeding-places for the poison of yellow fever. In addition, statistics prove that in great cities subjected to ordinarily unfavorable conditions, the denser their population, the sicklier and shorter the lives of their inhabitants. Common sense and experience unite to teach that the denser a population, the more wide-

spread and frightful the havoc, especially of communicable diseases. Elsewhere will be found a special report on the density of the population of Havana compared with numerous other cities, and it therein appears that more than three fourths of the people of Havana live in the most densely populated localities in the world. A tropical climate renders this enormous evil still greater. Not only in Havana, but throughout Cuba, the average number of inhabitants to each house is unusually great; and this fact enables us better to understand the great prevalence in Cuba of those communicable diseases which its climate and other local conditions favor."

There is no reason to believe that the sanitary condition of Havana has materially changed since 1878, and the quotations made indicate some of the improvements necessary for the sanitary regeneration of the city. These are a complete and satisfactory system of sewers, pavements for the unpaved streets, and reconstruction of the unsanitary dwellings in accordance with modern sanitary regulations.

That the sections of the city which are in the worst sanitary condition afford the largest proportional share of deaths was shown by the investigations of the Yellow Fever Commission of 1879. Dr. Chaillé says:

"The portion of the city in worst repute is the fifth district, and especially Jesus Maria, one of its wards. This is, to considerable extent, reclaimed swamp-land, filled in largely with street refuse and garbage. It fronts the bottom of the harbor. Its rough, unpaved streets are in many places almost impassable in wet weather, even to pedestrians. Great mud-holes, covered with green slime, and fit only for the abode of hogs, are numerous. The houses, as well as the streets, have an uncared-for, filthy, and disgusting appearance; and the sickly, anemic residents look as dirty and cheerless as the streets and houses.

"The Punta or Colon wards, in the third district,—at least, the portions which immediately front the sea,—have a reputation almost as bad as the Jesus Maria ward. The foundation rocks were, during the last century, excavated to build fortifications, and these excavations were filled up with street refuse and garbage; hence this ward is, like Jesus Maria, to some extent, reclaimed land. These portions are alleged to be very unhealthy, while houses only six or eight blocks distant are not so. Comparatively light rains flood the banquettes and run into the houses.

The streets are wider and the houses better than in Jesus Maria. Some consider the location of the latter, at the bottom of the harbor, a chief cause for its unhealthfulness; but the unhealthy portion of the city now referred to fronts the sea.

"The Pueblo Nuevo ward, still farther to the west, also fronts the sea, and is built on a slope which attains an altitude of nearly 70 feet. Notwithstanding these advantages, it is very badly drained, and has, as it apparently deserves, an ill repute for healthfulness.

"The three suburban wards, Jesus del Monte, the Cerro, and Vedado, enjoy the best reputation for salubrity, and also for their freedom from yellow fever. Intelligent residents are readily found who will assert with great assurance that no one is ever attacked in these wards, except those who have been elsewhere infected.

"The summit of Jesus del Monte has an altitude of 67 meters, or 220 feet, the highest point in Havana or its immediate vicinity. However, there are few, if any, houses about the summit. The average level of the ward is only 80 feet, and more inhabitants live below than above this level. The natural drainage is excellent; the houses in the elevated portion occupy more ground and are better ventilated than in Havana."

Let us now turn for a moment to the sanitary history of two cities in the United States which have, apparently, been made immune to yellow fever by the very improvements above referred to.

One hundred years ago New York and Philadelphia were, to a large extent, destitute of pavements and sewers, and no doubt unsanitary conditions existed in many parts of these cities which were not materially different from those found by Dr. Chaillé in the Jesus Maria ward of Havana.

The city of Philadelphia suffered a devastating yellow-fever epidemic in 1793. The population of the city at the time was estimated at about 40,000, and of these more than 12,000 fled from the city. The total number of cases was about 11,000, with over 4000 deaths. In 1797 yellow fever again prevailed in Philadelphia, and caused about 1300 deaths. The following year a more fatal and wide-spread epidemic occurred, resulting in a mortality of 3645 in Philadelphia, 2080 in New York, and 200 in Boston. An epidemic of smaller proportions occurred in Philadelphia in 1802, and limited outbreaks have occurred in the vicinity of New York during the past fifty years (Fort

Hamilton in 1848, Governor's Island, 1870), but the great cities of New York and Philadelphia are now practically immune from this pestilential malady; and, in my opinion, Havana would enjoy a similar immunity if it could be placed in as satisfactory a sanitary condition as regards its dwellings, sewers, pavements, etc. I have said nothing about water-supply, for, as a matter of fact, Havana is now supplied with much better water than that furnished the citizens of Philadelphia, and its typhoid-fever rate is extremely low. There is no evidence that the prevalence of yellow fever is materially influenced by the quality of the water-supply of a city; but quantity of supply is an important factor in connection with the flushing of sewers and general cleanliness.

The idea has frequently been advanced that the prevalence of yellow fever in Havana depends upon the foulness of the water of its landlocked harbor, and the cutting of a canal through from the bottom of the cul-de-sac to the sea has been proposed as a remedy for the evil. This matter was carefully considered by the Havana Commission, and there are excellent reasons for believing that no results of importance would be attained by carrying out this expensive undertaking. In the first place, we know that the crews of vessels anchored in

the harbor at some distance from the shore rarely contract yellow fever. Again, the Punta or Colon wards, which front immediately upon the sea, "have a reputation almost as bad as the Jesus Maria ward," which is at the bottom of the cul-de-sac formed by the harbor.

The conclusion reached by Dr. Chaillé, after a most careful investigation of the subject, is stated in the following words:

"Colonel Albear seems to have completely demonstrated the impracticability of these proposed canals; and my own conviction is that, if practicable, they could not possibly place the small harbor of Havana in as favorable sanitary condition as are by nature the large harbors of Matanzas and Cienfuegos, where yellow fever none the less prevails."

While I do not consider the proposed canal an essential feature in the sanitary regeneration of Havana, there are certain important improvements in connection with the harbor which would contribute greatly toward the accomplishment of the object in view. These are a substantial sea-wall along that part of the city fronting on the harbor; and an intersecting sewer, in connection with a complete system of sewers, with a pumping-station for the discharge of sewage into the ocean.

KNIGHTS ERRANT.

BY L. H. HAMMOND.

THOU Pain, before whose strength I reel,
Thou of the iron grip,
Beneath thy mailed clutch I feel
My life-blood slowly drip.

Thine eyes burn downward through the dark;
Helpless, I writhe and strive;
Uplifted, through the gloom I mark
The hand that holds the gyve.

Fettered, I watch in the slow dawn
The free knights riding by,
The knights to whom men's hopes are drawn,
Who neither yield nor fly.

They beckon, and I learn at length
The price for knighthood paid:
Thy fetters are their secret strength,
Thy clutch their accolade.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY (1753-1839).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

THE career of Sir William Beechey reminds us anew of the ease with which a fashion-made fame may "blaze and pass away." Sir William was a court painter, a Royal Academician, a much-praised delineator of society's face in the time of George III. During a long life he exhibited at the Academy upward of three hundred and fifty portraits of royalty, nobility, and celebrity; every one of note sat to him, and after Sir Joshua he was the first painter to be knighted by the king; and yet to-day there are few of his profession to do him reverence. His reputation and even his pictures seem to have disappeared from view. Some of his portraits are still in royal residences and English country houses, but one rarely sees his work in public places.

He was born at Burford in 1753, and was at first articled to a conveyancer, and afterward to a solicitor in London; but in 1772 he broke through the legal mesh, and became a pupil at the Royal Academy. He had Reynolds for an example and Paul Sandby for a friend and adviser, and being precocious, he attracted attention to himself at an early age. After some four or five years' residence at Norwich he established himself in Brook street, London; was elected an associate of the Academy; and in 1793 painted a portrait of Queen Charlotte that gave him the title of Painter to Her Majesty. Shortly afterward he put forth what has been called his masterpiece—a large equestrian group of George III with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York reviewing the troops. This gained the painter the rank of Academician and the distinction of knighthood. The picture is now at Hampton Court, where it attracts little notice. It is a somewhat bombastic performance, but royalty was flattered by it, and it served Beechey's purpose well in gaining him court favor. Fashion flocked to him, and for many years he was the favorite painter of the upper classes. Lawrence finally succeeded him in fashionable esteem, though Beechey always held a following of his own. He died a very old man, at Hampstead, in 1839, leaving two sons who became painters of some rank.

Beechey's early portraits were executed with precision, and, it is said, bore excellent likeness to the originals; but his later ones were often rambling and careless, with the carelessness of prosperity. At no time were they strongly marked by any great artistic inspiration. There was a want of mental fire in the conception and some superficiality in the execution. Nor was his type too attractive—for, of course, he had a type like Hoppner and the others of his time. His ladies of fashion were large of body, round of arm, heavy of cheek, and often of desperate dullness. His portraiture hardly awakens a lively sympathy, as does that of Gainsborough, though he occasionally did children with spirit and naive characterization, as Mr. Cole's engraving happily indicates.

His classical pictures were, like those of his contemporaries, lacking in imagination and in knowledge of composition. Following Romney, he posed young women as Bacchantes, Adorations, Evening Stars, Hebes; but in each case it was merely the idealized portrait with some attribute to suggest the title. "The Infant Hercules" was a Hercules only by virtue of his club, and when Beechey repeated the figure he substituted a cross for the club and called the result "John the Baptist." He knew nothing about historical painting, but, of course, he primed canvases and set palettes for it, like every one in the school.

Occasionally Beechey had an interesting way of regarding his sitters, and sometimes worked with unwonted vivacity; but usually he was perfunctory, and almost as colorless mentally as the white dresses with which he chose to garb his fair sitters. Technically he was not strong in either drawing or painting, and was often exaggerated in lights and colors. Reynolds groaned in spirit at seeing his faults emphasized by his followers, but he probably never dreamed that their work would pass current as his. A painter usually has sins enough of his own without being held responsible for those of his imitators, yet it has been Sir Joshua's fate to have not a few of Beechey's pictures laid at his door. Needless to say they add little to his fame.



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE.

BROTHER AND SISTER. PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)



PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HUGH KELLY.

A CUBAN PEASANT HOUSE OF THE BETTER SORT.

CUBA AS SEEN FROM THE INSIDE.¹

BY OSGOOD WELSH, AN AMERICAN SUGAR-GROWER.

CUBA, the land of tragedy, slavery, comedy, and romance, the old home of the buccaneer, has been the scene of many a conflict. The legends of the island are full of romance, and in many cases are pure inventions. It has been in the possession of Spain for about four hundred years, and peopled by native-born Spaniards and Africans and their descendants, known as Creoles. While a province of Spain, and, as Spaniards regard it, an integral part of the kingdom, the island has always been the spoil of the Spanish office-holder. Corruption in administration has been rife and the demoralization of the inhabitants most thorough. The buccaneers disappeared years ago, but brigandage exists up to the present day. Every part of the island has its own brigand chief, who collects tribute from the people of his district. So fruitful is the soil of Cuba, and so easy the life in times of peace, that the peasantry have always been a happy-go-lucky lot. Nor does one have to go far to discover what may be called the national pastime; for on Sundays and holidays, at every railroad-station and in all the small settlements, men may be seen with fighting-cocks under their arms.

Of late a great deal has been said and written about Cuba, but in nearly all cases the accounts are colored and poorly digested. It must be remembered that slavery existed all through the island, and was totally abolished only in the year 1886. The demoralizing influence of slavery upon the slaveholding classes is well known; its effects are discernible throughout the island, and cannot be eradicated until at least one generation after the abolition of the system has passed away. For many years, Cuba, in common with other West India islands, enjoyed the monopoly of supplying a large part of the world with sugar, and the profits accruing were enormous. By the sugar industry families of great wealth and influence were built up.

For a time the civilization of Cuba was in many respects far in advance of the United States. The dwellings both in the cities and on the sugar estates were in many instances palatial, the furnishings and fittings gorgeous in the extreme, and the use of silver for all domestic utensils was quite common. Thus there existed in the island what might be termed a barbaric civilization, as compared with what is known as a more domestic civilization in this country. The line between the rich and the poor was sharply drawn. The disaffected and restless citizens of the island to-day are, to a great extent, the descendants of those rich families

¹ For inside information from another point of view, the reader is referred to "Ten Months with the Cuban Insurgents," an article in the June CENTURY, by a young American who was an officer with the insurgents.—EDITOR.

who, by reason of their profligacy, indolence, and neglect, have become almost extinct as a power in the land. There are, however, a few notable exceptions. The palatial residences and large estates remain; but the families, if in possession at all, exist only in name. Their fortunes were dissipated in Havana, New York, Saratoga, Paris, and Madrid. The present generation of those families are profligate, idle, and more or less vicious, and, in consequence, a disturbing element in the island.

The insurrection that began about three years ago was made possible by the industrial depression in the island. Following the downfall of the great Cuban families, the control of the sugar estates fell into the hands of native-born Spaniards and a few Americans. Slavery became extinct, and Chinese labor was substituted and abandoned. Owing to the competition of the bounty-fed beet-sugars of Europe, the price of sugar in the markets of the world became very low; and had it not been for the wonderful natural advantages possessed by the island, and the ingenuity of those who of late have controlled the work of production, the industry might have become almost extinct, as in the case of some of the English islands. Many small factories were abandoned, private railroads were built, and the work was concentrated into what are known as central factories, thus minimizing the labor required and decreasing the expense of manufacture. It must be understood that

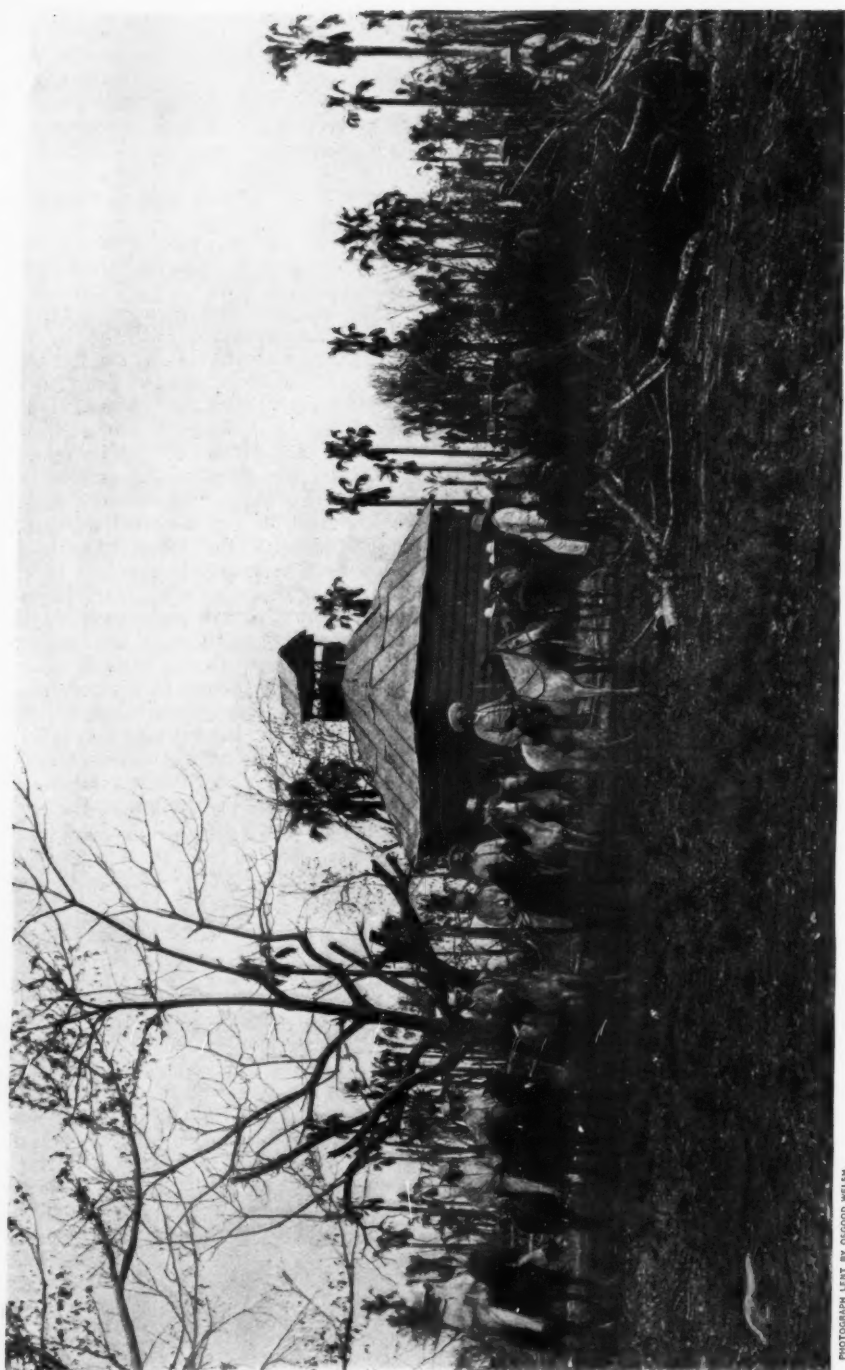
sugar is the one great staple product of the island. Tobacco, while of considerable importance, cuts but a small figure as compared with sugar. During the few years immediately preceding the present insurrection, the crop of sugar steadily increased from seven hundred thousand to one million tons per annum, and this in the face of extremely low prices.

The people of the United States do not appear to appreciate what the Cuban insurrection really is. The United States is in fact the battle-ground, because of the industrious propaganda carried on by the Junta, whereas the island of Cuba has been the scene of disaster and destruction. The insurgents had no importance whatever in the eyes of serious-thinking people until the autumn of 1895, when, it will be remembered, some important newspapers in this country, and a number of senators, took a lively interest in the insurrection; and it was not until then that the spirit of insurrection became generally rampant in the island. The Cubans are a peculiarly impressionable people, always eager to be on the safe side; and when they saw the attention paid in the United States to their affairs, they immediately jumped at the conclusion that their independence was in sight; and, wishing to be on the winning side, all became more or less active insurgents. The peasantry are by nature docile and industrious for a tropical people, but at the same time ignorant and superstitious, and there-



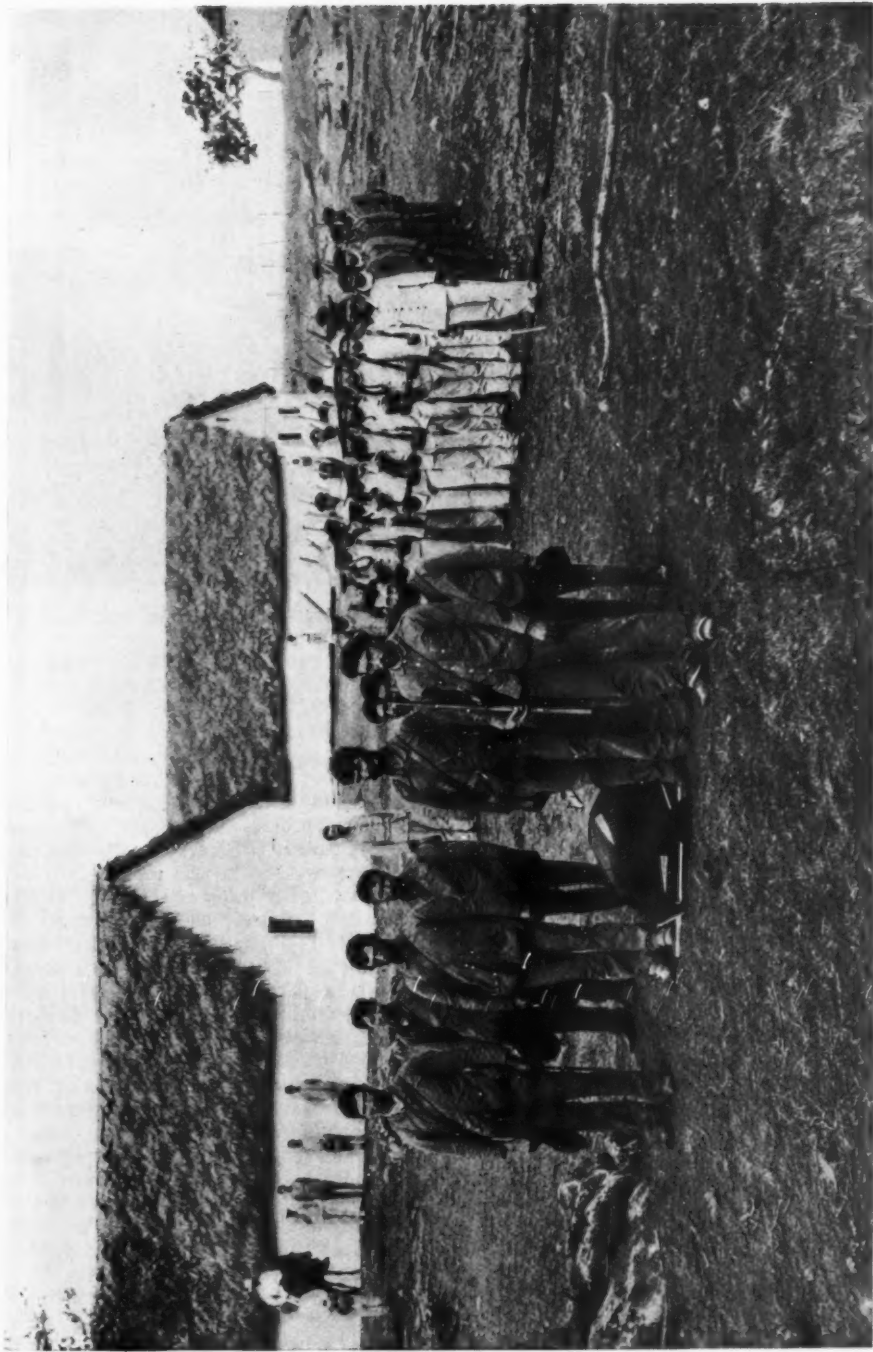
PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HUGH KELLY.

PEASANT HOLDING A WOODEN FLOW.



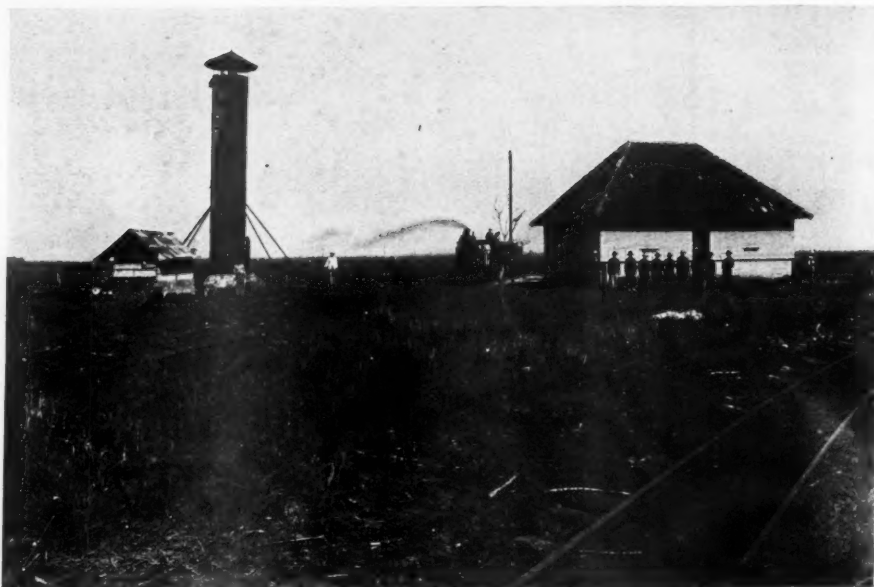
PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY GEORGE WELSH.

A SUGAR-PLANTER WITH STAFF AND SPANISH BODY-GUARD.



PHOTOGRAPH LEFT BY OSCAR NELSON.

FUNERAL OF A PLANTATION GUARD, KILLED IN REPELLING AN ATTACK OF INSURGENTS.



PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY OSGOOD WELSH.

BLOCKHOUSE ON A PLANTATION RAILWAY, AND LOOKOUT TOWER MADE OF AN OLD SUGAR-HOUSE BOILER.

fore easily led by schemers like the leaders of the insurrection.

The two prominent figures in the movement were Maximo Gomez and Antonio Maceo. Gomez is a San Domingan, a white man, a soldier of fortune, and a "boss." Maceo was a mulatto, an ardent enthusiast in the interests of his race, a conscientious, honest, upright man, who in the European schools had trained himself in the art of war. He enjoyed the respect of his enemies, and was a born soldier.

The "insurrection," as it is known, had its inception in the eastern provinces, and virtually did not exist west of Puerto Principe. It will be well to remind the reader that the most eastern province of the island is Santiago; then come Puerto Principe, Santa Clara, Matanzas, and Havana, the westernmost province being Pinar del Rio. The island at the time of the outbreak was literally full of horses and cattle. Gomez, Maceo, and their followers, armed and mounted, made a raid from the east toward the west, penetrating the province of Pinar del Rio.

Their line of march was wide, and was literally a pillar of fire by night and a cloud of smoke by day. During their march their numbers were steadily augmented, the ignorant peasantry little knowing that they

were adding fuel to the flame that would be their destruction, and end in making so many of them the famous "reconcentrados." The path of destruction of this raid is clearly discernible in the devastated country, and the ruin of every structure within its lines, except possibly the larger sugar properties that were protected by Spanish troops. Maceo penetrated Pinar del Rio, and was left there by Gomez, who returned to the fastnesses in the wilds of the east. It will be remembered that Maceo fought many engagements in Pinar del Rio. Succor from Gomez being denied him, he was ultimately compelled to leave that province, and, in his effort to cut his way through the Spanish lines, fell a victim to the chances of war, and in his death the possibility of race complications growing out of the insurrection was largely eliminated; for it must be remembered that Maceo was a negro and enjoyed the absolute confidence of his race. By common repute, the negroes of the insurrection are the best fighting men; and had Maceo lived, they would have had in him a powerful advocate in demanding full recognition for their part in the conflict. Since the death of Maceo, the so-called war in the provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, and Santa Clara has been confined to occasional encounters with the Spanish troops and the

destruction by the insurgents of all unprotected property.

The question is often asked, Why has not Spain, with her large forces, been able to quell the rebellion? To those who are most intimate with the conditions prevailing in the island, the only answer seems to be that the Spanish generals and other officers are incompetent, and, being stimulated by double pay while on colonial service, appear to be in no hurry to get back to Spain. The mystery of Spain's utter failure in Cuba seems to have its solution in the fact that sixteenth-century methods are employed in the face of nineteenth-century conditions, a practice under which success is impossible. The indomitable pride and courage of Spain, and the inability of the Cubans to effect an organization leading to efficient self-government, are the factors that have prolonged the situation through all these years. The corruption of the Spanish administration in Cuba is proverbial, and need not be dwelt upon; but it should be borne in mind that the seed sown by them has found a fruitful soil in which to grow. The Cubans themselves, more particularly those of the towns, have been imitators of their masters, and in the matter of barbarity and cruelty the roaming bands of insurgents have been equal in every respect to the worst of the Spanish forces. Those of the people of the United States who, during the Civil War, lived in what were known as the border-lands or disputed territory can form some idea of the conditions existing in many parts of unhappy Cuba, where the country is harried first by the Cuban patriots and next by the Spanish irregular forces, known as guerrillas.

Much has been said of the terrible *machete*, a deadly weapon indeed in the hands of a desperate man, and when used against a defenseless person. The machete was never intended for a weapon of warfare; it is an instrument of husbandry carried by the Cuban peasant in times of peace, and is his one familiar daily companion. It cuts his fire-wood, aids him in building his hut, hews his path through the *manigua*, and performs many other offices. The machete is a straight, heavy blade about two feet long, with a wooden or bone handle, having no guard; consequently it is utterly unsuited as a weapon to be used in a conflict with an armed man. The Cuban, of course, by reason of his long familiarity with the instrument, is an adept in its use, and its effect upon a group of unarmed workmen is truly terrible. It is in the foray against the de-

fenseless and unarmed that the most serious work of the machete has been done in the island of Cuba.

The principal central sugar-factories of Cuba have tributary to them large areas of land on which is grown the cane for the mills. The cane is transported to the mills by private lines of railways, these being in some cases fifty miles long. To illustrate the method of warfare practised by the insurgents, consider one of these large properties as it was before the Gomez-Maceo raid and afterward. Imagine a tract of country twelve miles square, through which is laid about fifty miles of railway, with many stations and buildings for the accommodation of workmen and their families, and with the necessary stores. At about the time of the Gomez-Maceo raid this place was visited by the insurgents, and every outlying building, being unprotected, was destroyed. What is known as the "batey," or the piece of land on which the factory, shops, dwelling-houses, etc., are situated, was guarded and consequently was unmolested. Literally thousands of people were thus rendered homeless and destitute. The proprietors, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, immediately set to work to care for the unfortunate peasantry; and to guard them and the property from further devastation, a system of small forts or blockhouses was devised and speedily erected. Meanwhile the process of "reconcentracion" went on, with the happy result of providing safe homes for the unfortunate. In all, sixty-four of these forts were erected on that particular property, and at one time they were garrisoned by about nine hundred men, in the pay of the owners of the property, the arms and ammunition being furnished by the Spanish government. In addition, the proprietors established a force of about two hundred mounted guerrillas for the protection of the workmen in the fields and for the general maintenance of order. The expense, as can be readily understood, was enormous; but the property, barring the first raid, has been preserved intact. The proprietors received many threatening letters from the insurgent leaders, but in the face of all difficulties and dangers maintained the integrity of the property and supplied a veritable sanctuary for thousands of people who were victims of the insurgent raids throughout the surrounding country. Each family, as it arrived, was allotted a piece of land and given facilities for the erection of a dwelling-place.

When the insurrection broke out, the

population of Cuba was, in round numbers, one million five hundred thousand, one third black and two thirds white, the line between black and white being sharply drawn, as in this country; that is to say, all tinged with black blood are classed as black. Some few Chinese remained in the island after the system of Chinese contract labor was abandoned; so the working-classes of the island

order, and not merely for the purpose of setting up an insurgent government, there would be found a general disposition to lay down arms and go to work. It is also safe to say that all people, both Spaniards and Cubans, having possessions in the island look to the United States as the only power that can guarantee peace and prosperity. Setting aside the class to whom the patronage and



PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY OSGOOD WELSH.

DEFENSES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SIXTY-FOUR STONE FORTS AND BLOCKHOUSES ON
A SUGAR PLANTATION NEAR CIENFUEGOS.

were composed of Spaniards, native whites, negroes, and Chinese. All hotels and shops were kept by Spaniards, and most of the employees in those establishments were from old Spain. Draymen, stevedores, and the like were Spaniards and negroes. The cigar-makers were invariably Cubans, both white and black. The field-laborers throughout the island were native Cubans, white and black, and a few Chinese. In sugar-factories are found Spaniards, Cubans, and Chinese. Excepting a comparatively small number of men who are active in the insurrection, it is safe to say that the people of the island, both Spaniards and Cubans, are anxious for peace. And if they could be made to understand that the advent of the American forces was for the purpose of establishing peace and

power of government are attractive, serious-minded Spaniards and Cubans alike believe that successful Spanish rule is no longer a possibility; but insurgent rule, as an alternative, is dreaded. I say this without hesitation, because of my large circle of acquaintance among the residents of the island, both Spanish and Cuban, many of whom I find it a privilege to count among my friends.

By taking an active part in the affairs of the island, the United States has assumed a grave responsibility. By overthrowing a government which has existed for centuries, it binds itself, in its own interest and in honor, to give the island as good a government as it gives to its own people. It is bound also to safeguard its interests as a protecting power. A ship-canal

is sure to be cut somewhere through Central America, and Cuba, with its magnificent harbors and unlimited resources, will always be the key to the Caribbean Sea; consequently Cuba must be under the control of the dominant power of the Western Hemisphere. The imagination cannot depict the limits of the possibilities for Cuba as a secure and wisely governed territory.

Save the railway systems of the few most densely populated provinces, there are no internal improvements in the island. After leaving the immediate vicinity of the larger towns there is not a single made road. The conditions of existence are so easy that the strongest incentive for improvement is lacking. In no place on the face of the earth is it probable that the contrast between the rich and the poor is so marked. The home of the peasant is a hut, generally of but one room, with a lean-to for a kitchen; its frame is of light poles, and the shell and the leaves of the palm-tree furnish the materials for the roof and walls. Nothing more primitive could be imagined.

With but little more than an apology for cultivation, the earth yields abundantly for the needs of man. Cattle and horses thrive, and it is a poor peasant indeed who has not one or more of the strong and easily kept ponies of the island. Under a strong arm the almost universal desolation of to-day would, as if by magic, be turned into peace, abundance, and prosperity. To illustrate the fertility of the soil, it may be mentioned that there are many cane-fields from which more than one hundred annual crops have been taken without the return of anything to the land. Not more than about one fifth of the island has been under cultivation.

By pretty much all the world Cuba is

known as "The Pearl of the Antilles," and this by reason of no poetic fiction, but because of its wonderful prolificness, due to soil, climate, and rainfall. Cuba, under unfavorable conditions, has produced one million tons of sugar in a year, or, say, one half of the annual consumption of the United States. With a stable government and a guaranty of exemption from revolution, the people of the United States could be supplied by the island with all the sugar they need, and at less cost than they can get it elsewhere. Even under the unfavorable conditions of the last few years, sugar is made in Cuba at a cost of less than two cents per pound, and it is known that that figure could be materially reduced. The level lands and lower foot-hills are adapted to sugar cultivation, and in the hill countries the finest coffee known in the world is grown.

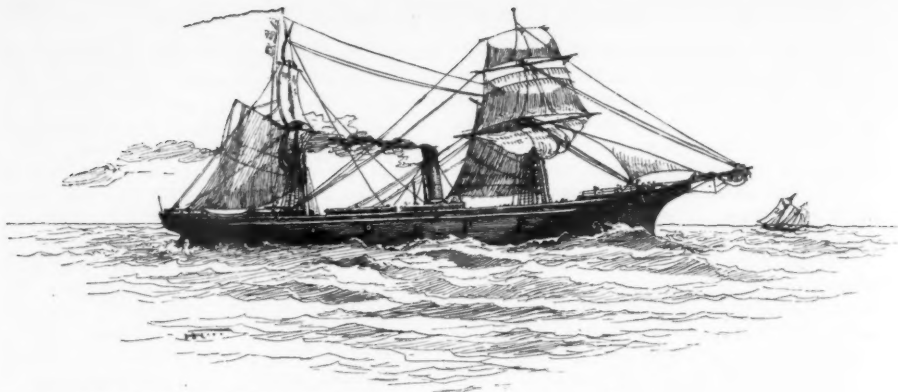
Of course Cuba is tropical, and has all the inconveniences of a damp, hot, summer climate; but the mountains are a delightful place of residence and wonderfully healthy all the year through. As a winter resort it is far more desirable than any place available to the majority of the people of the United States, and would unquestionably become the Mecca of those seeking exemption from our cold winters. All winter long fresh vegetables and fruits abound. The sulphur springs in the hills about one hundred miles from Havana are particularly attractive. The deposits of iron and copper ore and asphaltum are only partly developed. Coal is not known to exist in the island, but the virgin forests of valuable wood are immense. Nature has given every conceivable advantage to Cuba, and it requires only the intelligence of man to develop the wonderful resources and establish a producer of wealth hitherto unknown.

SONG.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

ROSE that wast born with the morning,
And hast lived and died for me,
Here in the dusk of the evening
I rue the death of thee.

Would that the beauty and sweetness
That thou on my heart hast shed,
I had caught into a cadence,
To live when I am dead!



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RIDEAU, CHERBOURG.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER "GEORGIA."

CONFEDERATE COMMERCE-DESTROYERS.¹

III. "THE CONFEDERACY'S ONLY FOREIGN WAR."

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN,

Formerly Midshipman on the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*.

AS I am probably the sole survivor of the only foreign war in which the late Southern Confederacy engaged, I have determined, after more than thirty years of silence, to give a true history of it to the public. It may be asked how I became a survivor. In reply, I would explain that a Southerner is a survivor, in contradistinction to a Northerner, who is a veteran.

In the winter of 1863-64 I was the only midshipman on the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*. My rank did not allow me to seek companionship among the crew, nor did it permit of my associating on terms of equality with the lieutenants. We first joined the *Georgia* off Ushant Island, on the coast of France, after having been pitched and tossed about in the English Channel in a small tug-boat during a terrific gale which lasted for three days. We hoisted our guns and ammunition on board the new cruiser, and raised the Confederate flag; and then we met with our first disappointment: the crew we had brought out refused to go in the vessel, with the exception of barely a sufficient number to venture to sea with. However, we rectified this difficulty in a few days by capturing a big prize, the *Dictator* of New York, and shipping nearly her entire crew. We burned the *Dictator*, and proceeded to the Cape Verde Islands,

where we came near running into the hands of a United States man-of-war which was riding peaceably at anchor within the harbor. We turned suddenly, and ran around the island, and waited for the man-of-war to go to sea in search of us. I am glad to say that we never saw her again.

We then went to the port of Bahia in Brazil, where we met the *Alabama*, and I had a good time with the numerous little midshipmen on board. The *Georgia* then cruised down the Brazilian coast as far as Rio de Janeiro, off which port we captured the *George Griswold*, dangerously near the tabooed marine league. We then steered out into the Atlantic, and captured and burned several vessels. The captain of one of them, the *Good Hope*, had died on the voyage, and his crew had preserved his body in brine. Captain Maury of the *Georgia* had the remains brought on board his ship, wrapped the rude coffin in the United States flag, read the Episcopal service for the burial of the dead at sea, and committed the body to the deep. While this religious ceremony was going on, the *Good Hope*, a few hundred yards away, with all sail set, was one mass of flames from her trucks to her keelson, and two white sea-birds were circling around the main-truck of the *Georgia*. I was in charge of the deck while the ceremony was going on, and the lookout reported to me that a sail on the starboard bow was bearing down upon us

¹ For narratives of the cruises of the *Tallahassee* and the *Florida*, see the July CENTURY.—EDITOR.

very rapidly. I noiselessly stationed myself behind our captain, and informed him of the fact. He paid no attention to me, and I felt very uneasy; but the moment the coffin splashed into the waves he showed that he had heard me, for his next words were: "Beat to quarters, sir!" We went to our guns, and awaited the stranger, who came close up, hove to, and lowered a boat. Soon the captain came on board the *Georgia*. His first words as he stepped over the side were: "Can I be of any assistance? How did she catch fire?" Poor fellow! he thought the blaze was accidental, and had headed for the burning ship to offer assistance. His vessel proved to be the American bark *Seaver*. He explained that he had been for a long time in the Pacific Ocean, and was ignorant of the fact that civil war was raging at home. Under the circumstances, Captain Maury decided not to burn him. Our prisoners were put on board of his vessel, and he went on his way rejoicing.

It was in these seas that one night, during a gale of wind, we came near having a collision with the United States frigate *Niagara*. She passed so close to us that you might have thrown the usual biscuit aboard. It was well for the tempers of the officers of the *Niagara*, as well as for our own nerves, that neither of us knew the name of the other ship until the "cruel war was over."

We next found ourselves at the barren island of Trinidad. This lonely spot is generally sighted by vessels, who approach it to see if their chronometers need correcting after a long sea-voyage. We lay hidden under the shadow of the Sugar Loaf, a natural monument which rises out of the sea alongside the island to the height of twelve hundred feet. We lay at anchor here for some time, and made two prizes, one of which we burned, after taking enough coal out of her to replenish our bunkers. The first intimation that passing vessels would have of our proximity would be a shot skipping across their bows as a signal that we desired them to stop. We then sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Simon's Town to find that the *Alabama* had sailed a few hours before.

Some of the lieutenants of our ship made up a jolly party, and visited the city of Cape Town. When they returned I was given my liberty for a few days. What to do with it, I had not the slightest idea; so I hired a horse, and rode across the to me unknown country between Simon's Town and Cape Town. On the way, I met a Dutch boy who

could not speak English, and a tame Kaffir negro, with whom, despite my utter loneliness, I did not fraternize on account of my Southern prejudices. At last I arrived at Cape Town, hungering for human society. At the hotel, after performing my ablutions, I was shown into the dining-room. I thought, on seeing the crowd of people, "Here, at all events, is company who won't object to my rank." I was wrong. There was company, and very interesting company at that! But on my entrance several of them arose, and flying oaths made the air of the place sultry. I could hear above the din one particular voice swearing that he would never eat at the same table with a pirate! These words were not accurate, as he had eaten at the same table with me for three weeks while he was a prisoner on the *Georgia*. It seems that the hotel was full of ship-captains whose vessels had been destroyed by the Confederate cruisers. For a moment it looked as if they were going to assault me. I was armed, and, true to the instincts of my native land, I got the "drop" on them. The proprietor was horrified. He rushed between us, and begged me to accompany him. I complied. He invited me into his private apartments, where I dined with his wife and daughters. Here, at last, was society more congenial than that of the Yankee skippers. Since I have become older I have often felt grateful to that inn-keeper for taking me out of the room in time; for I have been told that a British jury would not have looked upon a man who shot down another with the same favor that I might have expected in my native Louisiana.

The next day I returned over the weary road to Simon's Town, and rejoined my ship in high spirits. While we were calking decks and taking provisions on board, her Majesty's troop-ship *Himalaya* entered the harbor. There was a British regiment on board, bound for the East Indies. They took the greatest interest in the "pirate," and some of the officers invited the little "secesh" midshipman, as they called me, to dine on board of their huge ship. It was a red-letter day with me, and I enjoyed my visit immensely, as they made much of me; and when they were leaving port the soldiers cheered our ship. We manned the rigging and returned the compliment with three times three.

We put to sea a few days afterward, and cruised to the southward a short distance, where we met the tea fleet coming from the East. By this move we missed running into the United States ship *Vanderbilt*, which was

hunting for us. When we turned to the north with the fleet, and while going from one vessel to another inquiring of them their nationality, we came under the shadow of Table Mountain late in the afternoon, and saw the *Vanderbilt* on the horizon, steaming for Table Bay. We did not molest her, but satisfied ourselves with making a prize of the merchant ship *John Watt*. The *Vanderbilt* was six times as large as the *Georgia*, and carried twelve eleven-inch guns, whereas the *Georgia* carried only five little pop-guns, the largest of which was a five-inch rifle.

Night after night, as we continued on our course to the north, the sea was illumined with phosphorescent lights. Grass was growing upon our hull, some of it being six inches long, reducing the speed of the ship to five or six knots under steam at her best. We next entered the port of Santa Cruz in the Canary Islands, famed among sailors as the place where Nelson lost his arm. The governor kindly permitted us to coal ship and buy fresh provisions, and after a pleasant rest of three days we went on our way. A Federal man-of-war had left this port only a few days before we entered it.

We now steered north, evidently seeking a dry-dock, of the services of which we stood in much need, as the ship could hardly drag herself through the water. One day, during a calm, we captured the *Bold Hunter*, loaded with coal. We tried to replenish our stock from her, but, the wind rising, the sea became too high, and we recalled our prize crew, who before returning fired the ship. The officer of the deck on the *Georgia*, through carelessness, allowed his vessel to drift too near the burning prize, which was forging ahead under all sail, with no one aboard to control her movements. Seeing a collision imminent, he pulled the engine-bell to go ahead at full speed. As the engine started there was a crash in the engine-room, and we knew that the usual accident had happened—namely, that the wooden cogs which turned the shaft had broken. In an instant the *Bold Hunter* was upon us. She rose on a high sea, and came down on our rail, smashing boat-davits and boats. She recoiled, and rushed at us again like a mad bull. This time, plunging from the top of a huge wave, she came down on our taffrail, doing much damage. It now looked as though the cruise of the *Georgia* was about to end; and had not the *Bold Hunter* suddenly sheered off and passed to leeward of us, the only "foreign war" in which the Southern Confederacy ever engaged would never have been fought.

While the engineers were repairing our engines we calmly gazed upon our late antagonist, the fires seething in her vitals and leaping up her beautiful white sails to her mastheads, and then running down her tarry rigging to her body again. She rolled and plunged and seemed to writhe in mortal agony until relief came in one deep dive, and she disappeared. Never had a ship without a crew made a more desperate and damaging attack upon her pitiless tormentor.

Having finished our repairs, we proceeded on our way toward the English Channel.

The next day we had an exciting encounter with a Frenchman—the bark *La Patrie* of Marseilles. We overhauled her when there was barely sufficient air stirring to fill her sails. This was the only kind of weather in which we could catch anything, so foul had the hull of the *Georgia* become by our long stay in tropical waters. When ordered to heave to, the Gaul refused, saying he was a "Frenchman, and would not stop for a pirate," adding that we were *canaille*.

The insolence of the reply did not ruffle the gentle temper of Captain Maury. "Oh, he will stop," he said. "I have observed that Frenchmen like theatricals, but they don't mean any harm." He then ordered a boat lowered, and, turning to me, gave me my instructions as boarding officer. "Board her, sir," he said, "and tell her captain that you only want to see his papers. If they are correct, we do not wish to molest him; but if he is an American masquerading under the French flag, with a Frenchman on deck to deceive us, I will blow him out of the water if he does not swing his mainyard immediately. Use no force, sir."

With an unarmed boat's crew, I went alongside the stranger. Her captain stood in the weather gangway, holding an old sword in his right hand, which he menacingly flourished as he forbade me to attempt to board. His crew were behind him, two of them having guns, the rest being armed with handspikes and various other harmless-looking implements, such as marlinespikes, but deadly weapons, in reality, when in the hands of sailors. I returned to the *Georgia*, and reported the manner of my reception. Our first lieutenant now joined me in the boat, and the crew was armed. We went back to the infuriated Frenchman, but met with no better success. We were anxious to avoid using force, as we were bound to a French port; but this defiance of our rights as a belligerent was too much to be patiently

borne. Again returning to the cruiser, we "beat to quarters," and fired a blank cartridge, with no apparent result. We then fired a solid shot across his bow. The Frenchman still defied us. As the *Georgia* swung round, our captain, scarcely allowing room enough for the stern-chasers to miss our adversary, ordered me to fire. The shot struck the water a few inches from his cutwater, covering his forecastle with spray. In my nautical experience I never before or since saw a maintopsail thrown aback so suddenly. We again entered the boat, this time boarding *La Patrie* without waiting for an invitation. As interpreter, I demanded to see the ship's papers. Her captain replied that we would have to use force. "Ask him," said our lieutenant, "if he wants me to knock him down. I am tired of this nonsense. If he does not show his papers in two minutes, I will fire his ship." The skipper said he wanted the lieutenant only to lay his finger gently on his coat-sleeve—that would be sufficient; and with many gestures proceeded to show how it ought to be properly done. If the lieutenant would only grant this favor, he would show his papers at once, and no longer detain us. The lieutenant complied with his request, and the Frenchman led the way into his cabin. With a courtly bow he remarked, "*Ici nous sommes des messieurs,*" produced his papers, which were all correct, and opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate the occasion. This incident was afterward made the subject of a diplomatic correspondence between the Emperor's government and Mr. Slidell. Fortunately for us, a few days after our battle with *La Patrie* we found a small French brig in distress. She was on her beam ends, and out of provisions and fresh water. We righted the little fellow, who hailed from Cherbourg, and supplied his wants. This rescue was of value to us when the report of *La Patrie's* captain reached France.

Shortly after these adventures, on a dark night we entered the artificial fortress harbor of Cherbourg. When day broke we were greeted by a grand view of the French iron-clad fleet anchored on our starboard beam in two long lines between us and the forts on the breakwater.

We had been here only a few days when a fearful storm burst upon us in the night. A wooden line-of-battle ship dragged her anchors and came down upon us. She held her ground only when she was a few fathoms away. All that night we watched her anxiously, praying that those cables would not

part. When day broke it was a grand sight to see the huge ironclads pitching bows under to every sea. Later in the day it was heartbreaking to witness the efforts of the fisher-boats struggling in from the Channel, missing the narrow entrance to the port, and go smashing upon the rocks. One fellow made such a gallant struggle for life that the French flag-ship *La Couronne* cut loose a launch containing twenty men and a young lieutenant, which had been towing astern, and they rowed to the rescue of the fishermen, whose craft went tumbling upon the rocks of destruction before the assistance arrived. And then the launch followed, being smashed like an egg-shell, and her heroic crew perishing with her. When the elements quieted down, the bodies were picked up, and there was a grand funeral. We poor "pirates" were invited to attend, and we saw a rare pageant. The bodies were placed on light-artillery gun-carriages, the coffins being draped with the national colors. Soldiers and marines lined the avenue from the dockyard to the cemetery. A large number of priests, followed by bands of music, preceded the cortège. Then came the biers, followed by admirals and other officers, according to rank. We were placed just after the admirals. Then came the crew of the *Couronne*, numbering six hundred men, followed by the ships' companies of the rest of the fleet. Upon arriving at the cemetery, the bodies of the common sailors were first lowered into one big grave. They were to abide together in death, as they had lived and suffered together in life. But the officer had a separate grave. Just as his body was being lowered into it, a gorgeous aide-de-camp on a grand charger dashed up and called a halt. He saluted the ranking admiral, and handed him a package and an official communication. The packet contained the cross of the Legion of Honor. The communication was an order from the Emperor to pin it on the breast of the young man. The coffin was opened, the order obeyed. The officers and sailors drew to one side; then battery after battery of flying artillery dashed up, fired a salvo over the graves, limbered up, and made room for the next. It was a grand sight. You may say that it was theatrical, that everything was timed, and all had been prepared beforehand. Supposing it was, what young officer with blood in his veins but would gladly give his life to serve a country that would make him the central figure of such a *coup de théâtre*, even though it was only his dead body which received the ovation?

After waiting many weary weeks in Cherbourg, the *Georgia* was finally given permission to enter the government dock and be overhauled and repaired. I was granted leave for a few days to visit friends in England; for although a solitary midshipman on the *Georgia*, I had some friends in various corners of the earth. I stopped in Calais to see some old classmates of my Annapolis days, who were attached to the Confederate steamer *Rappahannock*, which was lying in that harbor. She was a condemned English gunboat, and had been bought at auction by a Confederate agent, and then stolen from an English port by a Southern naval officer, and run into Calais to be fitted out as a commerce-destroyer.

After paying my visit to England, I returned to the *Georgia*, where I found that all was hurry and excitement. Something was about to occur—no one knew what, but all hands were on the qui vive. Our old captain had been detached; our new captain was our former first watch officer, a man under thirty years of age; our new executive was our former navigator, a man of twenty-three; and the additional new lieutenants were still younger men. The *Kearsarge* was outside waiting for us. One dark night we took up our anchor and slipped out. Morning found us well down the English Channel, surrounded by steamers and sailing-craft, but paying attention to none. Out into the Atlantic we sped, away from the haunts of men.

One day, when it was getting very lonely, the masthead lookout broke the monotony by singing out, "Sail ho!" "Where away?" asked the officer of the deck. "Two points off the starboard bow, sir," came the reply. I reported the sail to the captain, who was busy over a chart; I also explained that the strange sail had long skysail poles, which was a never-failing sign of a Yankee. When I had finished, without looking up, he simply said: "Tell the officer of the deck, sir, to hold his course." I was dumfounded, and when I repeated the message, something that sounded like a very low whistle came from the officer. Onward we flew, under steam and sail, as though we were afraid of being too late for something. At last the welcome cry of "Land ho!" came from the masthead, and we were soon anchored in the open ocean, about two miles from the land. "Where are we now?" I heard a lieutenant ask the navigator. "Off the coast of Morocco, about thirty miles south of Mogador," was the reply.

Day after day we rolled and tugged at our anchor, the monotony being broken only by the sight of an occasional caravan coming out of the desert, winding its way along the beach for a short distance, and then disappearing behind the mountains, which come down to the sea at this point.

Our young captain became restless and uneasy; he spent most of his time nervously pacing the quarter-deck; and at last, the strain becoming too great to be borne alone, he informed his officers that he was waiting for the *Rappahannock*, to give her our battery, as the Confederate naval authorities in Paris had decided to put the *Georgia* out of commission, as she was not fitted for the service. The *Rappahannock* was long overdue at the rendezvous, and our captain was at a loss what to do.

Some of the officers were smoking near the gangway when I remarked to one of them that I had seen the *Rappahannock* at Calais. The captain overheard me. "What's that, sir? What did she look like? What do you know about her?" "I know that she is a dilapidated old craft, and the midshipmen said that she was hogged, or had broken her back, by resting on the bottom at low tide in the dock. When I saw her she was made fast to the quay by two cables, one forward, the other aft, the shore ends being made fast to posts, on each of which sat a French gendarme to make sure that the ship should not get away!" At this there was consternation in our camp; but as our commander decided to wait a few days longer, we had to rest content. One day, while in charge of the deck, I saw a small object apparently floating on the water near the shore. It was bobbing up and down as it rose and fell with the motion of the sea. As it came nearer it looked like a white sponge. Slowly it approached the ship, until at last, with the aid of marine glasses, I discovered that it was an old white-headed man swimming through the waves, which were high enough to make our ship roll. At last he reached the vessel, caught hold of the Jacob's-ladder, and slowly dragged his poor, emaciated body out of the water. He had a piece of gunny-sack around his hips for clothing. After his great exertion, he fell upon the deck insensible. Our doctor poured a glass of brandy down his throat, without effect, and in a few moments repeated the dose, which revived him. He was offered a third; but the faithful Mohammedan, true to his religion, pointed his bony finger toward the heavens, and shaking his head, uttered the one word, "Allah!"

The officers contributed a lot of old clothes, two old razors, and a couple of sheets for the old man to make a turban with. A boat was lowered, and I took him to the shore, where I found the surf running so high that it was impossible to land. However, the old Moor did not mind it at all, and smilingly jumped overboard, and waded to the dry land. The next morning a boat-load of the followers of the prophet came alongside, and offered us some fine fresh fish. We reciprocated, and offered sheets, scrap-iron, etc., which were highly appreciated. After they had left us, several of the officers, including myself, tired of the monotony of ship life, asked permission to go ashore for a walk along the beach. The captain, thinking it would be safe, as the natives had shown themselves to be so friendly, granted the request, little dreaming that his amiable act was about to plunge the Southern Confederacy into a foreign war.

We stepped into a boat, and the sailors seemed delighted to row us ashore. Upon arriving in shallow water, the blue-jackets jumped overboard, and, amid great laughter, each officer mounted on the shoulders of a man, and rode through the surf, dry-shod, to the beach. Dismounting, we raced and jumped like a parcel of school-boys. The wet sailors, who had returned to the boat, smilingly watched our antics.

Suddenly—I never knew how it happened—I was surrounded by a crowd of armed Moors. Their guns seemed to be about eight or ten feet long. Each fellow was yelling at the top of his voice in an unknown tongue, and the bushes back of the beach seemed to be pouring an endless torrent of men toward me. I gazed around wildly, looking for my companions. None of us were armed, but I wanted company, and wanted it badly. I saw some of them, but they were all separated, and all surrounded as I was. With marvelous dexterity a dusky giant seized me by the shoulders from behind, twisting me around until I faced the sea, and—oh, the humiliation of it!—he kicked me! He kicked me at every step while crossing the beach; he kicked me into the water; and, not satisfied with this, he kicked me until I was up to my neck in the sea, and desisted only when I climbed into the boat, where I found all my comrades. They had all been treated in the same unceremonious manner. I shall go down to my grave firmly believing that the brute of a "true believer" who personally attended to my embarkation had a blacksmith's rasp lashed to the sole of his foot.

Our sailors bent to their oars without orders. Save for the rhythm of the stroke, the silence was oppressive. It was at last broken by a gallant lieutenant mildly asking why the rest of us had not shown fight. The conundrum remained unanswered. Arriving on board our ship, the captain was quickly made aware of the facts as to our inhospitable reception and rough treatment by the Moors. At first he smiled; but as the tale concerning the indignities to which we had been subjected was unfolded, he grew angry, lost his temper, and fairly yelled, "Beat to quarters!" We manned our guns. I commanded the third division, composed of two little ten-pound Whitworths. "Fire a shell for range, sir," said the captain to me. I fired, and the shell exploded against the mountain-side. "Two thousand five hundred yards will do it, sir!" The word was passed forward to the officers in charge of the heavy guns. War was declared against Morocco, and the battle began. As fast as we could load and fire, for an hour or more we pelted the Moors—or, at least, we pelted the places where we thought they were; for the mystery of their sudden appearance was solved at the first fire, when the frightened hordes on the beach rushed up the barren hillsides, and disappeared into the bowels of the earth.

Toward evening the barometer fell rapidly; a heavy swell was rolling in from the ocean, the wind was rising, and we were on an unfriendly lee shore. Our captain decided to put to sea. "All hands up anchor!" was the boatswain's welcome call, and next we heard from the fore-castle the still more cheering cry, "The anchor is aweigh, sir!" "Ring ahead!" said the first lieutenant. The engines slowly revolved, when all at once there was a crash in the engine-room, a stop, and we knew our engine had broken down again. "Let go your anchor!" shouted the officer of the deck; but the wind had increased in violence, and the ship dragged it on her way to the shore. "Let go your port anchor!" came from the quarter-deck, and it dropped with a thud. All the cable on board was paid out, and still we continued our promenade toward the shore. The engineers were working for their lives below; but the line officers could only stand still and gaze upon the thousands of Moors who were again gathered on the beach, waiting impatiently for their prey and their revenge, which was now so nearly within their reach. And still the *Georgia* dragged her anchors. We were approaching very near the shore,

and could hear the yells of rage, hatred, and insult which the mob hurled at us. We needed no interpreter now to understand them. All at once a tremor went through the ship, and we knew that the engines were again moving. A hearty cheer went up from our crew, which was hushed by another crash in the engine-room. We were very close to the shore by this time, and among the rocks, which could be plainly seen from the deck. The Moors were fairly foaming at the mouth. Again the engines started ahead, and this time they continued to revolve. We weighed first one anchor, and then the other. The wind increased in violence while we battled with the elements, slowly but surely drawing away from the land. Night had enveloped us by this time, and we could only imagine the chagrin and disappointment of the followers of the prophet. We proceeded to Bordeaux, where we were informed that the French gendarmes still sat on the posts to which the *Rappahannock* was made fast at the quay of Calais.

We spent several delightful weeks in Bordeaux: Thousands of people visited the *Corsair*, as they called the *Georgia*. Many refugees from New Orleans also called on us, and showed us every attention. At last we regretfully said good-by, and steamed down the river to the mouth of the Gironde, where we waited until night to make our escape from the Federal men-of-war, who were well posted as to our movements. With all lights out, we passed into the Bay of Biscay, neither seeing nor being seen by our would-be captors. We shaped a course for St. George's Channel, and safely entered the port of Liverpool without further adventure.

I was the only officer who desired to visit the shore on the night of our arrival. I proceeded at once to the theater, being dressed in full uniform. The audience had evidently heard of my arrival. I never before fully

realized what an important personage I was, and regretted that my past had been wasted among unappreciative people. My importance suddenly dawned upon me. The house arose *en masse*, and wildly cheered. The manager asked as a favor that I would deign to occupy the most conspicuous box. The artists acted at me alone, ignoring even the gallery, and introduced into the play "gags" about the Southern cruiser, which caused the spectators to interrupt the performance with their cheers.

After the play I was feasted by perfect strangers, graciously permitting many of them to shake my hand. I did not care whether they thought I was Admiral Semmes or not. Doubtless this was the only occasion on record where a midshipman was the ranking officer present. The next day, May 10, 1864, the crew of the *Georgia* was paid off, the Confederate flag was hauled down, and the ship was put out of commission. The *Georgia* was sold to a British merchant who had a contract to carry the mails from Liverpool to Lisbon and the Cape Verde Islands. On her first voyage for the new owner she was captured off the mouth of the Tagus by the United States frigate *Niagara*, and sent to Boston, despite the fact of her *bona fide* English ownership. She was condemned by an admiralty court and was sold as a prize.

Once again, during the winter of 1867, I saw the *Georgia*. Strolling along the wharves in Charleston, South Carolina, one day, my eyes suddenly fell on a familiar model. It was the gallant old cruiser, now a disreputable-looking steam-brig being loaded with cotton. To see the Stars and Stripes proudly floating at her peak did not strike me as anything unusual. We had constantly cruised under these colors, in former days, to deceive our enemies. A few months after I last saw her, the *Georgia* dashed herself against the jagged rocks of Newfoundland.

IV. THE LAST OF THE CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

BY JOHN THOMSON MASON R, FORMERLY MIDSHIPMAN OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

WITH the exception of the *Stonewall*, an ironclad built in France and got to sea too late to be of any service, the *Shenandoah* was the last of the Confederate cruisers to elude the vigilance of the neutral governments of Europe—a much more difficult feat to accomplish than that it had been when the *Alabama* and *Florida* made their escape from England, some two years earlier.

On October 1, 1864, a number of Confederate naval officers, who had been for some time waiting orders in England and France, received instructions from Commodore Samuel Barron, who was the senior officer in Europe, with headquarters at Paris, to proceed at once to Liverpool, and report for duty to Captain James D. Bulloch, the Confederate naval agent there. I

was fortunate enough to be one of those officers, having been sent to Europe more than a year before to join the *Alexandra*, then building at Liverpool, which was seized by the English government before her completion.

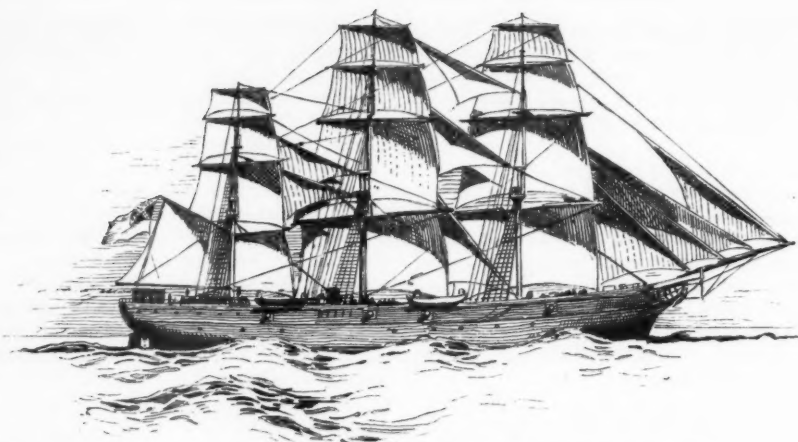
Upon our arrival at Liverpool, we were instructed to procure an outfit for a two years' cruise as quickly as possible, to have our trunks packed in wooden cases so that they might have the appearance of ordinary merchandise, and to send them on board the steamer *Laurel* at Clarence Basin. Nothing was told us of the destination of the *Laurel*; but if questioned by any one, we were to say that we were going home.

These orders were issued on Monday morning, and by the following Friday the baggage had all been shipped, and the officers were instructed to remain at their respective quarters all day Saturday, ready to move at a moment's notice. The utmost secrecy was observed, and not one of these officers, some twenty in number, knew what was to be the destination of the party; nor did we seek for information, knowing that secrecy was of the essence of the undertaking. At six o'clock on Saturday evening, however, after a day of suspense, orders were received by us to be on Prince's Pier at nine o'clock, and to go on board the tug *Black Hawk*. Twenty-three officers and about a dozen picked men, the latter being the remnant of the crew of the *Alabama*, which had been kept together for such an occasion, met at the rendezvous, and were soon carried on board the *Laurel*, then lying in the river; and before daylight the next morning the *Laurel* weighed anchor and went to sea. The unsuspecting pilot who took us out complimented Captain Ramsey of the *Laurel* on the good behavior of his passengers, who all seemed to know their places at once, gave no trouble, and asked no useless questions. The *Laurel* was a small steamer owned by the Confederate government, and used afterward as a blockade-runner. She cleared for Matamoras, via Nassau, but her real destination was the Madeira Islands, where she was to rendezvous with the *Sea King*, afterward the *Shenandoah*, the latter having sailed from London the same day that we left Liverpool. In addition to the "passengers" I have mentioned, the *Laurel* had on board the guns, gun-carriages, ammunition, and all the other equipment and stores of a warlike nature intended for the *Shenandoah*. Five days of rapid steaming, with fine weather and a smooth sea, brought us to Madeira, where we anchored

in the beautiful harbor of Funchal, to await the arrival of our consort, whose movements had not been so rapid as ours.

The *Sea King* had been purchased in London by an English merchant who was engaged in the shipping-trade. She was loaded with coal and assorted merchandise, the latter being provisions and stores of a non-warlike character intended for the cruise. She was supplied with a crew and officers from the English merchant service, and cleared for Bombay and other ports in the East Indies on a cruise not to exceed two years. She was an ordinary merchant vessel of the kind usually sent on such a voyage. None of her officers or crew, with the exception of the captain, who had received some hints, suspected for a moment that the ship was bound on any other voyage than the one named in the shipping articles. In short, there was nothing about the vessel, officers, crew, or cargo to excite the suspicions of the most watchful, and the result was that she left her dock without difficulty or detention. At the moment of starting, however, Lieutenant William C. Whittle, who was to be the executive officer of the *Shenandoah*, was put on board as a passenger, under an assumed name. As soon as the ship was fairly outside of English jurisdiction, Mr. Whittle made himself known to Captain Corbet of the *Sea King*, showed his authority from the owner to purchase the vessel, took charge of her, and immediately shaped her course for the Madeira Islands, where she arrived a few days later than the *Laurel*. The *Sea King* did not come into the harbor, but signaled the *Laurel* from the offing, and we went out at once and joined her. The two vessels were run under the lee of Desertas Island, an uninhabited rock, where they were anchored alongside, and the guns, ammunition, and other stores on the *Laurel* were transferred to the decks of the *Sea King* as rapidly as possible.

Captain Corbet had with him a crew of forty or more, and we had hoped that most, if not all, of them would be only too glad to join us; but in this we were grievously disappointed. After leaving London the sailors had soon discovered that something unusual was in the wind. They had become restive about the mysterious voyage upon which they were embarked, and when they found their vessel at anchor under a lonely and barren rock in mid-ocean, taking on an additional cargo, they demanded to know what it meant. Upon being informed of the true state of affairs, they became



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A DRAWING OF THE "SHENANDOAH" MADE BY LIEUTENANT SCALES DURING THE CRUISE.
THE "SHENANDOAH."

Lieutenant Scales's picture was made from accurate measurements.

very indignant at the deception which had been unavoidably practised upon them, and when asked if they would like to join the *Shenandoah*, they stubbornly declined our enticing offers of generous wages and liberal bounty. They upbraided poor Captain Corbet, who had been almost as much in the dark as they, in unmeasured terms; and but for our presence, I think they would have given him a ducking. The end of it all was that we paid them the three months' wages, as a forfeit for the violation of the shipping articles, to which they were entitled under the English law, and turned them over to Captain Ramsey on the *Laurel*, to be landed by him at Tenerife. Only a few firemen and coal-heavers remained with us; and when ready for sea, instead of a crew of one hundred and fifty men, which would have been our proper complement, we could muster only nineteen, all told, including those in the fire-room, the cook, and a cabin-boy.

Lieutenant Waddell, who was to command the *Shenandoah*, was much discouraged at this outlook. He thought it would be very unsafe to take the vessel on a cruise with so slim a crew, and talked of running into a French or Spanish port; but the officers being called into council, we all protested strongly against such a course, knowing that in all probability our cruise would end in whatever port we made. We told the captain that if he would take the wheel, we would work the ship and do whatever else was needed until such time as we could pick up recruits from the prizes we might capture, or elsewhere, as occasion should offer.

The captain having given his assent to this arrangement, the anchor was weighed, and on the evening of the 19th of October, just eleven days after the two vessels left England, we parted company with the *Laurel* and her cargo of growling sailors, and the cruise of the *Shenandoah* began. Short-handed we most certainly were; but as the officers, including the captain and doctors, numbered twenty-four, we had, with our crew of nineteen, forty-three souls on board; and as we were all in the best of spirits, able and willing to do any kind of work required of us, we were not so badly off, after all.

The *Shenandoah* was a full-rigged ship of excellent sailing qualities. She carried a cloud of canvas, having cross-jack, royal studding-sails, jib-topsail, and all the "high-fliers." She had rolling topsail-yards, which were of great assistance to us in shortening sail in the early days of the cruise, when sailors were so scarce. She was a wooden ship with iron knees and frame, iron masts and bowsprit, and steel yards, and all of her standing-rigging was of wire. She was of the class of vessels known as "auxiliary screws," having a propeller that could be hoisted out of the water when not in use, and a funnel that shut down, like a telescope, flush with the ship's rail. Her engines were small, the steaming apparatus being intended for use only in calm weather, and she could not steam much more than eight knots an hour under the most favorable conditions. She was a fast sailer, however, and on more than one occasion during our cruise her log showed seventeen knots.

The armament, which was mounted under many difficulties during the first few days after leaving Madeira, consisted of six guns—two rifled 32-pounders forward, and four 8-inch shell-guns amidships. There were also two little brass "pop-guns" on the poop-deck, which the *Sea King* had carried as a merchantman.

Our commanding officer, Lieutenant James I. Waddell, was from North Carolina. He had been an officer in the United States navy, and resigned at the beginning of the war to join the Confederate service. The executive officer, Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Jr., was a Virginian, a son of Commodore William C. Whittle of the old navy, and had also seen service before the war. The other lieutenants were John Grimball of South Carolina; Sidney S. Lee, son of Captain S. S. Lee of the old navy, and nephew of General Robert E. Lee; Francis T. Chew of Missouri; and Dabney Minor Scales of Mississippi. Lieutenants Whittle and Grimball were in the same class at Annapolis with Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay. Our sailing-master was Irvine S. Bulloch of Georgia, who had held the same position on the *Alabama* at the time she was sunk off Cherbourg; he was a younger brother of Captain James D. Bulloch. The remaining ward-room officers were Surgeon Charles E. Lining of South Carolina; his assistant, F. J. McNulty; Paymaster W. B. Smith; Chief Engineer Matthew O'Brien of New Orleans; and passed midshipmen Orris A. Browne and John T. Mason, both Virginians. In addition to these, we had three assistant engineers, three master's mates, and the four forward officers, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker.

It would be difficult to describe the condition of the *Shenandoah's* decks and of the ship generally at the start. The stores from the *Laurel* had been simply thrown on board, and lay about in hopeless confusion. The heavy guns and gun-carriages, in huge boxes, so lumbered up the deck that it was almost impossible to move, much less work the ship. The vessel was new and strange to us all, and the stores put on board of her at London were stowed without any expectation of their being used during the voyage, so that everything had to be overhauled. The officers and men were divided into gangs, and went to work with a will. Fortunately for us, the weather continued fine, and in the course of ten days we had things in pretty good shape—port-holes cut and guns mounted and secured, magazines built and ammunition safely

stored, the fore and after holds carefully restowed, and everything snug for the voyage.

Meantime the ship was heading to the southward, the object of the cruise being to destroy the American whaling fleet, more particularly that in the North Pacific Ocean and the Arctic Sea. On October 29, ten days after the cruise began, when about fifteen degrees north of the equator, we captured our first prize, the bark *Alina* of Searsport, Maine, bound from England to Buenos Ayres, and loaded with railroad iron. Vessel and cargo were valued at ninety-five thousand dollars. All neutral ports being closed to us, and our own closely blockaded, we had no alternative but to destroy her; so, the vessel and cargo being appraised and condemned as prize by a drumhead prize court, the *Alina* was scuttled within an hour after her capture. We took nothing from the prize but her ensign and chronometer, the officers and crew of the prize being allowed to take their personal effects, or baggage, with them when sent on board the *Shenandoah* as prisoners. We made it a rule from the start that there should be no pillaging of the captured vessels. If we needed stores for the ship's use, we took them, but our sailors were never allowed to plunder on their own account. The *Alina* had a crew of nine men, six of whom joined us at once, and were a most welcome addition to our slender ship's company.

During the next few weeks we were in the track of vessels crossing the equator, and made a number of captures, among them the schooner *Charter Oak* from Boston, the sides of which inclosed a freight less precious than that of its colonial namesake, but much more acceptable to us just then, it being an assortment of canned fruits and vegetables instead of musty parchments. The *Charter Oak*, however, gave us an accession which we had not anticipated, in the shape of the captain's wife, sister, and little boy. As we had no accommodations for ladies, Captain Waddell gave them quarters in one of his cabins. A few days afterward we spoke a Danish brig, and transferred a number of our prisoners to her, paying their passage to Rio, to which port the brig was bound.

On the 10th of November, about midnight, we captured a large ship called the *Kate Prince*, bound for Bahia, which we bonded, putting on board of her the captain of the *Charter Oak* and his family. Other vessels captured in this locality were the bark *D. Godfrey*, brig *Susan*, and schooner *Lizzie M. Stacey*, all of which were burned.

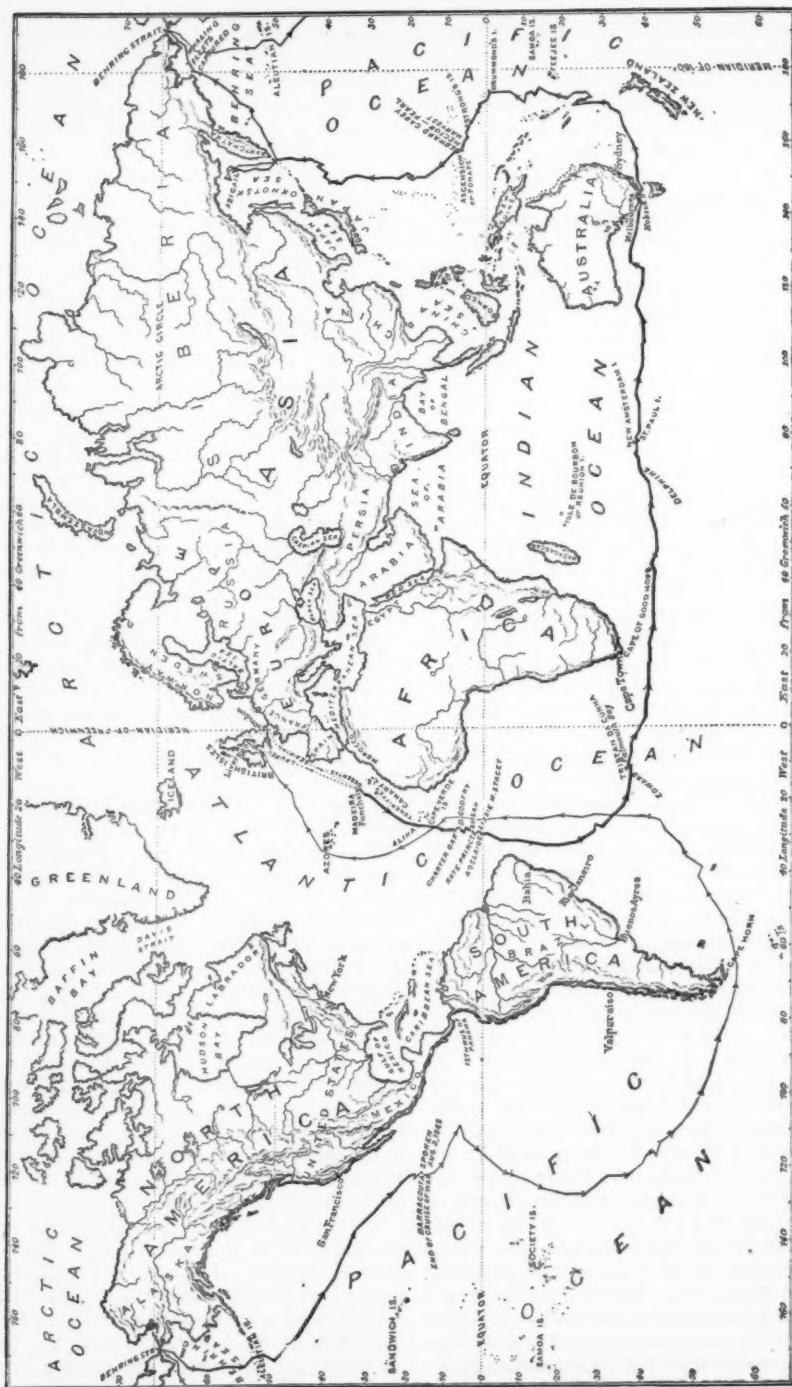


CHART OF THE CRUISE OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

DRAWN BY JACOB WELLS, AFTER ONE PLANNED BY CAPTAIN WADDELL.

From each of these prizes we received recruits for our ship's company; in some cases all hands volunteered, with the exception of the officers. In one case the captain himself expressed a desire to ship before the mast on the *Shenandoah*. This was the captain of the brig *Susan*. He was a German, and knew little and cared less about the war between the States, and was deterred from becoming one of us only by the consideration that such action on his part might prejudice the rights of the owners of the vessel and cargo in claiming their insurance money. Most of the sailors in the American merchant service were foreigners, and it was due to this fact that so many of them shipped with us when their vessels were destroyed.

By the latter part of November we were pretty well to the southward, and early in December we entered the whaling-grounds of the South Atlantic. We did not stop to cruise here, as our principal field of operations was to be in the North Pacific and the Arctic. In passing, however, we picked up one whaler, the bark *Edward* of New Bedford, with a good-sized whale alongside, which the crew were busily engaged in cutting up and trying out. We were now quite near the island of Tristan da Cunha, an out-of-the-way place inhabited by some forty people, mostly English and Americans, who very seldom saw any one from the outside world, no vessels stopping there, except an occasional whaler to get fresh water and provisions. Having burned our prize, we ran into Falmouth Bay, the harbor of this little island, and put ashore the officers and crew of the *Edward*, and got from the inhabitants of the island some fresh meat, for which we gave in exchange flour that we had taken from the prize. This island was the first land we had seen since leaving Madeira, but we did not drop anchor, and no one was allowed to go ashore. On the 7th of December we took our departure from Tristan da Cunha, and shaped our course around the Cape of Good Hope for Australia. The day after leaving Tristan da Cunha we discovered that the coupling-band of our propeller-shaft had been damaged seriously, thus rendering our steaming apparatus useless for the time being. But as our main reliance in fast traveling was upon the sails, this accident caused us no delay. We got the propeller upon deck, however, and in the course of a few weeks the engineers repaired the injury as well as it was possible to do it at sea. In the meantime we continued our course under sail with fair winds and fine weather, which

lasted until Christmas, when we encountered a very severe gale of wind, which continued for several days, and did us considerable damage.

Late in the afternoon of the 29th of December, in about 40° south latitude, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, we very unexpectedly captured the bark *Delphine* of Bangor, Maine. The gale of the previous few days had scarcely abated, and the sea was running very high, when the *Delphine* came up astern of us. We were under reefed topsails, with propeller up and fires out, and the bark was under a good press of canvas, and to windward of us, so that we were very much afraid she would give us the slip before we could make sail. But the captain of the *Delphine* had no suspicions, taking us for an Englishman, and ran close up to us for the purpose of exchanging signals. The *Shenandoah* was then hauled close up to the wind, and the bark passed under our stern, leaving us to windward, when we at once fired a blank cartridge from one of our little guns. The *Delphine* at first paid no attention to this, but kept her sails full, and gained on us rapidly. We then cleared away the two forward guns, and prepared to give her a rifle-shot; but before we were ready for this she hauled up her mainsail and hove to. Captain Nicholls of the *Delphine* was of course greatly chagrined at the manner in which he had been caught; and when informed that his vessel was to be destroyed, he declared that his wife, whom he had with him, was a delicate and nervous woman, and that it would be as much as her life was worth to bring her from one ship to the other in such rough weather. Captain Nicholls pleaded so earnestly that Captain Waddell was much moved, and thought seriously of letting the bark go under bonds. At this juncture the first lieutenant suggested that the surgeon be sent off to see Mrs. Nicholls, which was done. Dr. Lining, upon his return, reported that she was a person of robust health and strong nerves, and that there was not the slightest cause for apprehension on her account. We had taken two stanch whale-boats from the *Edward*, and these were found very useful in transferring the crew of the *Delphine* in the high sea that was running. We brought all hands off safely, hoisting Mrs. Nicholls and the stewardess on board in a boatswain's chair; but it was nearly midnight before we got the bark on fire and resumed our course. The prisoners from the *Delphine* remained with us until we reached Australia. Captain Nicholls and his wife were taken into

the ward-room mess and were given quarters in the starboard cabin. Mrs. Nicholls was a handsome woman, and after the first few days she was quite gracious, and would sit in the ward-room and chat with the officers and play checkers and backgammon with us. Captain Nicholls, however, was very melancholy, and refused to be comforted. One of the officers endeavored to rally him by saying: "Now, captain, just suppose that on the morning of the day you came up with us you had altered your course only a *quarter of a point*; we should not have seen you, and you would never have been captured." Captain Nicholls turned on him with a grim smile, and retorted: "That shows how much you know about it. That is just what troubles me; I did alter my course that very morning exactly a quarter of a point, and that was the only reason why I was captured."

The weather cleared up with the beginning of the new year, and on January 2, 1865, we made the island of St. Paul, which the sailing directions and all the books we had on board described as thrown up by volcanic action, and uninhabited. There was very little wind at the time, and when we were about five miles from the land some of the officers got permission to go ashore. We pulled off in a whale-boat, and upon reaching the island found, much to our surprise, that there were two Frenchmen in possession of the place, and that it was used as a fishing-station by these men, who came from the Isle de Bourbon, on the coast of Africa. They fished during the summer, and left in the fall with their catch, the winter season being too rigorous and stormy to stay on the island. It will be remembered that we were in the Southern Hemisphere, where January is midsummer. The water of the harbor literally swarmed with fish, and we very soon filled our boat. On one margin of the little bay we found a spring the water of which was almost hot enough to cook the fish that we caught from the other end of the boat.

From St. Paul to Melbourne nothing of interest occurred; but a few days before reaching Australia we missed a fine prize. Captain Waddell was extremely anxious to reach port in time for the mail for England, which left at the end of the month, and he was making all haste under steam and sail when we sighted a large ship, American rigged; but the captain would not go out of his course to overhaul her, being of the opinion that she was the English ship *Nimrod*, which we had spoken a few days before. Most of

the officers were of a different opinion, which was justified by the sequel; for when we got into port we learned beyond a doubt that the ship in question was the *David Brown*, an American vessel, owned by the father of Mrs. Nicholls. Captain and Mrs. Nicholls had recognized the ship at once, and trembled for her safety. We caught the January mail, but we did not catch the *David Brown*.

On January 25, 1865, we made the land of Australia. About noon we took on board a pilot, and in the afternoon of the same day we were safely anchored in Hobson's Bay, the port of Melbourne. We had expected to spend only a few days here, but the week of steaming just before reaching port, with the damage to our shaft sustained in the South Atlantic, and imperfectly repaired, had been productive of serious results. A diver who was sent down to examine the stern bearings reported the injury so great that it would be necessary to dock the vessel in order to make the necessary repairs. Thus our stay in Melbourne became a matter of weeks instead of days.

The colonial authorities were extremely civil, and readily granted us permission to make the repairs required, and to take in coal and such provisions and other non-warlike stores as we needed. The citizens received us with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and did everything in their power to make our visit pleasant. We were dined and fêted at every turn. Crowds of people came daily to visit the ship, and our decks were so encumbered with guests that it became impossible to do any work, and at the end of the first week we were compelled to establish visiting hours. While the work of repairs was going on, and we were enjoying the hospitalities of Melbourne, an incident occurred which for a time threatened to bring our cruise to an untimely end. Although most of the people were apparently in sympathy with us, there were at Melbourne a number of American shipping merchants, and they, with the American consul, tried in every way to involve us in a dispute of some sort with the authorities, in the hope that the ship might thus be detained or seized. Some of the men that we had shipped from prizes deserted shortly after we got into port, and one of these deserters was induced to make an affidavit that a British subject named "Charley" had been enlisted on the *Shenandoah* after she reached Melbourne. Armed with this affidavit, the American consul and his friends went to the commissioner of trade and customs, who happened to be

the only member of the colonial government who did not sympathize with us, and demanded the seizure of the vessel for this alleged offense. The *Shenandoah* was then on the dry-dock, or slip, undergoing repairs to her stern-post, and the first intimation we had of the trouble was the appearance in the afternoon of a number of police officers and militia, who surrounded the ship-yard, told the proprietor that he would not be allowed to launch the vessel, and warned all those who were employed in making repairs to the ship to stop work. Thus, although the *Shenandoah* was not actually seized, and every one on board was free to go and come, yet in point of fact we could not have been more effectually detained. An officer then presented himself at the gangway, with a warrant for the arrest of Charley, and requested permission to search the ship for him, which was of course refused; but the master-at-arms of the ship was ordered to make the desired search, which was done, and no one but the ship's company and the hired mechanics were found on board. The colonial authorities were duly informed of the result, but were not satisfied. In the meantime all the carpenters, joiners, painters, and calkers who had been at work on the vessel left, the mechanics engaged in the repairs to the stern-post and shaft alone remaining. The gentleman who had the contract for this part of the work said at once that if we would provide his men with food and lodging, he would keep them on board until the job was finished, but that if they went ashore once they might be prevented from returning. We readily assented to the arrangement, and this, the most important work, went on without interruption. As for the rest, it was so far advanced that the ship's carpenter could manage it.

About nine o'clock that night an officer was sent from the *Shenandoah* with a communication to the government to the effect that the ship would be ready to launch at high tide in the afternoon of the following day, and that if the existing restraint was continued, Captain Waddell would haul down his flag, pay off his crew, and proceed home at once by way of England, leaving his vessel where she was. No reply was received to this letter, but it had the desired effect; for the next day, as the afternoon tide came in, the policemen and militia disappeared. The repairs to the shaft were finished in the meantime, and when the moment for launching arrived the proprietor of the yard politely informed us that he was ready to put the ship into the river. We were launched safely at five

o'clock, and what had threatened for a time to be a very serious complication was thus happily terminated within twenty-four hours, without causing us the least delay. It is needless to say that the *Shenandoah* had not shipped any men in the port of Melbourne, and that the story about Charley was a pure invention of the deserter who swore to it.

After this we had no further communication with the authorities, but proceeded with all possible speed to get the ship ready for sea, having been three weeks in port, losing valuable time, with the principal object of our cruise unaccomplished. We had been obliged to lighten the ship to put her on the ways, and three days were spent in replacing the coal and other stores, and in taking in such additional supplies as we needed before we were ready to resume our cruise. During this time the captain received numerous warnings of mysterious plots, alleged to have been set on foot by the American consul and his friends, to blow up the *Shenandoah* or set fire to her. Although we did not attach much importance to these anonymous communications, we kept a bright lookout, particularly at night, and no strange boat was allowed to approach the ship.

On the morning of February 18 we weighed anchor and went to sea. Our crew of thirty-odd men had suffered somewhat from desertions at Melbourne, so that we were still deplorably short-handed; and although we had applications enough to man our ship twice over, we were compelled to decline all overtures to enlist men while in British waters. When the ship was fairly outside of English jurisdiction, however, it soon became known that there were a number of strangers on board; and when these "stowaways" were mustered on deck they numbered forty-two, about twice the number of our own crew—men of all nations, kindred, and tongues. Among them was the captain of an English steamer lying at Melbourne when we left, who had thrown up his command to come on board of us, and who was made captain's clerk.

These stowaways had been smuggled on board, and doubtless with the knowledge and connivance of the crew; but I do not believe that a single officer knew that we had any one on board but the ship's company when we left Australia, nor did one of the stowaways show himself until the vessel was fairly at sea. We shipped these men, and they made a most welcome accession to our crew.

After leaving Australia we cruised for a few weeks off the coast of New Zealand, but encountered nothing but a succession of

gales and rough weather; and from there we made our way to the North Pacific, and touched at Ascension Island, one of the Carolines, just north of the equator, which we knew to be the recruiting-station for whalers, it being the time of year for whale-ships to stop for fresh provisions before going to the Northern seas.

Ascension Island is inhabited by Kanakas, who live in the most primitive style, having not even the elements of civilization. Sailing-vessels touch there from time to time, but up to the time we were there no steamer had ever been in sight of the island. As we approached the land the breeze left us, and we furled all sail and steamed into the harbor, to the terror of the natives, as, so far as their knowledge went, we were moving without any means of locomotion. In the harbor we found four American whalers, the ships *Edward Carey* and *Hector*, and the barks *Pearl* and *Harvest*, of which we made prizes.

A few days after our arrival we invited the king of the island to make us a visit. He accepted the invitation, and came off from the shore in one of our boats, the captain's gig, which we sent for him, escorted by a perfect cloud of native canoes containing the members of the royal household and his body-guard. The costumes of the people were admirably adapted to the climate, their bodies being tattooed from head to foot. They wear over this a "coat" of cocoanut-oil, which gives the skin a fine gloss, and makes the tattooing show to greater advantage; and when this is done, your Ascension Islander is in full toilet. The king and his suite came on board the *Shenandoah* with some trepidation, but were soon reassured by our manner toward them, and proceeded to examine the guns and engines with great interest and wonderment. After making the tour of the ship they sat down on the deck and smoked pipes with us, and we conversed through an interpreter, an English convict who had escaped from Australia and had been many years on the island. Upon getting up to take their departure, our guests unwittingly left a portion of their costume behind them, and the next morning we had extra work in holystoning the deck. We took some stores from the prizes to replenish our supply, and then burned all four vessels, after putting the crews ashore on the island and giving them such things as they needed in the way of clothing and provisions from their ships.

On April 15 we went to sea again, having spent two weeks at Ascension Island, and continued our northerly course. Upon

reaching the outer edge of the Japan seas, we cruised there for about a week in the track of vessels crossing the Pacific; but meeting no American ships, and our principal object being to capture whale-ships, we went on to the Okhotsk Sea, which we entered on the 20th of May. We accomplished little in the Okhotsk, the only prize we captured there being the whaling-bark *Abigail*, which we burned, taking the officers and crew on board the *Shenandoah*. We found the "floe" ice very heavy in the Okhotsk. One morning, when pretty well up north, during a calm with a dense fog, we forged into one of these immense floes, and when the fog lifted we were completely surrounded by ice as far as the eye could see. Fortunately for us, the weather remained calm, and we were able to work out of our uncomfortable position without serious damage.

We cruised three weeks in the Okhotsk Sea; but either there were no more whalers there, or else we could not find them, and at the end of that time we passed out, and shaped our course for Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean. Our prisoners from the *Abigail* were a very jolly set, and bore their misfortune with great cheerfulness. Almost every evening they would enliven the monotony of their captivity by a dance on the forecastle or a "shanty." Fifteen of these men joined us, among whom were two of the mates.

On the twenty-first day of June we entered Bering Sea, and crossed the 180th meridian of longitude. Having completed half the circuit of the globe in an easterly direction, we gained a day; but before nightfall we went out of our course to chase a ship, which carried us back to the other side, and our new day was lost almost as soon as won. The following morning, however, we again crossed the central meridian, and the 22d of June was a double day, forty-eight hours long.

The sight of large pieces of "fat-lean," or whale meat, floating in the water now warned us that whalers were at work near by, and very soon afterward we came up with several.

The week which followed was the busiest of the cruise. Not a day passed without our making one or more captures. In all we took twenty-five whale-ships, which, with the exception of three or four, were burned. Some disposition had to be made of the prisoners, and as we could not put them ashore in those frozen regions, we were obliged to bond one vessel in every six or seven, in order to dispose of the crews of the others. One of the vessels which we bonded was in charge of a woman, the wife of the captain, who had died

at sea. Occasionally, when the weather was fine and we had more prisoners than we could conveniently accommodate on board, we put them astern in whale-boats for the day. On one occasion we had twenty-four of these loaded boats towing astern.

Our last capture was made on the 28th of June, on which day we took eleven vessels. Nine of them were fired, and were all burning at the same time within a few miles of one another. One of these eleven vessels had been caught in an ice-floe, and was so badly injured that her captain had determined to abandon her, preparatory to which there was a sale of all the movables on board, which the other vessels had assembled to attend. Most of these were at anchor near the injured vessel, and hence we captured them all with but little trouble.

The captain of one of these vessels showed fight. He mounted the poop-deck of his ship, armed with a bomb-gun used in killing whales, and threatened to fire into the boat which was about to board him. The officer in charge of the boat, however, disregarded this threat, and pulled to the gangway and went on board with his crew. When the flag was about to be hauled down, another scene of the same sort was enacted; but by this time the boarding party had discovered that the belligerent captain had been celebrating the occasion, and was royally drunk. He was taken in charge after some resistance, and refusing to leave his ship, had to be lowered into the boat with a block and tackle. Several of the ships, when they saw what was going on, slipped their cables, and steered, some for the shore to get within the marine league, and some for the ice-floes; but as the wind was light, and we had steam up, we very soon had them all in hand.

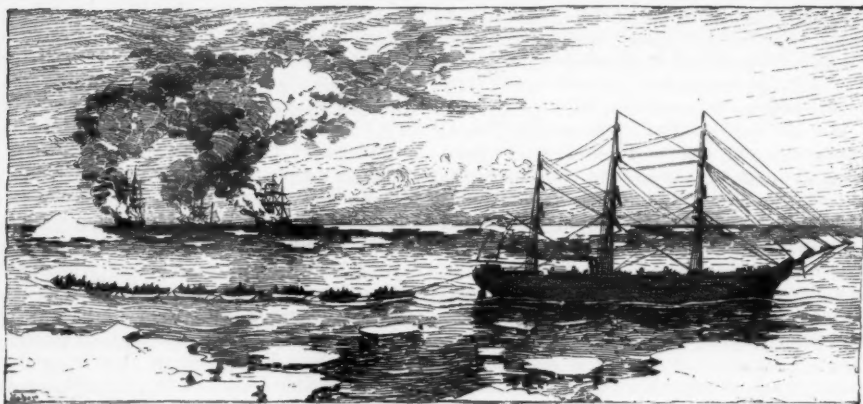
We were now in Bering Strait, and the next morning entered the Arctic Ocean, where we encountered heavy floes of ice, and the navigation was very dangerous. There was every reason to believe that a number of whalers had passed into the Arctic ahead of us, and we hoped to come up with them; but the captain was afraid to venture very far, the ice being so heavy; and after a day spent in the Arctic, we turned and steered to the southward. On the 5th of July we passed out of Bering Sea into the open Pacific, and saw the last of the ice-floes.

For the next month nothing occurred to break the monotony of ordinary sea life on the *Shenandoah*. We were steering to the southward to get into the track of the China traders and the Pacific mail-steamers. By

the end of the month we were in the desired cruising-ground, and on the 2d of August we overhauled and spoke the English bark *Barracouta*, from whom we received news of the collapse of the Confederate government. While in the Arctic Ocean we had received from the *William Thompson*, one of the captured whalers, California papers of April 22, giving an account of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the evacuation of Richmond; but the same papers contained the proclamation of Mr. Davis, issued from Danville, saying that the war would be prosecuted with renewed vigor. We had hoped all along that the disaster might not be as bad as these accounts stated; but the *Barracouta* had left San Francisco on July 20, and it was impossible to doubt the correctness of the news she gave us, and yet so strong had been our faith that it seemed incredible to us.

The important question now arose as to what was the proper disposition to be made of the *Shenandoah*. Captain Waddell at first thought of taking the ship to Australia, and running into Sydney or back to Melbourne, and the course of the ship was altered with that view, and for twenty-four hours we steered for Australia. At the end of that time, however, the captain changed his mind, and the course was again altered, and we resumed our way to Cape Horn, the captain announcing to the officers and crew that he had determined to take the ship to the nearest English port; but her actual destination was not made known to any one. Immediately after parting company with the *Barracouta*, the guns of the *Shenandoah* were dismantled and sent below into the hold for ballast; the port-holes, which were of our own construction, were boarded up again; and all the small arms and warlike appliances were stowed away between decks. We kept the ship under sail most of the time, with propeller up and smokestack "reefed," saving the little fuel that remained for condensing fresh water for the use of the ship's company, and for any other emergency that might arise.

After doubling Cape Horn, the question of the ship's destination was again agitated among the officers. Were we bound for Cape Town, or would we go on to Liverpool? Cape Town was, in point of fact, the nearest English port, but it was thought by some that a home port would be preferable to a colonial one. As between Cape Town and Liverpool the ward-room officers were about evenly divided, and the question was very fully discussed by them, and their respective views



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A SKETCH LENT BY JOHN T. MASON.

FAREWELL TO LAWRENCE ISLAND PRIZES.

were made known to Captain Waddell by written communications addressed to him. The captain finally called a council of the five lieutenants, and submitted the question to them. At this deliberation the first lieutenant declined to vote, on the ground that he was the executive officer, and as such had already fully expressed his views to the captain; his preference, however, was for Cape Town. The remaining four lieutenants voted one for Cape Town and three for Liverpool, and thus the matter was finally decided. While the subject of the final disposition of the ship was being discussed, Captain Waddell expressed to two of the officers the opinion that, as government property, the *Shenandoah* reverted to the conquering power, and that it would be, perhaps, strictly considered, proper to take the ship into a United States port and surrender her. This suggestion, being strongly opposed by the two officers to whom it was made, was not further considered. Many of the officers thought that the best course, and a perfectly proper one, would be to destroy the ship and go ashore in the boats; but to this the captain would not give his consent, and it was therefore abandoned. We kept steadily on our course, and as far as possible gave everything a wide berth.

Our crew, augmented by the stowaways from Melbourne and volunteers who had joined us from the prizes captured, now numbered about one hundred and thirty men, of all nations under the sun; and as they were acquainted with the unfortunate termination of the war for the South, and knew that the *Shenandoah* had no govern-

ment behind her, we had contemplated the possibility of having some trouble with them. But in this we were agreeably disappointed, for every one of this cosmopolitan crew behaved with perfect subordination. Our first lieutenant, Mr. Whittle, had from the start preserved the most admirable discipline on board at all times, and it was in a great measure due to his excellent management of the crew that no difficulty occurred.

On September 29 we struck our track of the year before in the South Atlantic, and early in October crossed the equator. So far we had not lost a man by sickness or accident, but we had now two very sick men on board. There is a superstition among sailors that, however long a sick man may last at sea, he is sure to die as soon as he "smells the land." Our two invalids respected this superstition, for they died within a few days of each other, and less than a week before the ship reached Liverpool, and when some of the old sailors declared they could smell the bogs of Ireland.

On the 5th of November, 1865, we reached England, anchoring in the Mersey on the morning of the 6th, and the cruise of the *Shenandoah* ended, the vessel being surrendered to the English authorities. When we took on board the pilot, the first question we asked him was about the war in America, as we had been hoping against hope that there might be some mistake about the news we had received in the Pacific. This called forth an amusing cartoon from "Punch," representing the *Shenandoah*, with Captain Waddell, astride of one of his guns, shouting through a huge trumpet to a pilot-boat in the distance: "Is Queen Anne dead?"

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES.

THE naval battle of Manila Bay on May-day, 1898, will be ranked by historians of the American navy with Perry's victory on Lake Erie and Farragut's attack on the forts of Mobile Bay. Splendid as an example of American daring and skill on the part of Admiral Dewey, it is unique because of the terrible loss inflicted on the Spanish, without the death or serious injury of a single man on the American fleet. Like the shot of the "embattled farmers" of 1775, the roar of Admiral Dewey's guns at Manila has gone round the world, and has shown to the nations the efficiency of the American navy.

The guns of the American fleet were heavier than those of the Spanish squadron, but the Spaniards, in addition, had several shore batteries with formidable guns. On the lunette in front of the city of Manila were several ten-inch Krupp guns, and on Cavite fortress, which guarded the harbor, were batteries of six- and eight-inch guns.

The battle was fought mainly at a distance of from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred yards, or, roughly, between a mile and a half and two miles. At this range accurate marksmanship was imperative. Even at the lesser distance the Spanish fire was ineffective. The simple truth is that the Spaniards had had no target practice, while on most of the American ships target-firing was a regular monthly duty. The absolute lack of skill of the Spanish gunners was demonstrated by their waste of ammunition while the American fleet was drawn off for breakfast. They kept up a continual fire from the Cavite batteries, although their glasses should have shown them that all their shells fell short. At close quarters they were equally powerless to inflict damage, for both the *Baltimore* and the *Olympia* approached very near to Cavite in the second engagement, and succeeded in silencing the guns of the fortress without suffering the loss of a man, and without material damage to either ship. And after this the little gunboat *Petrel* dashed up and down close inshore, destroying the Spanish gunboats, and silencing the remaining shore batteries; and she also escaped unscathed.

The narrative of the battle is told in much detail in the following statements by three Americans who witnessed it. They arrived at San Francisco on June 7, and their accounts as here given for the readers of THE CENTURY are the fullest made by them, and have been authorized by their signatures. Colonel George Alvin Loud, who had served as paymaster of the revenue cutter *McCulloch*, but who was relieved just before the fleet sailed from Hong-Kong, secured permission to serve in the battle. He watched the fight from the *McCulloch*, and actually jotted down notes of what he saw through his glasses. Dr. C. P. Kindleberger was junior surgeon on the battle-ship *Olympia*, and was able to give most of his time to observation of the battle. The third account is given by Joel C. Evans, gunner of the *Boston*, who furnishes a graphic picture of the scene below among the men who did their part in securing victory for the American fleet.

I. NARRATIVE OF COLONEL GEORGE A. LOUD,

Who witnessed the battle from the revenue cutter *Hugh McCulloch*.

ON Sunday, April 17, the *Hugh McCulloch*, Captain Daniel B. Hodgson, a revenue cutter to which the writer was attached, reported, in accordance with orders received at Singapore, to Admiral George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic Squadron at Hong-Kong. We found there assembled the *Olympia*, *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Petrel*; also the supply-transports *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*. The first five, or the fighting ships, made a beautiful sight grouped together, in their

snow-white dress, trim and in perfect order, ready for active service. On the 19th this appearance was suddenly changed. In response to an order issued by the admiral, all the fighting ships, including the *McCulloch*, were quickly changed to a slate or drab, their fighting color, and it gave them a grim, business-like appearance. This complete change of color required only from three to six hours' time.

On Friday, April 22, the *Baltimore* arrived

from Yokohama, and in forty-eight hours was docked, bottom scraped and repaired, painted, coaled, and provisioned, and ready for further service. It was remarkable despatch; but as a declaration of war was expected every moment, Captain Dyer did not lose an instant, and his ship was a scene of busy, bustling life, surrounded by a swarm of coal-junks, water-boats, provision-junks, and sampans, all pouring their loads aboard the *Baltimore*, the painting going on at the same time.

The fleet was ordered to leave Hong-Kong harbor Sunday, April 24, the English colonial secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, stating that a state of war existed between the United States and Spain, to which Commodore Dewey replied that he would leave the harbor, as requested, although he had as yet received no notice from his country that war existed.

The *Boston*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, *McCulloch*, *Nanshan*, and *Zafiro* left Hong-Kong harbor at 2 P. M. Sunday, the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, and *Raleigh* following at 10 A. M. Monday, to reassemble at Mirs Bay, thirty miles distant. The departure of our fleet made no little stir in Hong-Kong, the sympathy of the English there being with us. As the *Olympia*, on which the writer happened to be temporarily, passed the English hospital-ships, they gave us three hearty cheers, which were unexpected, but which were most heartily returned. Three steam-launches filled with enthusiastic Americans followed us down the harbor, waving flags and wishing us God-speed. Owing to our being obliged to wait for the arrival of Mr. Williams, our consul at Manila, we did not get away from Mirs Bay until Wednesday, April 27. The consul arrived at 11 A. M. Wednesday, and all commanders were at once signaled to come on board the flag-ship. Orders then came by signal: "All ships prepare to leave anchorage at 2 P. M." We were off promptly to the minute, the *Olympia* leading, her band sending out the inspiring strains of the "El Capitan" march. The order of squadron formation was in two parallel lines, the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston* forming one, in the order given; and the *McCulloch*, abreast and half a mile distant from the *Olympia*, followed by her wards, the *Nanshan* and the *Zafiro*, forming the second. The purchase of these last two ships by Admiral Dewey just before the declaration of war was a shrewd and well-timed move. The *Nanshan* had on board three thousand tons of coal, and the *Zafiro*

six hundred tons additional, besides six months' stores for the fleet.

The voyage of the fleet, which presented a beautiful sight, was uneventful; and we were off Point Bolinao, on the island of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine group, at daybreak Saturday morning, April 30. At this point there is a cable landing-station, from which advice of our coming, as we expected, and as we afterward learned, was telegraphed to Manila. To economize coal we were, as usual, steaming at eight knots per hour; but at this point the admiral ordered the *Concord* and *Boston* ahead at full speed to reconnoiter Subig Bay; and by eleven o'clock they were out of sight ahead, and at ten o'clock the *Baltimore* was also sent ahead at full speed to assist the *Concord* and *Boston*, if necessary, should the enemy's fleet be found in force, as was quite probable, in Subig Bay.

At 5 P. M. the entire fleet was in Subig Bay; but none of the enemy was found there, and our commanders were called on board the *Olympia* for final orders. At 6 P. M. we were off again, steaming at six knots per hour, the admiral's orders being to pass the Corregidor forts, forty miles farther on, at midnight. The squadron formation was changed, the second line, led by the *McCulloch*, falling in behind the *Boston*, which continued to occupy the last place in the first line. No exposed lights were permitted on any of the ships, except a hooded stern-light on each to guide the following ship; and we went forward, like silent specters, toward the dangerous pass guarded by forts and supposed to be planted with mines and torpedoes.

Corregidor Island is at the entrance to Manila Bay, and thirty miles distant from the city of Manila. On one side of the island the pass or channel is one mile in width, and on the other side five miles. The crews were all called to quarters at eleven o'clock. As we passed by the island at midnight, steering toward the wide channel, we saw rockets shooting skyward from the summit of Corregidor, and answering rockets from the mainland opposite, and also signal-lights flashing along the shore; and we feared we were discovered, and in for a serious fight before we could gain admission to the bay. We continued, however, silently forward up to the center of the channel, and all the six fighting ships were past the forts, but by this time exposing their stern-lights to the enemy as well as to the following ships. As the *McCulloch* arrived opposite the fort on

the mainland [El Fraile battery, on a small island—EDITOR], a blinding flash showed from there in the darkness, and we heard the scream of a shot near us, and the resounding report of a heavy gun. It showed that we were at last discovered. A second and a third shot were fired by the fort, and answered by three shots from the six-pound rifles of the *McCulloch*, and two from the guns of the *Concord* and the *Boston*, which seemed to satisfy the fort, for we heard and saw no more of them. This was a most thrilling, nerve-trying experience; for we fully realized that at any moment we might receive a fatal shot from the big Krupp guns in that unseen fort, or be lifted out of the water by a sunken mine. The fort on the summit of Corregidor Island is six hundred feet above the water, and would not have been easy to pass in daylight, as we should have been under a plunging fire down upon our decks, which would have been difficult for us to have answered effectually.

After we had passed Corregidor Island, we steamed slowly forward in the darkness, it being a cloudy night, the crews still at quarters, though allowed to rest by lying on the decks at their stations, ready for instant service; and a novel sight the decks presented, covered with the sleeping sailors. All the ships had been put in order for battle. All extra spars and sails were taken down, boats were covered with canvas or nettings to keep splinters from flying from them when hit, everything movable was stowed below or thrown overboard, cabin partitions were taken down, and, as in the *Baltimore*, there being no place below for them, this beautiful woodwork was thrown over the side. The ammunition-hoists in the *Olympia* and *Baltimore* were temporarily armored by winding the anchor-cables around them, and all was done that Yankee ingenuity could devise to guard against disaster in the fight which we now knew was surely and shortly coming.

In the gray dawn of the coming day we found ourselves in front of and about four miles distant from Manila. It was Sunday, May 1, at about 5:15, that a puff of white smoke was seen on the Manila shore, and a shot struck the water a mile short of our ships; then from the opposite shore, at Cavite, seven miles distant from Manila, came heavy reports, and their shots also fell short of us. The *McCulloch*, with the transports, stopped in the middle of the bay, not so far distant but that shots fell about us during the entire fight. Our fighting ships, without making reply to either attack, steamed rapidly up

the bay, which terminates several miles beyond the city. After thus passing, they swung round toward the Cavite side, and steamed straight toward the forts and the Spanish ships which were anchored there, and which now added their rapid fire to that of the forts.

Cavite is the government arsenal and naval depot, and there the Spanish admiral had chosen his fighting-ground. As the flagship came on she opened fire at 5:35 with her forward eight-inch rifles, and, swinging round in front of the fort, sent in broadside after broadside from her rapid-fire five-inch guns of the port battery. The other ships, in usual order, followed in and opened fire, and now the battle was fast and furious. Never, it seemed to us on the *McCulloch*, did spectators watch a more desperate game; for from the continual rain of shot we saw poured into our ships it seemed certain that there would be heavy loss of life, and some of our ships probably crippled or sunk, before the fight was over.

As we watched with breathless interest, we saw that our ships had passed and had turned a half-circle. Slowly back they went past the forts, now working their starboard batteries as rapidly as possible, the fire from the shore showing no signs of abatement. Again they wheeled and came down the line. We saw a large white ship move out to meet the *Olympia*. We suspected it was (and it afterward proved to be) the Spanish admiral's flag-ship, the *Reina Christina*. She was met by such a storm of shot, all the fleet which were in range joining in, that she could not reach the *Olympia* at close quarters, and, wheeling about, tried to make back for the little harbor at Cavite from which she came; but at the instant when her stern swung in line, one of the big eight-inch rifles in the forward turret of the *Olympia* hurled a 250-pound percussion shell, which, true to its aim, raked her from her stern forward, exploding her boiler, and completely wrecking the ship and setting her on fire. This shot, the Spanish surgeons told us, killed the captain and sixty men; and the entire loss on this ship in the admiral's desperate sally was one hundred and forty killed and more than two hundred wounded.

The admiral changed his flag to another ship, the *Isla de Cuba*, but fared no better, being driven back and the ship sunk at the entrance of the little harbor. It was at this time that the *Olympia* had her moment of greatest peril. We could see two black boats, which turned out to be torpedo-

launches, coolly awaiting her approach; and as the *Olympia* came on they started for her at full speed. The *Olympia's* gunners realized the danger to their ship, but were not "rattled" for an instant. Failing to hit the small targets with the large guns, as the launches rapidly approached within eight hundred yards the secondary battery of rapid-fire six-pounders poured in their shells with such deadly effect that the first launch blew up, one of our shots either exploding its boiler or the torpedo, for with our glasses we could see a huge column of water go up, and the boat instantly disappear, with all her crew. The second launch was riddled with shot, and was beached. It was afterward found by us with a dozen or more shot-holes through it, and all bespattered with blood. It was a brave effort on the part of the Spaniards, but American marksmanship checkmated their bold move.

Back a fourth time, and then a fifth, went the fleet past the batteries and ships; and then, at 7:45, we saw the *Olympia* heading toward us instead of starting for her sixth time down the line. What did it mean? It looked to us until the last half-hour as though we had stirred up a hornet's nest and our fleet had met its match. Why were they coming out of the fight? Was it because they had been disabled or badly injured, or had the loss of life been such that we were repulsed? What could it mean? It was a quarter of an hour of terrible anxiety and suspense to us all, until the *Olympia* neared us. No signs of serious damage could we see, and as our crew gave them three hearty cheers, they came back to us with such a happy ring that it boded well.

All commanders were summoned on board the flag-ship, and our anxiety was relieved, on Captain Hodgson's return, by the happy news that not a man had been killed, and on the *Baltimore* only six slightly wounded; and not a shot had done our ships serious damage. We learned that the ships had come out only to give our men a little much-needed rest, and breakfast, of which they also stood greatly in need. The sun had come up in a cloudless sky, the air perfectly calm, and the heat of this tropical climate, with the stifling powder-smoke (which much of the time settled around the ships in a dense cloud), made it imperative that the men have a few moments' rest in purer air.

While the interval or cessation of battle, as we now know, was from no serious cause, the Spaniards thought, as we afterward learned, that we had retired to bury our

dead, and, in fact, that they had repulsed us. They were, however, quickly undeceived. At 10:45 the *Baltimore* was ordered to go at her highest speed in front of the forts. She disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke from her two huge funnels, and shortly after we could hear the quick, ringing reports from her six- and eight-inch guns, and the battle was on again. The forts bravely replied at first, but soon their fire slackened. For two hours past we had seen several ships burning fiercely, and it was now plain that their naval force was out of the fight.

The *Olympia*, after an interval of twenty minutes, followed the *Baltimore*, pushing the latter on, and the other ships, following each in turn, stopped or slowed down in front of the Cavite forts, and rained their broadsides into them. Two of our ships, now that resistance had weakened, lay idle in the bay beyond the forts, while the other four were pressing the fight to a finish. With our glasses we watched as shot after shot struck the huge sand embankment, bursting, and sending clouds of sand a hundred feet in the air. The fighting plan was now different from the morning work. The ships moved into proper distance, stopped, got accurate range, and then, with deliberation, sent in shot after shot, with the obvious determination that every shot should count.

The saucy little *Petrel*, with her main battery of four six-inch guns, being of light draft, steamed in nearer than any of the rest, and coolly banged away as though she were an armored battle-ship. Quiet Captain Wood won the admiration of the whole fleet, and the *Petrel* was on the spot rechristened the *Baby Battle-ship*. At 12:45 the Spanish flag was still flying, and the *Petrel*, *Boston*, and *Raleigh* were at the front, the other three resting. At 1:05 P. M. the three ships at the front rattled in a continuous fire, which finished the fight, and the *Petrel* signaled that the enemy had "struck," or hauled down their flag.

It was a happy moment. We all shook hands over the fortunate termination of the first battle of the war. Our crew was sent into the rigging, and three cheers for the Asiatic Squadron were called for by the executive officer, and never were any cheers given with more thankful hearts.

We cannot fail, however, to give justice to our enemy, for all agreed that the Spaniard is a tough fighter, even if he cannot shoot straight. It was a most astounding result of four to five hours' shooting, partly from the finest Krupp rifled cannon, that no harm

worthy of mention was done to our ships, and only six men were slightly wounded on the *Baltimore* from flying splinters. There was no excuse for such bad marksmanship, as we gave them the full broadsides of our ships at short range for targets.

At 2 P.M. the *Olympia* ranged up alongside of us, showing only a few honorable dents; and a beautiful sight she was, with strings of signal-flags on fore and after spars. All the ships through the fight carried three large American battle-flags, one at each masthead, and a third at the main gaff or after flagstaff; and a magnificent sight it made in the second part of the engagement, when a fresh breeze had sprung up, keeping the smoke away from our ships, and causing the flags to stand out in beautiful relief against the cloudless sky.

The consul, Mr. Williams, was sent aboard the *McCulloch*, and transferred by us to one of the English merchantmen anchored in front of the city. At 3 P.M. we anchored near the flag-ship again. At the same moment the *Boston* came up within hail, and it thrilled our hearts to hear the plucky crews give each other the hearty, happy cheers for a victory in which each had borne so creditable a part. In fact, at this moment each crew was more than ever in love with their ship and their captain, and all adored the plucky commodore, who had not lost a move in the game since war was declared. During the fight he had his station on the *Olympia's* forward bridge, with no protection whatever from the flying shot and shell around him. None could have been cooler under fire than Admiral Dewey. Commander Lamberton, the flag-captain and the admiral's chief of staff, and Lieutenant Brumby were with him on the bridge.¹ A shot came within three or four feet of their heads, cutting off the signal halyards, but he did not appear to notice it. The commanders of all the ships acquitted themselves with the greatest credit, Captains Gridley and Dyer, old veterans that they were, and all the others, behaving with the greatest pluck and skill possible, not one of them all using his conning-tower.

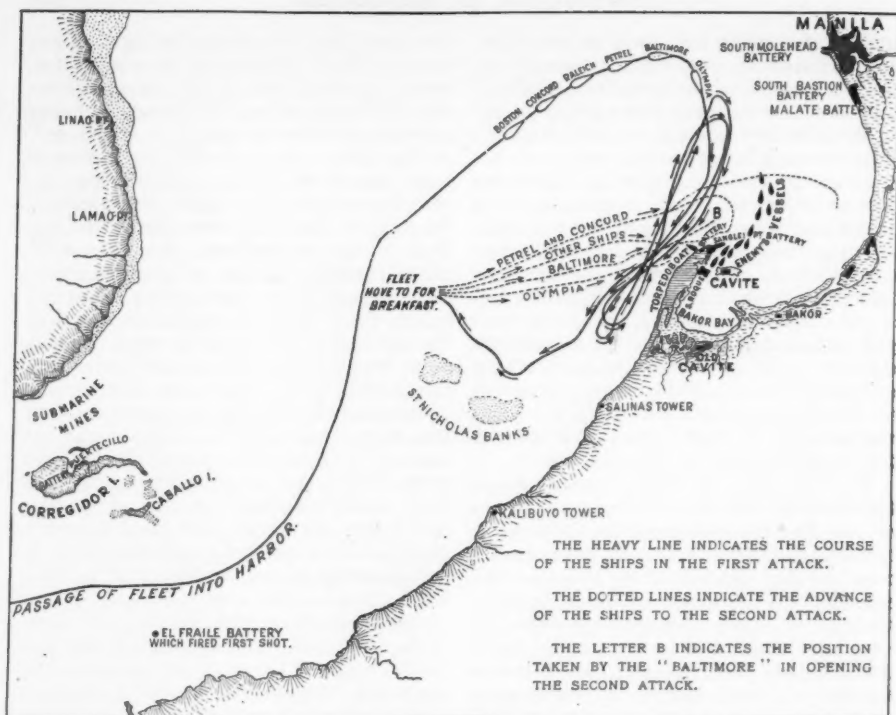
The *Boston*, in regard to her small boats, was the most damaged ship in the fleet, and her boats were shattered, with one exception, not by the enemy's fire, but by the concussion of her own guns, which will indicate the terrific explosive power of these modern high-power guns. Only two boats out of her

ten could be used after the fight. Paymaster John R. Martin, of the *Boston*, not being especially busy in his proper sphere while the fight was at its hottest, made his appearance with a tin cup in one hand, and in the other a pot of coffee, made over a spirit-lamp, no fires in the galleys being permitted in action, and he continued all through the fight to make and serve the refreshing drink to the thirsty men, though a shell which burst in Ensign Doddridge's room, close at hand, came near ending his enterprise. This shell, in exploding, wrecked the contents of the ensign's room, and set it on fire; but the flames were quickly extinguished by the ship's fire department, always ready for such an emergency. Chaplain J. B. Frazier of the *Olympia* had his head out of a port-hole, watching the fight with the greatest interest, when a Spanish shell struck the side of the ship only a few feet away, and burst. His head suddenly disappeared inside that port-hole, and he is still counting himself in luck that he has a head left to tell the story.

Lieutenant W. P. Elliott, executive officer of the *Baltimore*, but during the Manila battle in charge of the auxiliary squadron, the *McCulloch*, *Nanshan*, and *Zafiro*, was the most disappointed man in the fleet at not being able to take a hand in the fight. Captain Hodgson kept the *McCulloch* close up behind the fighting ships, where the shot flew over and about her, and, with big hawsers on deck, he awaited an opportunity to go in to the assistance of any of the fighting ships, should one be disabled under the fire of the forts.

The only shot which pierced our ships worthy of mention was on the *Baltimore*. It was a 4.7 armor-piercing shot, and struck and entered at the upper deck-line, deflecting slightly upward, scattering splinters from the three or four feet of deck next the ship's side, which slightly wounded five or six of Ensign Irwin's gun-crew. It went through both sides of the coaming of the engine-room hatch, and then, glancing on the recoil-chamber of one of the six-inch guns, struck the circular shield of heavy steel in front of it. Following around the concave surface of the shield, the shot came back across the deck toward the side from which it entered, struck and bent a ladder on one of the big ventilators, and fell spent upon the deck. One of the gun's crew leaning against the ventilator was thrown senseless on the deck, and was carried below, but shortly surprised the surgeons by getting

¹ Also Lieutenant Scott, Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "New York Herald," and the signalmen.—G. A. L.



ROUGH SKETCH-PLAN OF THE BATTLE (NOT DRAWN TO SCALE).

This map is made from a blue print of a map drawn, under the direction of Lieutenant W. P. Elliott, during the progress of the battle, by a draftsman aboard the *McCulloch*. Use has also been made of a sketch-map by Lieutenant Robert M. Dutton of the *Boston*, to the extent of indicating the order in which the ships formed line of battle, and the position of the torpedo-boat which advanced from the west shore of Cavite and was driven back. This sketch-map was sent by Lieutenant Dutton in a letter to his father, W. J. Dutton, of San Francisco. Lieutenant Dutton was graduated at Annapolis in 1891, in the same class with Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac* exploit.

The shore batteries of the enemy began the firing at daylight, and were not answered until the Spanish fleet of nine vessels hove in sight, some twenty minutes later. The American ships retired from the engagement at 7:35. The second attack began at 10:40, the *Baltimore* leading and engaging the enemy's remaining ships and forts alone for over twenty minutes. At 12:50 all Spanish flags were hauled down, and the *Olympia* signaled the fleet, "The enemy have surrendered."

Fate of the Spanish ships: SUNK: *Reina Christina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*. BURNED: *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marquis del Duero*, *El Correo*, *Velasco*, and *Isla de Mindanao* (transport). CAPTURED: *Rapido* and *Hercules* (tugs), and several small launches.

up and walking back to his gun, where he did his duty to the end of the fight.

The conduct of our men in this their first fight was beyond praise. Not a man flinched, but each remained at his post, doing his duty coolly and well. As to the loss of the enemy, it is impossible to learn with accuracy, for the dead on the burning Spanish ships were not removed, but were burned with them. From what can be learned from the Spanish surgeons, there were upward of eight hundred killed, and double that number wounded. The *McCulloch* having anchored in Cavite harbor on the day after the fight, we saw hospital-flags, the Geneva cross of red in a white field, flying over the cathedral, the hospital, and another large building. The writer was with Lieutenant Hodges,

who had command of the side-wheel steamer *Isabella I*, one of our prizes, when on Tuesday afternoon he started to convey the wounded from Cavite across to Manila. On the one trip made that afternoon two hundred and one were taken over, which did not comprise one half the number to be transferred. We were not allowed to enter the river Pasig at Manila with these wounded, but steam-launches came out and transferred them from our boat to the shore. When the boats from our ships first went ashore after the fight at Cavite, a procession of priests and Sisters of Charity came out to meet them, and asked that we would not kill those who lay wounded in the hospitals, which revealed their idea of the bloodthirstiness of the terrible "Americanos." This idea very

quickly vanished when they found that we were anxious to assist them in every way possible, and to protect them from their own people, a mob of whom started to loot the houses and even the hospital itself.

The physique of the Spanish crews, as shown by the wounded, was far below that of men we would enlist on our ships; in fact, we would think our ships poorly manned with such material.

It was a grand sight, through the night after the fight, to see the burning ships, which lighted up the sky with their flames. Occasionally an explosion would be seen and heard as the magazines ignited. A sample of the horrors of war was seen by the writer on Monday afternoon, when in a rowboat we rowed around the charred skeleton of the *Reina Christina*. Rounding the stern, something unusual showed on the projecting sponson of a forward gun, which, on nearer inspection, proved to be the corpse of a Spaniard, nude, save for a belt about his waist, both legs shot off at the knee, and bearing other horrible wounds. Owing to the body being on the sponson outside the hull, it had not been burned. It was one of the most gruesome sights I have ever seen. I could not be thankful enough that no such sights were to be seen on our ships.

During the second part of the fight the *Olympia* at one time was in the background, while some of the other ships were at work in front of the forts. The big guns in the forward turret of the *Olympia* (or it may have been the turret mechanism) were not working satisfactorily. Admiral Dewey pointed to a large Spanish transport which had been beached during the early morning down in the end of the bay, about two miles distant from the ship, and suggested that they try a shot. Captain Gridley gave the order, and the first shot went through the transport, and the second also went through, within ten feet of the first. The admiral laughed, and said he could find no fault with those guns, or with the gunners either. The crew of the transport went flying over the side, and the boat was soon a mass of flames.

The cutting of the telegraph cable was an incident showing the complete information that the admiral had of everything pertaining to Manila Bay. The Spaniards refused to allow us to send any cable messages from the Manila cable office, which they must shortly have had great reason to regret; for, being informed of the exact location of the submerged cable in the bay, the transport *Zafiro*, by the admiral's orders, within three

hours grappled for, obtained, cut, and buoyed the ends of it, effectually cutting off Spanish communication with the outside world, and leaving the cable in readiness for our use as soon as proper instruments and experts could be obtained.

We had been told before the fleet reached Manila that the Spanish guns were obsolete; that they would jump out of their mountings at the first discharge. The old battery on the mole at the entrance of Pasig River was not used in the fight by the Spaniards. Their shore batteries at Cavite and Corregidor contained some of the finest modern Krupp guns, well mounted, and of larger caliber than any guns in our fleet. The idea that our fleet was opposed only by antiquated, decrepit artillery is nonsense, as we learned when our men were sent ashore at Cavite, after the fight, to blow up the batteries and destroy the guns.

Besides the side-wheel boat *Isabella I*, already mentioned, we captured a number of steam-launches and boats; but the best of them was a fine transport, the *Manila*, which had on board, among other supplies, six hundred tons of coal and a lot of beef cattle. The latter were shortly satisfying American appetites. As spoil of war, the arsenal, with its complete outfit of machinery for naval repairs and for the manufacture of military equipment, and the pile of eight hundred tons of coal and other stores, are items not to be despised.

At the time the *McCulloch* was passing the Corregidor forts a sad event occurred. Overcome by the heat in the engine-room, as the firing of the guns on deck was going on, Chief Engineer Randall was seized with apoplectic convulsions, sinking into a comatose condition, and expiring two hours later. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon the *McCulloch* steamed down the bay, and with an impressive service his body was lowered into the sea.

We were greatly delayed in getting official news of the fight and our victory to the outside world. Our inability to use the cable from Manila made it necessary to send a despatch-boat to Hong-Kong. On May 3 the *McCulloch* was ordered to coal up from the *Nanshan* to the fullest capacity for this trip, for we knew we could obtain no coal at Hong-Kong for the return trip. It was slow work, and in the tropical heat terribly hard on our men coaling our ship; for we could not, of course, obtain laborers from shore to do so. At noon Thursday, May 5, we were off. Flag Lieutenant Brumby; Lieutenant-Commander

Briggs, executive officer of the *Baltimore* during the fight; J. C. Evans, gunner of the *Boston*; Dr. Kindleberger of the *Olympia*; and the war correspondents Stickney, Harden, and McCutcheon, went to Hong-Kong with us. At 12:55 the signal which came to us from the flag-ship read: "Be ready to sail in five minutes"; and on the instant we were off, the band on the *Olympia* sending us sweet strains of music in farewell as we passed her. In passing the *Baltimore*, their band gave us "Auld Lang Syne" as an appropriate farewell to their able executive officer Lieutenant Briggs, who went with us to the hospital at Yokohama. Although suffering from rheumatism, he would not leave his ship until all chance of fighting was past.

The *Boston* and the *Concord* escorted us out past Corregidor, where we sighted the military tops of a man-of-war. We thought a fight was in prospect, and all cleared for action; but as we came nearer the ship proved to be the French cruiser *Bruix*. The usual running time for passenger-boats from Manila to Hong-Kong is sixty hours, but in forty-eight hours we were in the harbor, and the cable-lines were soon hot with the long messages our war correspondents were hurrying forward. It was most pleasing to us all to see the gratification of the English people at Hong-Kong over our victory. It seemed as though our friends at home could not be more delighted. As they put it: Blood is thicker than water.

II. COLONEL GEORGE A. LOUD'S DIARY, WRITTEN DURING THE BATTLE.

ON BOARD THE "McCULLOCH," Saturday, April 30, 8 A. M. The fleet is steaming along near the shore, which is green and fertile. The *Boston* and *Concord* have been detailed to get news of any Spanish war-ships which may be in hiding among the little islands. At 5 P. M. we are in Subig Bay, which the *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Baltimore* have been reconnoitering. We were ordered to stop a little schooner flying the Spanish flag, but the captain had no news, as he came from some other port than Manila. All the captains have been called aboard the *Olympia* for consultation. . . . We expect to have to fight our way into the bay and then settle conclusions with the forts at Manila and the war-ships, which are moored under the guns of the forts. . . .

8:30 P. M. The captains were only on the flag-ship a few minutes. The orders are that we are to run by the Corregidor forts to-night, and we are at once under way. About 11 o'clock all hands were called to quarters, for we were nearing the entrance to the bay. At the left of the entrance we see rockets being sent up. The big ships are nearly all through the pass, and we thought we would get through unnoticed also. We find there are forts on both sides of the wide channel, for a flash and a sharp report tell us they are awake at last. We answer by three shots, and they fire twice more, one shot going directly over us. The *Boston* gives them two shots that rang out sharp and strong from her heavy rifles. No more shots came, and we are all past the forts in safety. Now, in the quiet of the tropical night, we lie down on deck for a few hours' sleep.

6 A. M. Called to quarters at 5 o'clock.

The guns from shore opened at long range. The war-ships, in line, steamed down, swung a half-circle in front of the naval arsenal at Cavite, where the Spanish ships are anchored, but reserved fire until at close range. The fire from the forts was incessant. Our boats passed in line, and the sharp reports from their rifled guns show they are hard at work. The *McCulloch* lies about a mile farther off shore, yet some shots whistle close by our ships and explode near us. It is the most thrilling game a man ever watched, for our lives hang on the success of our ships. As I write the cannonade is incessant, and our ships, after making first passage by their forts, have turned about to pass again and give the starboard batteries a chance.

6:30 A. M. Shots shriek above and around us. Evidently the Spaniards have aimed too high to hit our fighting ships. We fear our ships have met their match, though we are thankful to see that none show the effects of their contact with the Spaniards at close range. Our men show that they have pluck, for we are giving the Dons a battle royal. What is the end to be? Our hope and our lives are all in the balance.

7 A. M. The ships have passed the batteries for the second, third, and fourth times, making two complete circles, and the *Olympia* has just turned in on the third circle, or the fifth time past the batteries. Those who said the Spanish would not fight now see that they were mistaken, for they are making a desperate battle, worthy of their ancestors. Our commodore is giving them a good sample of Yankee pluck, and is handling the squadron like an expert as he is.

7:30 A. M. I was in error in the last note,

for it showed later that our ships were turning a circle up in the bay, firing at longer range as each boat presented its broadside toward the batteries. As the fighting ships are in the upper part of the bay, farthest distant from the *McCulloch* and transports, a gunboat tries to steal out to catch us, and it looked for a moment as though we were in serious trouble. With breathless interest I watched every shot from our ships, and gladly noticed that they had concentrated their fire on this plucky ship, as she appeared to be badly hit and turned about and hurried back to shelter. Our ships are now straightening out to pass in line as at first. I fear greatly for them at this close range, for none are armored further than with protective decks.

7:45 A. M. The *Olympia* is past the batteries, and the *Baltimore* is at short range pouring in her metal. The nerve of gallant Captains Dyer of the *Baltimore* and Gridley of the *Olympia* will be a pride to all Americans, and the other captains are close behind them. The *Baltimore* is so high out of the water, and thus is so conspicuous a target at this short range, that it seems as though the Spaniards would surely destroy her. Our hearts ache for the result, for many of our brave men will never see another sunrise. This is Sunday and May-day, and it will be an American date in history. It is a sultry day, with dazzling sunlight, but the sunlight is against the enemy. Shots are shrieking over us, for some battery has decided to make a target of us instead of our heavy-weights that oppose them.

8 A. M. Our ships have all passed and have gone away out of range. The firing has nearly ceased. We are extremely anxious for the news. Are our ships to go again into that cyclone of shot and shell, or what? A fire of some kind over at the forts shows we have left our track behind us, and we are curious to know what it is. We think and hope it is some of the Spanish fleet, for the destruction of this fleet is our principal business here.

11 A. M. Glorious, glorious news comes back from the flag-ship. Not a man killed or seriously wounded on our ships in the two hours' combat! It seems impossible, when fighting at such close range. The range was so near that the rapid-fire guns in the fighting-tops of our larger ships were pouring in their fire. The combat is to be renewed shortly. Two Spanish ships are burning and we think we have sunk another. The *Olympia* steams by close to us and gives us three rousing cheers, which we send ringing back for them. The sailors are dressed down to fight-

ing trim, undershirts and duck trousers. They are in good heart and ready for the finish, and they and their ship in its dress of somber drab look ready for business, if not for parade.

11:20 A. M. The *Baltimore* is now close in to the batteries. We are steaming out to meet the English passenger-steamer from Hong-Kong, which we see coming up the bay.

12 NOON. After speaking the *Esmeralda* we are now returning to our wards, the *Zafiro* and *Nanshan*. We are too far away to see well, but for the last twenty minutes our ships, led by the *Baltimore*, have been pouring rapid fire into the navy-yard batteries. From the batteries we can see desultory shots. Two of our heavy ships, the *Boston* and *Raleigh*, are lying in the background as reserves, and the four others are fighting it out. It is a cool, deliberate duel, and it is plain that our ships are trying most carefully to make every shot count. The *Baltimore* has drawn out and the *Raleigh* has gone in, firing her forward guns as she goes.

12:30 P. M. We are called to lunch, but none of us can leave the fascinating spectacle for a moment. Three Spanish ships are burning. The little *Petrel* is at the front, working her broadside guns, and the *Raleigh* follows to reduce the batteries, if possible, at close quarters. The Spaniards are clear grit and still keep their flag flying.

12:45 P. M. The *Petrel*, *Raleigh*, and *Boston* are at the front, the other three lying in the rear.

1:05 P. M. The three ships at the front rattled in a continuous hot fire which finished the fight, and the *Petrel* has just signaled that the enemy has struck. On our ships all hands are called, the crew sent into the rigging, and three cheers are called for by Lieutenant Foley for the Asiatic Squadron. Never were any cheers given with more thankful hearts. We all shake hands with such a glad feeling of congratulation that it will never be forgotten. We all agree, however, that the Spaniard is a tough fighter, even if he cannot shoot straight. It is a most astonishing result—this four hours' shooting, partly from the finest Krupp cannon, with no harm done to our ships, and only six very slightly wounded on the *Baltimore* from flying splinters. There was no excuse for the Spaniards, for we gave them full broadsides at short range for targets.

2 P. M. The *Olympia* ranged up alongside us, showing hardly a dent or scratch, and a beautiful sight she was with six strings of signal-flags on fore and after spars. The

Manila consul, Mr. Williams, was sent aboard our ship, the crew of happy tars on the *Olympia* giving him three cheers as he left their ship. We transferred the consul to an English merchantman, by whose captain the consul sent a demand ashore to the Spanish governor-general for surrender of the city.

11 A. M., Monday, May 2d. We were on guard all night. From the flag-ship this morning we have these details of yesterday's

fight: On the *Olympia* a six-pound shell cut the rigging four feet over the admiral's head, and as Flag Lieutenant Brumby and Ensign Scott were raising signal-flags the halyards were shot away. The *Petrel* brings a string of captured small craft from the navy-yard trailing behind her, and the news that there were one hundred and thirty Spaniards killed on the *Reina Christina*, the captain included, and Admiral Montojo wounded. . . .

Geo. A. Loud.

III. NARRATIVE OF DR. CHARLES P. KINDLEBERGER, JUNIOR SURGEON OF THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

WHEN we left our anchorage at Hong-Kong for Mirs Bay we passed close to an English army hospital-ship lying in the stream. The patients gathered on the port side, and, with the doctors and nurses, gave three hearty cheers as we steamed slowly by. It did our hearts good, and from all our ships ringing Yankee voices answered them in kind. It was known at Hong-Kong that we were to proceed to Manila to destroy the Spanish fleet, and no doubt the Spanish consul at Hong-Kong telegraphed our mission to the authorities at Manila. The Chinese at Hong-Kong regarded our intentions with apathy, but I believe that the Japanese trusted in our victory.

We left Mirs Bay at 2 P. M., April 27, 1898, the fleet grim in its dull war color, and every heart aboard beating with excitement and resolve. All knew that the orders had been received to proceed direct to Manila and to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet, but the outcome was dark with mystery. English naval officers predicted that we would win easily, for they had seen our target practice; but other naval officers declared that the Spaniards had the weight of metal, and if they made the fight under the protection of the guns in Manila Bay, they ought to win. Nothing is so difficult for the American temperament to endure as uncertainty. As the vessels sailed over the calm sea between Hong-Kong and Manila it was easy to see that inaction fretted officers and men almost beyond endurance. The commodore had given orders for eight knots only, in order to economize coal, and this slow movement annoyed the men, who were keyed up

to fighting tension and suffered under the enforced idleness.

Cape Bolinao, the first headland of the main island of Luzon, was reached at four o'clock on the morning of Saturday, April 30. A report was brought to Commodore Dewey that a Spanish war vessel was in the little harbor, but he did not credit the rumor. We ran close inshore all day along the beautiful tropical coast of the island of Luzon. Poet or painter never pictured a lovelier scene, for in color and luxuriance of vegetation this island is not excelled anywhere in the world. We should have enjoyed the voyage had it not been for the preparations for battle and death seen on every side.

During the day everything made of wood that shot could reach was ruthlessly stripped off and cast overboard. Even the personal belongings of officers and men suffered the same fate. Rails and planks were cut away by jackies with their sharp axes, and chairs, tables, chests, and a great variety of smaller articles were added to the curious collection that littered the ocean for miles. It was hard on the lovers of curios, but nothing escaped the vigilance of the officers whose orders were to guard against splinters, more deadly on the gun-deck of the modern man-of-war than a solid shot.

Two hours after sighting Cape Bolinao the *Boston* and the *Concord* were detached by the commodore and ordered to make a reconnaissance of Subig Bay, forty miles away, where it was reported the day before we left Mirs Bay that the Spanish admiral would await the American fleet. Later the *Baltimore* was despatched under full steam to

assist them. When they returned they reported that two Spanish schooners were met near Subig Bay, but no trustworthy information was gained from their crews. No Spanish war vessels were seen, but the master of one of the schooners declared that he had just come from Manila harbor and that the Spanish fleet was not there. A Philippine insurgent leader, who was on one of our ships, boarded the schooner and closely questioned the crew. His report was that no dependence could be placed upon them. "They are liars," said he; "and this story is a lie."

When the three vessels returned to the fleet Commodore Dewey signaled for a council of war. All the captains met in the commodore's room on the *Olympia*, and after a short discussion it was decided to run the batteries at the entrance of Manila harbor at midnight. As soon as the captains returned, the fleet was off again at six-knot speed. When night fell all lights were put out except a hooded stern lantern on each ship, which served as a steering guide to the vessel following.

As junior medical officer on the *Olympia* my station in battle was in the sick-bay situated forward on the berth-deck beneath the eight-inch turret, and close to the forward ammunition-hoist. Before we left Mirs Bay the men had been instructed in the application of tourniquets and first aid to the injured. At the same time bandages and tourniquets were distributed to each division. All were instructed to have their hair clipped short, and most of the officers and men complied. This was for better endurance of the fierce heat and to facilitate the dressing of scalp wounds.

Instructions were also given in the art of carrying the wounded both by bearers and on stretchers, and orders were passed that all sick and wounded were to be brought at once to the sick-bay or the medical station aft. In charge of the forward bay was the senior medical officer, Dr. Price, assisted by myself, two baymen, and the apothecary. Aft was the senior assistant medical officer and Chaplain Frazier. About 6 P. M. we began to prepare the sick-bay for the coming battle. The battle ports were closed and a canvas screen placed around all the sides and on the inboard partitions to protect the surgeons and the wounded from splinters. Our instruments were laid out ready for operations; antiseptic solutions, ligatures, tourniquets, stimulants, anesthetics, etc., were placed on a table close by; and the operating-table was in position to receive patients.

When these preparations had been made I went on deck. The history of the American navy is full of exciting episodes, but I doubt whether in the midst of any battle the nervous tension of officers and men was greater than on this night, as we entered the harbor of Manila. Not a light could be seen as the *Olympia* steamed slowly into the broad channel between the islands of Corregidor and El Fraile. Dark and grim the Spanish fortifications loomed on either side, and it seemed well-nigh hopeless that we should escape observation. But the commodore followed a mid-channel course, and in the gloom all the fleet had passed the islands, except the revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the transports, when suddenly from the summit of Corregidor, six hundred feet above us, leaped a rocket, and its blazing course lighted up the heavens. Instantly an answering signal came from the opposite fort, and a moment later the boom of great guns from the south shore showed that the Spaniards were aroused and knew that the enemy was at their gates.

Magical was the change in the bearing of the men on the *Olympia*. They sprang to the guns, eager to reply to the Spanish challenge, but Commodore Dewey forbade any firing. The *Boston*, the *McCulloch*, and the *Concord* responded with a few shots; but orders were given to cease firing, and the slow, silent, forward movement was resumed. Probably the fleet would have entered the harbor undetected had it not been for the blazing smokestack of the *McCulloch* and the stern lights; but the discovery and the aimless firing by the Spanish gunners had a good moral effect on the men. Before, they had been nervous and overwrought. Now, with the certain knowledge that fighting was in store for them at break of day, they dropped down in the warm tropical night beside their guns or wherever they had been stationed, and were soon sound asleep.

Morning came, and just before the shadows lifted all hands had coffee. Then the galley fires were extinguished and the preparations for battle occupied all on board. At 5:15 o'clock we passed the merchant fleet, composed of English sailing vessels, with one German ship. They lay in the way of the fire of the forts. Just after we had passed them the batteries at Manila opened fire, but the only vessel to respond was the *Boston* with a few eight-inch shells. The revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the two transports, *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*, were left in the middle of the bay, but still in range. Then the six

fighting ships, cleared for action, sailed in to meet the fleet and the batteries. With three flags flying on each vessel, the ships made a brave sight.

The flag-ship *Olympia* led the way, and was followed by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, and *Boston*. We made a wide circle and came round opposite the city of Manila and down toward Cavite fortress, from which the red-and-yellow colors of Spain were proudly flying. At first we could not make out the Spanish fleet, and feared that it had really escaped; but a few minutes later we descried the flags fluttering from the vessels as they lay in a half-circle in Bakor Bay, just back of Cavite. On the *Olympia* the men stood at their guns with set teeth and the smile that one sees so often on the faces of men in the prize-ring.

When seven miles away puffs of smoke and roar of guns showed that the forts had begun their fire on us. But the shells did not reach, and the fleet sailed on without reply. Still silent, the *Olympia* drew near until she was only forty-four hundred yards away from fort and fleet. Then the roar of one of her forward eight-inch guns was the signal that the fight had opened. Almost instantly—it seemed to me like an echo—came the sound of the guns of the other ships. First would come the flash, then the puff of smoke, and then the mighty roar. We fired our port batteries in turn, and then, swinging round, discharged the starboard guns.

During this fight and the one later I watched the spectacle from the six-pounder guns forward of the sick-bay. There was very little for me to do, and as these guns were fired only when the ship was at short range from the shore, my position was an ideal one. Early in the fight I saw what looked like a ten-inch shell coming toward the ship with frightful velocity. It seemed inevitable that we should be destroyed. The shell struck the water ten feet from the bow and ricocheted clear over the vessel, with a screech that was indescribable. Had it struck five feet higher I should not tell this tale. Other shells fell as near, and the impact sent the water splashing over us.

Soon after two torpedo-boats put out from the fleet. They came straight for the *Olympia*, with the manifest purpose of sinking the flag-ship. When the foremost boat reached close range a perfect storm of steel burst upon it. The surface of the ocean burst into foam under the hail of shot, and the doomed boat went down with all her crew. The other, seeing the fate of her companion, turned and

made for the shore. With riddled sides she managed to float until the few surviving members of her crew escaped. As we neared Cavite a mine field exploded, but as we were fully a thousand yards off, the ship was not hurt.

Five times the fleet ranged up and down before Cavite, each vessel pouring in broadsides upon the Spanish fleet and the batteries of Cavite. As soon as the Spanish admiral could get up steam on his flag-ship, the *Reina Christina*, he came boldly out to give us battle. It was magnificent, but in his case it certainly was not war, for his flag-ship was hit again and again and his men were driven from their guns by the fierce fire of the *Olympia* and the other vessels. I saw the vessel turn and begin an attempt to retreat; but as she swung about, an eight-inch shell from one of our guns raked the ship fore and aft. We learned later that this single shell killed the captain and sixty men, hopelessly crippled the ship, and set her on fire. Several other ships were burning fiercely as at 7:30 the signal was given and our fleet drew off.

This was the signal that the Spaniards misconstrued as a sign that the Americans had retreated to repair damages. The truth is that Commodore Dewey desired to consult his captains and also to give all hands breakfast. The men had been fighting in the fierce heat for two hours, and they were worn with fatigue and hunger. But, weary as they were, they laughed when they looked shoreward and saw the effects of their work, accomplished without any serious damage to their own vessels or any loss to their men. A cold lunch was served, and soon the men were ready to fight again.

Looking over to Cavite, the sight was one that no one who beheld it will ever forget. The forts of Manila and batteries at Cavite were throwing tons of shot and shell across the water; but all were wasted, as they fell short of the fleet. Along near the shore the *Reina Christina* was in a blaze and the *Castilla* was burning.

At 10:45 the attack was resumed. Nothing in the whole engagement showed more nerve than the dash made by the *Baltimore* and the *Olympia* up to the Cavite batteries. It was vitally necessary that these batteries should be silenced, as the fleet lay behind them, and the forts mounted big guns that could sink any of our ships with one well-planted shot. Both ships steamed full speed straight for the fort. We saw the *Baltimore* disappear in a cloud of smoke. Then we en-

tered it and delivered a broadside. Nothing human could stand such a fire, well delivered at close range, and the Spaniards were forced to abandon their guns.

Then all the ships turned their guns on the remnant of the Spanish fleet, and under the terrible fire the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* sank with her colors flying. The big American ships did not dare venture far inside the harbor, but the *Concord* and the *Petrel* steamed in and shelled forts and ships. The *Concord* drove the crew of one hundred men from the transport *Mindanao* and set her on fire, while the *Petrel* burned all the ships she found afloat. At five minutes after one o'clock the white flag went up on Cavite fort.

When our men caught sight of this flag cheers went up which stirred one's blood. The sailors were beside themselves with joy, and cheered, shouted, hugged one another, and indulged in many other signs of rejoicing. Then came the report that no lives had been lost, and the cheering was redoubled.

At noon the day after the battle the Spanish evacuated Cavite. I was sent ashore to bury eight Spaniards, and landed at the hospital on the point near Cavite. I went through all its wards. The sight was terrible. It is a good hospital, with detached wards in little pavilions grouped about the central buildings. Everything was in good order and cleanly. I conversed with several of the doctors in French, as I do not speak Spanish and they had no English at command. They were extremely courteous, but to my question, "How many Spanish were killed and wounded?" they replied sadly that they did not know. In the wards I saw over eighty wounded. The horrors of war were seen at their worst. Some of the men were fearfully burned, some with limbs freshly amputated, others with their eyes shot out, their features torn away by steel or splinters—every kind of injury that surgery records. The shrieks and groans of the wounded were appalling. I could not stay to hear them, though my profession is calculated to harden one against such scenes. Had I been working, I should have endured it, but as an onlooker it was unbearable. We had received urgent messages from these doctors saying for God's sake to send Americans to guard the hospital against the insurgents, who, they feared, would murder them and their patients. We had posted guards as soon as possible, but not before the insurgents had robbed them of all the clothing not on their backs and all their food except enough for twelve hours.

I walked through Cavite with several officers and saw the insurgents looting the stores and houses. They were carrying away provisions, clothing, furniture, and everything else portable. The Spaniards had all fled, and they were undisturbed in their greedy labors. When they met us they bowed and smiled indulgently, with many salutations and spoken desires for our welfare.

I shall not forget the burial of the eight men for whose interment I had been despatched with a line officer and party. We came upon them lying on a little porch behind a small hospital in the Cavite navy-yard. The bodies were mangled and ghastly. A leg was missing from one, the back of the head from another, the wall of the abdomen from a third. Those who were not instantly killed must have died soon after the receipt of their injuries. Evidently they had been laid where we found them and then deserted. Shells had wrought the fearful havoc. Although dead but a few hours, the corpses were in an advanced stage of decomposition, owing to the climatic conditions. We dug a trench, covered the bodies with quicklime, and consigned them to the earth. The hospital inmates at Cavite were afterward sent to Manila under the Geneva cross in a captured steamer.

It seemed incredible to us, after the smoke and excitement of battle had cleared away, that we had lost not a single man, and that not a single ship had been seriously damaged. Primarily to the wretched gunnery of the Spanish we owed our escape; but there was an element of luck also in the escape of so many vessels from random shots. Many of their guns were old, but still they had enough good guns afloat and ashore to have made a destructive fight had they had the skill to handle them. Of ammunition and torpedoes also they had an ample store. No one who witnessed the Spaniards in action could say that they lacked courage. In fact, they exposed themselves, yet their valor was wasted in this long-range fighting. It was the oft-told story of the man behind the gun.

During the first battle Boatswain's Mate Heaney of the *Olympia* was treated by me for crushed fingers caused by the recoil of a gun, and another man suffered from the same cause, having a slight scalp wound. Two others had minor injuries. In the second battle none were hurt in the least or were made sick by the heat and work. The day was clear and excessively hot, but about the beginning of the second fight a fresh breeze sprang up which lasted all that day and

night. It was of incalculable benefit to our men, but the state of the thermometer may be judged from the fact that we all slept on deck that night without covering. The *Olympia* was struck thirteen times by Spanish shots, three times in the hull and the rest in the rigging. Two shots cracked the plates, but did not pierce them. I was told by a Spaniard after the battle that they thought our ships were armored, and so used armor-piercing shells, which, coupled with poor marksmanship, may account for our seemingly miraculous escape from harm.

The noise of the explosions was stunning, and a number of officers and men had their ears plugged with cotton as a safeguard. They could still hear commands, but were saved the shock of the rapid-firing guns. A private of marines was made deaf for several days, and powder smoke made many choke and caused watering of the eyes among all. When the eight-inch guns went off the noise in the sick-bay was terrible, and a cloud of smoke hid all from view in that direction. The ship heaved as if in the grip of a tidal wave, and one felt as though nothing could withstand the concussion.

I saw no fear shown by any one. After the battle began the coolness of the men and

officers was as real and as great as if they were at target practice. They aimed their guns with the ease and steadiness of men shooting partridges, and cheered each shot home to its mark. Exclamations of satisfaction when some specially valuable target was hit were frequent, and all executed their manœuvres with the sang-froid of veterans.

My part in the conflict being almost entirely that of a spectator, I had opportunities to see much, but I can give only my ideas of the battle and its surroundings. I left for Hong-Kong in the *McCulloch* with others a few days afterward, but before that time we had destroyed the batteries at the mouth of Manila Bay and were loading the captured transport *Manila* with guns and other trophies of the victory. Manila had not surrendered, but Dewey sent word that if a shot was fired from the city he would lay the place in ashes. The admiration for Dewey—which I have discovered since my arrival in America amounts to idolatry—is well deserved. He is worshiped by his men. All knew before the battle that he was a magnificent theorist in naval affairs, but it was a revelation to find that he was a genius in management and one of the greatest sea-fighters the century has produced.

Charles P. Kindleberger,
Assistant Surgeon, U.S. Navy.

IV. NARRATIVE OF JOEL C. EVANS, GUNNER OF THE 'BOSTON.'

I WAS in charge of the forward ammunition supply on the *Boston* during the battle of Manila Bay. I can only tell of the battle as I saw it and heard of its incidents at the time from officers and men aboard the American men-of-war. To begin at the bow of the story, the American fleet sailed from Mirs Bay, April 27. We steamed slowly for Cape Bolinao, the formation of the ships being "column at distance," or what a landsman might call Indian file, except the reserve division, which was on the starboard beam.

We went ahead on the 30th with the *Concord* to reconnoiter Subig Bay, where the Spanish commander intended to meet us; and his plans, captured later, showed that he had it in mind to sweep us off the face of the water. The rest of the fleet joined us in the bay, and we steered south until about thirty

miles from Manila harbor, when we were ordered to general quarters. Now we had no lights except a glimmering lantern on each stern to follow, but the enemy found us. The *McCulloch* had a Japanese brand of coal, and her smokestack appeared like a bonfire at election time. When we saw a rocket go up from Corregidor no one gave the Spanish credit for superior eyesight. We were not surprised when a gun boomed from the south shore, and we let them have an eight-inch shell just to tell them that they had seen us surely. The *Concord* fired two six-inch guns and the *McCulloch* four times, and then we paid no more attention to them or they to us. Two hours after midnight we were told to lie down, and the ships crept along at four knots an hour while we secured some sleep.

About five o'clock, just as daylight brightened the horizon, we were rushed to quarters without breakfast except a bite of hardtack and some cold meat. My station was on the forward berth-deck. My duties were to see that the ammunition called for from above was sent on deck with the utmost despatch and without mistakes in the size and kind desired. All the ammunition is stored in the lower hold, or the part of the ship next to the keel, there being different compartments for the powder, the shells, and the fixed ammunition. Technically, I had charge of the "forward powder division," and under me were twenty-five men. They were firemen and coal-heavers, off duty in the engine-room and trained to man the whips. They were used to their work, as this was their regular battle station, and even in practice the same discipline was enforced as when now we were fighting for country and life.

The Chinese servants, ordinarily used for fetching and carrying, were impressed into service, and showed courage and skill. The ship was already prepared for battle. Everything that led to the berth-deck from above was closed except the hatches for passing up the ammunition. This was to prevent a draft in case of fire. Every water-tight compartment was also shut, save, of course, the ones through which the ammunition came. The system of artificial ventilation had been stopped since midnight, and the valves in the air-duct closed, making the compartments absolutely water-tight, as with open valves a leak in the ship as the result of a collision or shot would be fatal. At the same time we had sent up four rounds for each heavy gun and two boxes of fixed ammunition for each of the secondary-battery guns.

Nothing had been neglected, and we were in perfect readiness when at daybreak we descried a line of merchant vessels at anchor, and soon afterward the Spanish men-of-war. Nine were counted drawn up in battle array. Now began our work in earnest.

I must tell first what we did below, where we could not see the fight, but felt it, perhaps, more than those above. Then I will tell what my mates who manned the guns saw and what they did. It was a little after half-past five o'clock when the roar of a gun on our deck above let me know that we had taken a hand in the game. It was an eight-inch monster, and before its echo below had died away the call for ammunition came. I think that was the proudest moment of my twenty-four years in the navy. I had sent many a shell above to hit or miss a sand-bank or some

old hulk for target practice, but we knew now that every one "meant business." On the bridge Captain Wildes would shout what was wanted, and the word came to us from those assisting above in hoisting. Each projectile was slung ready for use, the powder in copper cylinders and the fixed ammunition for the rapid-firing guns in boxes. The men worked coolly, with nothing troubling them but the heat and curiosity. Their eagerness to know what was going on was overwhelming, and impelled them to rush to the ports to discover the cause of extraordinary activity on deck or of hulls in the firing. I had little opportunity for this, as I had to be particularly careful that no error was made in the ammunition, and that not a second was lost. What between orders for full and reduced charges, steel and shell, I was kept busy all the time.

Often I have been asked if we were afraid. My answer is that I never saw men as easy in mind as those below; and later, when I went on deck, one would have fancied we were at a garden party for all the fear exhibited. The Chinese showed as much nerve as the Americans. They toiled at the whips and in lifting and carrying the ammunition. Their faces were as impassive as when serving dinner in Hong-Kong harbor. They chattered to each other in their own language, and laughed in their celestial way, when a shot, striking the foremast, shook the ship, caused the paint to scale off the mast a foot from us, and the angle-lines which strengthen it inside to rattle loudly. "Velly good," said one, and mechanically resumed his task. They, too, were curious; and when some man would sing out from the ports that we had struck a Spanish ship they were as happy as we. My own feelings were so lost in anxiety to do well with the ammunition that for the first hour and a half I thought little of what was being done above.

After this I became exhausted from the heat, loss of sleep, and lack of proper food; and when we were ordered to cease supplying ammunition I went on deck and lay down on the desk in the chart-house. Below, the thermometer was at 116°, and the fresh air was a great relief. From this vantage-point I could see the destruction we had wrought, and was informed of all that had happened.

The most exciting incident of the battle, perhaps never exceeded in its audacity and its fearful results for the attacking party, was the attempt of two torpedo-boats to destroy the *Olympia*. They waited as she ap-

proached, and then came at her full speed. The *Olympia* poured a storm of big shells about them, but they presented such a small target at the distance of several miles that they were not hit, and each moment of their nearer approach was filled with suspense and dread for all on our ships. Insignificant as they were, they might send the flag-ship to the bottom of the bay, and every shot directed at them carried a prayer for its success. When within eight hundred yards the *Olympia* used her secondary battery, and almost drowned the torpedo-boats in a rain of projectiles. The one which led suddenly paused, and then, coming on a few feet, blew up and sank with her crew. The other fled for the beach, and was found there the next day, a mere sieve, battered and blood-stained.

The engagement was a general one by this time, and forts and ships fired at one another with the fury of desperation on one side and perfect confidence on the other. The *Boston* was ordered to look after the *Reina Christina* and the *Castilla*, and we went as close to them as we might with any degree of prudence, steaming in an ellipse and firing the port battery. Then we ported our helm and gave them the starboard guns. The *Boston* did not escape unscathed. We were struck a number of times. The shot that had disturbed us below nearly ended Captain Wildes's life. He was on the bridge, with sun helmet, palm-leaf fan, and cigar, when the shot hit the foremast three feet over his head, passed from starboard to port, cutting a shroud in the fore-rigging, and burst ten feet from the side, the recoil sending the base-plug back on deck. The captain watched the shell's progress intently, and then resumed his smoking. Of all the officers on the bridge he was the only one who did not try to dodge the missile. He simply said, "We were lucky, gentlemen!" This shell went through the foremast, making a clean hole, and a piece of the mast fell on a man's foot, but so gently as not to injure him. Quartermaster Burton, at the "conn," had his cheek skinned by splinters of paint from the mast, and one or two suffered trifling bruises. A one-pound shell landed on a gun, was deflected to the deck, making an indentation, and was thrown overboard by a quick-witted gunner before it exploded.

We made the five trips past the forts and fleet, peppering the *Reina Christina* whenever able. Just two hours after the beginning of the battle we hauled out, and, withdrawing a few miles, the order was given for breakfast. Then it was that I went on deck. I could

not eat, but was fortunate enough to get a cup of Paymaster Martin's coffee. The men had cold comfort, as the galley fires had been ordered extinguished at 4 A. M. They were wearied and hungry, and ate the bread and meat with good appetites. After the meal the officers were summoned to the *Olympia* for a consultation. The *Boston* had no boat, as all were found shattered by the concussion of the guns. The *Petrel* loaned us a gig, and Captain Wildes was gone some time. Meanwhile we had our eyes glued on the ships we had been maiming, and were gratified to see the *Reina Christina* burst into flames, followed by the *Castilla*. We cheered and shook hands, and then I went below to my station, as the second round was to begin.

My men were talking excitedly about the fight, and naturally their versions were different. Some were sure that the *Boston* had done all the damage inflicted on the Spanish, and others that we had been badly hurt. The *Baltimore* led back, the *Olympia* seeking to save her ammunition, which was almost spent. The *Boston* was the third ship in the return. The *Baltimore* faced the Cavite forts at close range, and for twenty minutes fired without cessation. A mine field burst a thousand yards from her, but without damage. The *Baltimore* then steamed ahead two hundred yards, the *Olympia* taking her place for the same length of time. The *Boston* was favored at the end of forty minutes, when we attacked the sea face of the forts where the *Olympia* had been. We got so near inshore that our stern was in the mud, and we were as steady as a rock. I think there were only three guns then firing from the fort, and our first eight-inch shell dismounted all three. We then fired at all Spanish property within range, and, knowing that it was the end of the battle, took pride in accurate firing and measured ranges.

In the second fight I sent up ammunition until 11:30, about three-quarters of an hour. All my men were naked except for shoes and drawers, and I wore only a cotton shirt in addition. Three in the after powder division fainted from the heat, but none of my force was overcome. The heat was really fearful. The powder smoke settled down, choking us and half blinding some, and only the love of the work kept us going. The Chinese stood the heat better than we did.

The *Boston* stayed by the batteries until they were silent. All this time the two Spanish vessels were ablaze. The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* had the attention of most of us, and

finally went down with her colors flying. The Spanish emblem was still on the navy-yard, but a shell from the *Petrel* changed it for the white flag of surrender. The Spanish must have been magicians, for they switched the bunting as Herrmann used to change the rabbits. Maybe they had anticipated the inevitable. By an accident to her engine-room telegraph, the *Boston* was cut out of the job of going inside and destroying all the vessels, and the *Petrel* did the work. Then the cheering became general, and as ship after ship passed in their manœuvres the men shouted themselves hoarse with joy. The signal was set that none had been killed on any vessel of ours. It is not easy to convey a proper idea of the enthusiasm and delight at the news that our men were all safe, after the hell we had been through for hours. We could hardly believe it. All during the battle rumors flew with the shells, and we discussed reports of killed and wounded with eagerness and grief. Men who in the excitement of the moment had guessed that shots which hit or went near to our vessels must have injured the crews aboard, and who had credited and helped to spread these reports, were now so glad at their untruth that they actually cried like children. Allowance must perhaps be made for the revulsion of feeling which followed the great excitement since we left Mirs Bay, but I am sure that never again shall I see men give way so freely to their feelings as did the Yankee tars after the day was won at Manila. Some few who were religious audibly thanked God, and some the saints, that death had claimed none of us; and I recall one man who was on his knees in an ecstasy of thanksgiving when ordered above for some duty. An old gunner whose thirty years of service have made him wise in nautical and other things said: "God was pointing our guns, and maybe the devil was aiming the Spanish."

It was a lesson to see how quickly we relapsed into the routine of ship life after firing had ceased. Decks were washed and galley fires lighted. The big events that came

later are better told by those who were in authority. It was related to me by an officer on the *Olympia* that when the token of surrender had been shown, Dewey turned to his staff and said: "I've the prettiest lot of men that ever stepped on shipboard, and their hearts are as stout as the ships."

After the first flush of victory there was much work to be done, and we were all busy for several days. Incidents of the hot hours of fighting were recalled, and at mess the heroic and the ludicrous were mingled in the talk. Among the gunners the favorite discussion was the marksmanship of the Spanish. They lacked only skill to make a good fight. They had had scarcely any target practice. We of the *Boston* had had thirteen practice shoots in a twelvemonth. We husbanded our ammunition during the battle, while they poured it prodigally into the bay. They seemed to fire at random during the engagement of our entire fleet, whereas each American gunner had his target and concentrated his fire upon it. The British naval officers in Hong-Kong knew the difference between us and the Spanish in this particular, and when we were leaving port for Manila the captain of the *Immortalité* shouted to Captain Wildes: "You will surely win. I have seen too much of your target practice to doubt it." The British in China were confident of our victory when we sailed, but I believe that the Russian, German, and French naval officers thought Spain would conquer.

I returned to Hong-Kong on the *McCulloch*, leaving Manila on May 5. We made the trip in forty-six and a half hours. Our reception in the harbor was generous. We were surrounded by launches, while representatives of governments and of newspapers all over the world implored speedy information. That night ashore was to be remembered. The Americans made a jollification of it that outdid any celebration in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The British residents joined in it, and in spirit the men of the two nations were one in rejoicing over the victory of the Anglo-Saxon.

Joel C Evans

A MOTHER OF SPAIN.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

MY little lad! my little lad!
Would I were by thy side to-day!
Mother of God! I shall go mad—
Heart of my heart so far away!
So far away, o'er cruel seas—
Earth, sea, and sky seem one red blot!
I hate, I hate this cool, soft breeze
That fans me, since he feels it not.

Perchance o'er fever-breeding plains
He marches, faint, with throbbing head.
(Would God that I could share those pains!)
Perchance—no, no, he is not *dead*!
"T is for the country, for dear Spain?"
Ay—love of country once I had,
But something burns so in my brain—
My little lad! my little lad!

HOW INDIA HAS SAVED HER FORESTS.

A LESSON TO THE UNITED STATES.

BY E. KAY ROBINSON.

THE mistake which is generally made in estimating the achievements of the Forest Department of the government of India is to suppose that these are the result of any preconceived plan of imperial magnitude, and would therefore be difficult and costly to imitate. As a matter of fact, the Indian Forest Department is the outcome of a tentative and almost trifling experiment. It may be doubted, indeed, whether even the clear evidence of mischief wrought by past neglect of forest preservation would ever have moved the government of India to action on any large scale. Timidity in incurring expenditure has always been the bane of that government, and its greatest and most successful undertakings have generally been forced upon it by necessity. Thus the Indian Forest Department owes its existence to the pinch of difficulty which was experienced, just fifty years ago, in providing timber for building war-ships in the dockyards of Bombay. In the previous year a local bureau had been created in Bombay to control the timber contractors; but the germ of the existing department was sowed farther afield, in Madras, where the discerning eyes of General Frederick Cotton noted, on an official tour, the reckless havoc that was being perpetrated in the dwindling forests of Madras to meet the demands of the contractors for the Bombay dockyard. On his recommendation, the task of evolving a scheme to protect the

Madras forests was intrusted to Lieutenant Michael, who had "seen something of forestry in Switzerland." The lieutenant still lives, as Major-General Michael, near London; and thus we have within the span of one man's active life the whole development in India of the successful effort of civilized man to undo man's uncivilized mischief. This is summarized in the growth and work of the Indian Forest Department; and it is as typical of that department's functions that so large a tree should have grown from a chance seed, as it is characteristic of the ways of the government of India that the man to whom so much is due should still go unrewarded.

For seven years Lieutenant Michael worked in the Madras forests, fixing by his personal experience the healthy and unhealthy seasons for forest operations, and, with "no better company than tame or wild elephants," generally stereotyping the practical lines upon which the protection and development of Indian forests are still carried on. Then, having risen step by step to colonel's rank, having ruined his health by years of exposure to jungle-fever, and having created a solid forest revenue for the Madras government, and secured an immeasurably greater gain in the creation of a preserve of forest resources annually increasing in value both to the government and to the community at large, he retired from his appointment. With Lieutenant Michael must be bracketed, as authors of Indian forestry, Dr. H. Cleghorn and Dr. (later Sir) D. Brandis. If the first was the pioneer

of practical forest work, the second has been described as the father of scientific arboriculture in India, while the third possessed that genius for organization which converted a small bureau in the far south of the country into an imperial department which exercises complete control over one eighth of the entire peninsula, producing a revenue approximating to a million sterling per annum. This sum, moreover, may be regarded merely as the lowest possible rate of interest derived from a growing capital which has been entirely created for the benefit of posterity by the labors of the Forest Department of India, whose guiding principle remains to-day, as it has been from the beginning, the subordination of current profits to the improvement of state property for the benefit of the people. "Reserved" state forests are marked off, large enough to supply all local and foreign demands upon each district for timber, fuel, and general forest produce, and these are worked so as to supply the largest possible *permanent* yield in the most economical way.

The three great difficulties in the way have been, first, the neglect of forests in the past, causing the denudation of land whose re-afforestation has become a Sisyphean task; secondly, the traditions of the villagers, who had assumed a right of user in the matter of timber, fuel, and grazing to all forest land; and, thirdly, the habits of the people, who conceive that the best way of paying off a grudge against the government, of securing a tender crop of fodder for their cattle next season, or, in the case of jungle tribes, of preparing the ground for agriculture, is to set fire to a forest. Consequently, the preservation of reserved forests from injury by fire has come to be regarded, due allowance being made for the nature of the inhabitants, as the criterion by which successful forest work in India is judged, even more than by the maintenance of seed-bearing trees, the reproduction of valuable timber, or the pecuniary profit accruing to the state.

It is, however, the curse of forestry in India that its large domain of remunerative, scientific, and philanthropic public work should be dragged at the tail of the procession of political functions appertaining to the Home Department. Yet, in spite of this, the Indian forest officers do splendid work over the vast area committed to their charge, in every extreme of climate, from the moist, impenetrable forests of Assam, covering three fourths of the province, to the arid hillsides of Baluchistan.

Enumeration of the timber wealth of India would give no idea of the variety of factors with which forest officers have to deal. In Sind, for instance, it is no unusual detail of a year's forest work that an officer in charge of a district should report, as in 1894, the acquisition of ten thousand acres of treeless waste, and the loss of six thousand acres of forest, through the vagaries of the river Indus, which annually shifts its bed to right or left, often wiping out villages and threatening cities in its course. It all comes in the day's work of the forest officer in the Punjab, also, that he should ride for miles over the coarse pasturage of treeless *ruk* land (coarse pasturage classified as "forest"), and personally impound the herds of half-wild buffaloes of neighboring villagers trespassing thereon. If he should have to encounter villagers sallying out with iron-shod bamboo staves, and offering forcible resistance—why, that comes into the day's work, too.

The task of the forest officer naturally divides itself under these heads: *settlement*, by the adjustment of legal rights to the ground; *demarcation*, by the definition of boundaries to the land appropriated as "forest" by the state; *survey*, to determine the suitability of the land for the produce of timber, fuel, fodder, pasturage, etc., for the neighboring population or for export; preparation of *working-plans*, whereby the resources of the land in these several respects may be best developed; provision of *communications*, whereby the produce of the forests may be brought within reach of the people, and of *buildings* for the accommodation of the staff and establishment; of *protection* of the forests from fire, trespass, encroachment, and injury, and *improvement* by means of felling, reproduction, and other operations of forestry; *working*, whereby the largest annual output of forest produce compatible with the preservation of the undiminished fertility of the forest area may be secured; *finance*, whereby the working of the department in each of its subsections, whether divided latitudinally as regards operations, or longitudinally as regards locality, may be shown to possess a satisfactory balance-sheet; maintenance of *establishment*, to secure efficiency in every detail of the work; conduct of *experiments* in the utilization of indigenous resources, and the acclimatization of exotic methods or material; regulation of the *export* of forest produce to other provinces or foreign lands; technical *education* and *recruitment* of men and subordinate officers suitable for forest work; and, lastly, *record*

of work done. From this brief and imperfect summary it will be seen that the work of the Forest Department demands legal ability, geometric skill, botanical knowledge, administrative talent, engineering faculty, scientific experience, police ability, and economic science, besides all the qualities required for success in the financial, educational, commercial, organizing, and record work.

In spite of its limitations and its difficulties, the aggregate work of the Forest Department of India has produced a result which has been rightly described by Sir Richard Temple as one of the greatest achievements of the Victorian era; and it has been a work, too, which, as another authority, Sir George Birdwood, has shown, was begun only in the nick of time. "A few more years' delay," he says, "would have resulted in the total loss of half the forests of India," of which now the "reserved" portions alone, where the state declares and maintains its right to the entire produce, cover more than seventy thousand square miles, a total to which large additions have yet to be made in Madras and Burma. These reserves, moreover, increase annually in value. Land which was once denuded of trees by the unrestricted grazing of cattle, especially of goats, which browse by choice

upon the topmost-growing shoots of young saplings, is covered once more with forests which annually yield a richer output of timber and fuel. Valuable trees have replaced more worthless kinds. Carefully guarded, the rubber-tree grows more numerous and more productive; and in a country like India, where the mortality from fever largely exceeds that from all other causes combined, the cheap supply of quinine, dispensed in *pice* packets throughout the villages by government agency, would alone more than repay the labors of the Forest Department. Yet its most striking and important achievement has been the acclimatization of valuable foreign trees. Already many Indian landscapes have been completely altered by the Casuarina and Eucalyptus (beefwood and blue-gum) of Australia, while the introduction of the apple and chestnut in the Himalayas has brought new and important food-supplies within reach of the people. The Buddhists, the Arabs, and the Portuguese each added somewhat to the flora of India, partly from religious motives, and partly for luxury. To the British has been reserved the honor of surpassing their combined efforts by the exercise of a statesmanlike philanthropy which preserves and enriches the vegetable wealth of the land for the good of its population.

THE AUSTRIAN EDISON KEEPING SCHOOL AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

BY a paragraph in the "Freie Presse" it appears that Jan Szczepanik, the youthful inventor of the "teleelectroscope" [for seeing at great distances] and some other scientific marvels, has been having an odd adventure, by help of the state.

Vienna is hospitably ready to smile whenever there is an opportunity, and this seems to be a fair one. Three or four years ago, when Szczepanik was nineteen or twenty years old, he was a schoolmaster in a Moravian village, on a salary of—I forget the amount, but no matter; there was not enough of it to remember. His head was full of inventions, and in his odd hours he began to plan them out. He soon perfected an ingenious invention for applying photography to pattern-designing as used in the textile industries, whereby he proposed to reduce the customary outlay of time, labor, and money

expended on that department of loom-work to next to nothing. He wanted to carry his project to Vienna and market it, and as he could not get leave of absence, he made his trip without leave. This lost him his place, but did not gain him his market. When his money ran out he went back home, and was presently reinstated. By and by he deserted once more, and went to Vienna, and this time he made some friends who assisted him, and his invention was sold to England and Germany for a great sum. During the past three years he has been experimenting and investigating in velvety comfort. His most picturesque achievement is his teleelectroscope, a device which a number of able men—including Mr. Edison, I think—had already tried their hands at, with prospects of eventual success. A Frenchman came near to solving the difficult and intricate problem

fifteen years ago, but an essential detail was lacking which he could not master, and he suffered defeat. Szczepanik's experiments with his pattern-designing project revealed to him the secret of the lacking detail. He perfected his invention, and a French syndicate has bought it, and will save it for exhibition and fortune-making at the Paris world's fair, when the fair opens by and by.

As a schoolmaster Szczepanik was exempt from military duty. When he ceased from teaching, being an educated man he could have had himself enrolled as a one-year's volunteer; but he forgot to do it, and this exposed him to the privilege, and also the necessity, of serving *three* years in the army. In the course of duty, the other day, an official discovered the inventor's indebtedness to the state, and took the proper measures to collect. At first there seemed to be no way for the inventor (and the state) out of the difficulty. The authorities were loath to take the young man out of his great laboratory, where he was helping to shove the whole human race along on its road to new prosperities and scientific conquests, and suspend operations in his mental Klondike three years, while he punched the empty air with a bayonet in a time of peace; but there was the law, and how was it to be helped? It was a difficult puzzle, but the authorities labored at it until they found a forgotten law somewhere which furnished a loophole—a large one, and a long one, too, as it looks to me. By this piece of good luck Szczepanik is saved from soldiering, but he becomes a schoolmaster again; and it is a sufficiently picturesque billet, when you examine it. He must go back to his village every two months, and teach his school half a day—from early in the morning until noon; and, to the best of my understanding of the published terms, he must keep this up the rest of his life! I hope so, just for the romantic poeticalness of it. He is twenty-four, strongly and compactly built, and comes of an ancestry accustomed to waiting to see its great-grandchildren married. It is almost certain that he will live to be ninety. I hope so. This promises him sixty-six years of useful school service. Dissected, it gives him a chance to teach school 396 half-days, make 396 railway trips going, and 396 back, pay bed and board 396 times in the village, and lose possibly 1200 days from his laboratory work—that is to say, three years and three months or so. And he already owes three years to this same account. This has been overlooked; I shall

call the attention of the authorities to it. It may be possible for him to get a compromise on this compromise by doing his three years in the army, and saving one; but I think it can't happen. This government "holds the age" on him; it has what is technically called a "good thing" in financial circles, and knows a good thing when it sees it. I know the inventor very well, and he has my sympathy. This is friendship. But I am throwing my influence with the government. This is politics.

Szczepanik left for his village in Moravia day before yesterday to "do time" for the first time under his sentence. Early yesterday morning he started for the school in a fine carriage which was stocked with fruits, cakes, toys, and all sorts of knickknacks, rarities, and surprises for the children, and was met on the road by the school and a body of schoolmasters from the neighboring districts, marching in column, with the village authorities at the head, and was received with the enthusiastic welcome proper to the man who had made their village's name celebrated, and conducted in state to the humble doors which had been shut against him as a deserter three years before. It is out of materials like these that romances are woven; and when the romancer has done his best, he has not improved upon the unpainted facts. Szczepanik put the sapless school-books aside, and led the children a holiday dance through the enchanted lands of science and invention, explaining to them some of the curious things which he had contrived, and the laws which governed their construction and performance, and illustrating these matters with pictures and models and other helps to a clear understanding of their fascinating mysteries. After this there was play and a distribution of the fruits and toys and things; and after this, again, some more science, including the story of the invention of the telephone, and an explanation of its character and laws, for the convict had brought a telephone along. The children saw that wonder for the first time, and they also personally tested its powers and verified them.

Then school "let out"; the teacher got his certificate, all signed, stamped, taxed, and so on, said good-by, and drove off in his carriage under a storm of "*Do widzenia!*" ("*au revoir!*") from the children, who will resume their customary sobrieties until he comes in August and uncorks his flask of scientific fire-water again.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

National Good Neighborship.

IT is an ill war that blows nobody good. Americans under forty are just beginning to realize that the evils of war are not alone in the death and destruction which are incurred—and willingly incurred—in a cause in which the country has embarked. One cannot long disguise with heroism and glory the terrible ugliness of war—the fact that, necessary though it may be, it is not necessarily a short cut to justice, but often a very expensive and toilsome way around. Yet it would be rampant sentimentalism not to recognize certain obvious good results which have already resulted from the war with Spain. History alone can determine the relative good and evil of it, and Time has a provoking way of going ahead in despite of History.

We have already referred with gratification to the *entente* between Great Britain and the United States, and it is a pleasure to note the statesman-like and practical direction which it has assumed in the determination of the two governments to make a speedy end of existing questions of difference, most of which relate to our neighbor to the northward. For thirty years Canada and the United States have been treating each other like spiteful townfolk of adjoining properties. A reciprocity of annoyance has been in full play. Questions of boundary, commerce, transportation, labor, fisheries, mining, and copyright have been the source—have, indeed, it would almost seem, been intentionally made the source—of irritating reprisals, until on both sides the duties of neighborship have been lost sight of in a vulgar squabble for advantage. The principle of enlightened self-interest has failed to operate, and the principle of *noblesse oblige* is the only rescue from such a situation: magnanimity begets magnanimity, making one ashamed of being outdone in high conduct. England did not wait for assurances and engagements on our part before giving us her sympathy in our contest with Spain: her understanding of the issue was instinctive. She has found that the emergency has quickened our sense of justice and friendliness. The Bering Sea award was promptly voted; the tonnage dues have been abandoned; and now it is announced that, better than an arbitration treaty (but we hope preliminary to one), the two governments have determined to clear the docket between them once and for all. The inception of such a policy on our side, we happen to know, antedates the beginning of the war by several months. It is in keeping with the best traditions of our best diplomacy, which was founded in frankness and in regard for the rights of other nations, rather than in the evasion, pro-

crastination, and doggedness which pass for diplomacy in certain quarters.

In the execution of this policy of good neighborship it will be fortunate—indeed, essential—that the contracting parties should supplement their initial desire for agreement by recognizing that their work is largely a matter of compromise, of give and take. In such affairs somebody's private interests must always be sacrificed to the greater good. As in the recent and timely reciprocity arrangement with France, we must yield a point to gain a point. There is no real principle involved in the Alaska boundary question, and everything is to be gained by hitting upon a natural delimitation of the frontier. The egregious folly of placing a heavy duty on Canadian lumber, inducing the wholesale destruction of our depleted forests, ought to be abandoned. It would seem that freer play between the laboring communities might safely be established. But whatever is done ought to be done, if necessary, in firm defiance of petty local and personal interests.

It is a curious comment on the lack of imagination in most men that a personal sacrifice which would readily be made in the dangers of war will by the same persons be resisted to the utmost in the perils of peace. The imposition of taxes for an external conflict is cheerfully borne. It is often as important in internal affairs that private and sectional interests should be sacrificed for the public good. The curse of our legislation is provincialism, and whatever may become of the Spanish islands at the close of the war, something will be gained to our people if their imagination shall have been impressed with the conviction that no country liveth to itself alone. There should be an end of the provincialism that, for instance, in the Senate makes it possible that our national forest policy, instead of being based on the science and experience of the world, should be dictated by a few mining companies, by reason of the support of Southerners who have been affiliated with Northwestern senators on financial issues. The South and the West have both had too much of this sort of solidarity of provincialism, and the sooner their representatives rise into a broader atmosphere and do their own thinking on such questions, the more of a national spirit we shall have. In the Canadian matter, if representatives, personally or by section, insist upon this deference to local interests, the benefits of the British and American *rapprochement* may easily be thrown away.

It has been claimed that we have not acted the part of good neighbors in encouraging, as it is assumed, the filibustering invasions of Cuba. It is possible that certain officers of the law may have winked at the violation of our friendly relations

with Spain. But if she, with her large military and naval forces, could not prevent the landing of such expeditions, is it strange that we, with our then inferior forces, should not have been able to detect and detain them all? The weakness of her rule has been a standing menace to our welfare, and in nothing more than in the fact that she has permitted her cities to be a breeding-ground for yellow fever. The paper in the present number by the Surgeon-General of the army sets forth with authority the enormity of this peril.

We are much mistaken if, in general, the present war does not have the effect of making a new record in the matter of international responsibilities. Whether the European concert shall reckon with a new world-power, it at least must reckon with a new world-standard. It does not imply that the United States are to accept an imaginary commission from the Lord,

And deal damnation round the land[s]
On each we deem His foe,

to say that by reason of our championship of Spain's neglected and oppressed at our door the obligations of national good-neighborship hereafter will be greater than ever before. It will be well for us, in the final issue of the war, if nothing that we do shall diminish, in our own eyes as well as in the eyes of the world, the sincerity of our motives or the wisdom of our national conduct.

Concerning Empire.

THERE is difference of opinion among good men as to whether America should go, over night, into the business of annexing an island "empire." An Assistant Secretary of the Treasury gives some of the pros and cons in the present number of *THE CENTURY*. There are those who think that it is our duty to hoist the flag of America and keep it, for all time, over every obtainable inch of land hitherto displaying the standard of Spain, even if the usual moral laws would seem to require a less wholesale proceeding; even if there appear to be unknown as well as obvious dangers, as well as great allurements, in that direction; even if an apparently immoral action on the part of a nation, supposing such action to be immoral, might react unfavorably upon the morality of every citizen of that nation; even if—

But at this present writing the facts and figures are not before the country in sufficient quantities to justify a final debate. If honor, duty, and humanity compel the nation to assume unexpected and unwonted responsibilities in any part of the world, let us not believe it impossible for us to accomplish this new work. Meantime, however, what about the American empire that no one denies America should possess—the magnificent empire of these United States and allied territories, with their seventy millions or more of inhabitants? Has that empire suddenly diminished to something less imperial? Has the American empire of 1898,

with all that is noble in its history, enormous in its extent, and powerful in its people—has that empire lost its appeal to the imagination of its citizens? Will that empire with all its sacred traditions, all its possibilities, all its need of devoted service, with all its capacity for improvement, with all its internal and external problems—will that empire no longer stir the blood of its citizens to patriotic admiration, and patriotic sacrifice?

Whatever may be thought just and wise for us finally to do in regard to the new relations with mankind which the Spanish war has brought about, at least let us not forget that we already have an empire to guard,—and let good men and women see to it that what is done by our government shall be right and noble, and in the truest interest of that empire which none can dispute is forever ours.

An Attack All Along the Line.

If it is not only necessary and justifiable, but honest and right to make governmental appointments solely in the interest of political "organizations," as some strenuously maintain; if it is impracticable and absurd, hypocritical and loathsome, to take the opposite course, and to make political appointments, outside the classified service, for the sole reason of fitness, why is it that the best organs of public opinion, and disinterested people generally, feel such relief and express such satisfaction when the opposite policy is acted upon, and appointments to responsible positions are made solely for fitness and in the obvious interest of the entire community?

Why is it that recent unfit appointments of civilians to military office are criticized from one end of the country to the other, and such appointments as that of Mr. John B. Moore to be Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Oscar S. Straus, formerly minister to Turkey under President Cleveland, to his former position at Constantinople, and Mr. Gifford Pinchot as Chief of the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture, are greeted with hearty and wide-spread applause?

The fact is that our citizens are beginning to recognize the fact that when offices are used as the natural spoils of machines, they soon become the personal perquisites of machine leaders; and that this private exploitation of the offices negatives any possible benefits to the organization, and sows broadcast the seeds of corruption, dissension, and political failure.

The friends of reform should lose as little time as possible in apologizing for the merit system. As President McKinley said long before he was President, it "has come to stay." The attack upon the infamous spoils system should be all along the line! The American navy and regular army are the models for our whole public service. Let us admit no lower standards of efficiency in any public department.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A MIDDY IN MANILA.

[THE number of this magazine for August, 1875, contained an extremely engaging anonymous sketch entitled "A Middy in Manila." The recent visit of the American fleet to Manila has given that sketch a fresh interest; and it is herewith reprinted, with some of the illustrations which the now distinguished Mr. Edwin Abbey made for it at the time of its first publication, after material furnished by the author. We are permitted to say that the author is Mr. Frederick H. Paine, formerly lieutenant U. S. N.—THE EDITOR.]

To sail from winter into summer is very pleasant for those whose home is a man-of-war; and so we found it as we stood down the coast of Formosa, every day bringing us nearer to the Philippines.

We came to anchor, one day, at Tam-Fui, near the southern end of Formosa. The English had just bombarded the place, but we were too late for the fun. We went on shore and visited the ruins of an old Dutch fort, built in sixteen hundred and something, and made of about five hundred million bricks; the Chinamen had built up a whole town from the bricks of one wall. We threw stones at the pigs who reside with the natives, ate some bananas, and returned to the ship disgusted with Formosa. That morning we got under way again, and, after two days' delightful sailing over a summer sea, stood into the charming circular bay of Manila, and came to anchor near the city. No Italian sea and sky are more beautiful than we found here, and the bright Spanish town nestles cozily at the head of the bay, where the little river Pasig empties itself into the sea.

A happy party we were, that day, going ashore in our white jackets and straw hats; four days before we had shivered in flannels and overcoats. We pulled up the river to the landing, and there took carriages,—for nobody ever walks here who can ride,—and drove all through the towns, old and new. Manila was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1863, but it has since been all rebuilt. The ruins of the large cathedral are preserved, and when we visited it, the bell-ringer took us up into the tower, where we had a fine view of the town; and there he told us the story of the earthquake. He was standing where we now were, beside the bell, and saw the earth shake and the houses fall; the terrified inhabitants—looking to him at this distance like frightened ants—fled from place to place; then the roof of the cathedral fell upon the worshippers below, and buried many in the ruins. And he alone seemed to be left above the scene of destruction.

No foreigners are allowed to live inside the wall of this fine town; it is purely Spanish, with its convents, cathedrals, and its two-storied houses with overhanging verandas and latticed windows.

We called at a gentleman's house, one day. We

drove through the front door, and stopped at the foot of the stairs. An Indian boy took up our cards; we alighted, and while waiting for the boy I observed that the horses, cows, etc., resided on the ground floor, which is of stone, and that the carriages were also kept there; we then walked up a flight of broad stone steps, and, passing through an opening without doors, found ourselves in the large "sala," a spacious saloon with a dark wood floor polished like a piano top. On entering the room, one must offer his hand to every lady and gentleman without exception; this we did, and repeated some appropriate Spanish sentences (from the tenth lesson in Ollendorf, I think). There were the señor, his accomplished señora, and two flirtatious señoritas; the conversation soon became very brilliant, in one or two cases going as high as the twenty-ninth lesson, and some good things were gotten off from Ahn's "Spanish Reader"; midshipman Veer, who knew nothing whatever in Spanish except that romantic account, familiar to all students, commencing with, "The Island of Cuba is the most beautiful of all the Antilles," went through it with much eloquence, deftly inserting Luzon for Cuba, and Philippines for Antilles; but he brought confusion upon himself, for the subsequent conversation, all addressed to him, was so deep that he arose in despair, remarking that he was off soundings, and we took our leave, shaking hands all round as before. On arriving at the foot of the steps we turned around, *como el costumbre*, and said "*Buenos días*," to the ladies, who had, also *como el costumbre*, followed us to the head of the stairs.

At five o'clock we started for the Calzada or public drive; hundreds of carriages were going in the same direction; in nearly every one were two or three ladies in evening dress, without cloaks or hats. There were a great many pretty black-eyed señoritas who glanced at us from under their long lashes in such a bewitching way as to give me a sort of electric tingle.

The drive is along the shore of the beautiful bay, and the scene one of life, beauty, and enchantment. On reaching the end of the drive, all the carriages haul off into an open space and stop, and the people gaze at each other and nod in recognition; little naked Philippina-presents dance round,

and offer you a light; the sun goes down in a blaze of green and gold across the bay, the full moon beams forth, silence reigns, and there you sit gazing at the people. Nothing pleases a Spanish girl more, and you can offer her no better compliment than to stare at her; I tried several determined stares on pretty girls, and they endured it with perfect serenity.

Gradually the carriages start off and drive up and down for an hour, then the band begins to play, and all stop at the Paseo or walk, a broad mall with trees on either side, and lamps, which make it very light even when there is no moon; and moonlight and lamps in the foliage together form a pretty combination. Here all alight and *flâner* back and forth; you watch the graceful undulating step of the Spanish girls, listen to the music, and take your only exercise for the day. Little girls skipped around us and asked us in Spanish to kiss them; it sounded very pretty, and we kissed a few.

The carriages used here are small barouches and victorias, drawn by native ponies. When tired of walking we took to ours again, leaned back, put our feet up, and drove to the city by the light of the moon; the barouches jingled along, the ladies went by in their white gauzy dresses, and the natives passed in their brilliant costumes. We all fell in love with Manila at first sight.

In the evening I went to the native theater; the play was in Indian, so the Spaniards understood nothing that was said, but applauded,

cracked jokes in Spanish, and kept the house in a roar; one comical duke pushed the native orchestra leader down the prompter's trap and led the band himself with his cane. The acting was all high tragedy; whenever the audience wished the performers to fight they would sing out "*Gue-r-r-ra!*" (War), and they would at once set-to. The native Indians are all fond of music, and play by ear entirely; there are nearly forty bands in this place; they play on European instruments, and give you any air you like. The girls play well on the harp; passing along the streets of the native town you may hear the familiar strains of some opera coming out of the windows of a poor little hovel. The native houses are mostly elevated in a queer way on bamboo stilts; the English basement is therefore an open space, in the cool shade of which pigs, fighting-cocks, and cats congregate to enjoy their siesta.

The dress of the Indians in Manila is a pair of modern trousers, a straw hat, and a shirt worn outside; some very wealthy natives wear beautifully worked piña shirts with gold studs, collar,



MAKING CALLS IN MANILA.

etc., worth hundreds of dollars; but always with the flaps outside. What bliss in summer! One could almost wish to be an Indian.

I have spoken only of old Manila inside the wall, with the more exclusive Spanish population. The greater population is outside, in the new town, where reside Europeans other than Spanish, a few Spaniards, and a vast concourse of half and half, Spanish, Chinese, and Indian, as it were—quadroons, octoroons, macaroons, etc.. These are called *Mestizos*; some are very rich, and move in the best

a sort of walking embrace to slow music; you make a step to the right, rise on your toes, step to the left, rise, swing round, step to the right, rise, and so on; then, when you wish to balance, you wink at some fellow, stop in front of him, and go through the ladies'-chain, then clasp your partner's waist and take the other lady's right hand; the other fellow does the same, and now with the music you sway up to the center, sway back, and revolve in an ecliptic at the same time, after the manner of the planets. After swaying six times



"GUE-R-R-RA!"

Spanish society, and there are also the first and second classes of *Mestizo* society.

Our second day in Manila we were all invited to a first-class *Mestizo* ball at the house of the widow Moge, given by some gentlemen of the American merchant houses there. Promptly at eight o'clock we drove into the widow's basement; we ascended the stone stairway, and a scene of splendor, brilliant colors, and black eyes burst upon our view. The *Mestiza* girls were sitting in a row on one side of the room, about forty of them; some decked in gay plumage, yellow, pink, and green being prominent colors, others dressed in somber hues; they were mostly very pretty, with lithe graceful figures, and eyes as black as coal. The gentlemen hovered near the doors of the grand sala, like hawks eying chickens; at the first note of the music they all made a pounce for partners. As I saw that pouncing was the game, I made a dive for a pretty yellow and green, rattled off a sentence from the fifteenth lesson in Ollendorf, "Will you do me the favor to *bailar conmigo?*" and started off on a dance I had never seen before, but which was easy to learn; it was the *Habanera*,

you drop the other lady's hand and gradually sail off again with the step and turn. The girls cling quite closely, and gaze up occasionally, Spanish fashion.

After the dance, we refreshed our partners and ourselves with claret-punch or beef-tea, and I then took up my position among the hawks, who began to circle as the band tuned up their instruments. It was a principle not to engage dances ahead, but to keep off for an even start when the music strikes up. I spotted a bright little girl in white gauze, and, at the first toot, I made a dash for her, neck and neck with four rivals, but beat them, and off we flew to a quick polka, in which they give a lively step, making it faster than the galop. I had never enjoyed a dance as I did that dash over the polished floor. The *Mestiza* girls understood no English, and it was fun to hear the remarks of our fellows; one flew past me, and called out: "Stand clear of this planetary system!" another cried: "Port your helm, Tommy; don't you see her starry top-lights?" and another fellow came dashing down the room, saying: "Clear the decks! Gangway for silver-heels!" I passed our skipper with

a shout, burst off a waistcoat button, carried away my collar-band, and, as the music stopped, sank exhausted in a chair, and called for bouillon for two. So we kept it up, dance after dance, and the hall resounded with shouts of laughter.

Whenever the couples ran against one another, the girls sang out with a sharp little "Hi!" which was very amusing. They have a great way of kissing one another all the evening, and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first, both kiss to starboard, and then both to port. The first time I noticed it, a young damsel kissed my partner good-by as she started to dance with me. I was astonished, and said we were not going far, which made them laugh. I found that the girls in contiguous seats kissed good-by before every dance, as if to say: "You will elope this time, sure." When the time for supper came, I fell into the line, and escorted a blooming Philippina to the table. I asked a resident American what I should help her to, and he said, emphatically:

"Ham and turkey! Give her plenty of ham and turkey!"

I gave her a full plate, which she soon despatched, and called for more. Everybody ate ham and turkey. The gentlemen acted as waiters, and afterward sat down together. Spaniards are terrible eaters. And no wonder, on this occasion—for they came to the ball at 8 o'clock, and danced until 5 A. M. We held ourselves in dancing trim by refreshments, and the ladies kept even with us, and deserved great praise.

Next evening, on the Calzada and Paseo, we had a new pleasure in meeting and talking to our black-eyed friends of the ball, and practising our last Spanish lesson with them. When on board ship, we studied Spanish furiously; but as the ship was undergoing repairs, we had a great deal of time on shore.

The following day we gave a ball on board; the spar-deck was curtained in, and decorated with flags, lanterns, and designs. A gentleman on shore issued the invitations to the *Hidalgos* and Americans; no *Mestizas* were invited; we were sorry, but it could n't be helped. At nine o'clock a small steamer laden with precious freight came alongside, and all of our officers stood at the gangway to receive the ladies; first came on board the wife



A MESTIZA.

of an American to receive with our skipper, and then the other ladies came over the side one by one; we filed them off, presented them, and ranged them in chairs along the water-ways.

Suddenly there appeared in the gangway a face of such marvelous beauty, and a form of such exquisite proportions, that ten souls had but a single thought, which was to be the first to grasp her hand, and nine hearts beat, as one, quicker than the rest, helped the fair being down the little ladder. By the blessing of good luck I happened to be nearest when this vision appeared, and was the fortunate one who thus proudly convoyed her aft. I did not return to the reception committee that evening, but employed experimental Spanish until I succeeded in engaging her for four dances, and in assuring her of my sudden and violent capture. I attributed my success to the manner in which I wrote her name on the engagement card; we had asked the ladies for dances as they came on board, and had put them down as "Pink tulle



CHOOSING PARTNERS.

puffed, with white mantilla," "Very low neck and green slippers," "Plump, with diagonal yellow and green overskirt," etc.; but I wrote the beauty down as "La mas bonita de todas" (The prettiest of all); which so pleased her that she at once gave me three more dances. Flattery will tell.

After all the ladies were safely landed on deck, the gentlemen came aboard; a native band struck up the music, and the scene became one of animation and brilliancy. The graceful Spanish girls, the navy uniforms, and the chandeliers of bayonets lighting up the many-colored flags, made it seem like fairy-land. During the evening I bestowed the united effort of forty lessons in Ollendorf on "La Bonita," which was as far as I had gone. Oh! but she had "dark, flashing eyes," and lashes that swept her peachy cheek when she would look down. She was born in the province where roses bloom forever. Dancing with her was like floating away on clouds of mist, wafted by the breath of music over undulating prairies of spring flowers!

The ball was an immense success up to about one o'clock. I had danced many times with La Bonita. The ladies had just finished supper, and the men had sat down, when, to our consternation, it began to rain. It never rains here in the winter; it had not rained for two months, and did not for months afterward; but down it came now, pouring through the flat awning, and all along the edges, and slowly and surely moving inboard. The music flickered, and went out with a mournful discord; the merry laughter gasped and expired, and the ladies clustered within the wet boundary which narrowed and narrowed, and drew them together in a little bunch; finally, so small became the dry spot, and so tight was the squeeze, that the silence was broken by shouts of laughter and little screams; the water spattered up, the ladies pressed their petticoats in, and stood on the little toes of their little Spanish slippers. It was a moment of peril. The crisis having now arrived when it was sink or swim, we took the ladies by their hands, and made a rush for the cabin and poop, which were soon stowed chock-a-block with Spanish beauty; even the bath-tub and vegetable box were full of Castilian loveliness. We had no other shelter, as the ward-room was in use as a butler's pantry *pro tem*.

"These are hard lines," I whispered to La Bonita in Spanish down the cabin hatch.

"Will there be no let-up?" she sorrowfully asked, in the liquid language of Castile.

"Small chance" (*chico show*), I mournfully responded.

Suffocation began to set in among them, so we signaled for the small steamer, which soon came alongside; and then up came the dark-eyed beauties

from the submarine cabin; out they crawled from the bath-tub and bin. The deck was afloat, so we rigged sedans with arm-chairs and squilgee handles, and thus carried them in state to the gangway to save their satin slippers and silk open-work.

"Until to-morrow!" whispered La Bonita, as I pressed her hand.

Next day the Manila paper spoke of the ball in glowing terms, and skipped the rainy part.

The next event was the arrival of the English Admiral, to whom the Governor-General gave a review of the troops. There are eleven thousand troops quartered here, and they all turned out. Most of them are Indians, who have an eye for everything military. They were uniformed in white, and marched with a quick, short step, and in excellent line; there were lancers, also, and cavalry, and flying artillery. The officers are Spanish; as they passed the Admiral and Governor-General they saluted by thrusting the sword quickly to the front, and then sweeping the air as if cutting off a daisy-top.

The Captain-General is the big man here; he drives out in state with four horses and postilions. No one else is allowed to drive four horses; as he passes, all raise their hats. In the procession, the bands jingled away at short intervals, and the crowds of Mestizos and Indians assembled beat time involuntarily with their feet. They are born with music in their soles.

We were in the season of the fêtes, Christmas holidays, and the New Year. At dusk, a large procession of the church began; first came a large golden image of the Virgin borne on a gorgeously trimmed and illuminated platform, and drawn by little Indians carrying torches. There were other images equally rich, and as each passed the people knelt and removed their hats.

The procession chanted as it moved along; there were little bits of Indian boys, dressed like priests with little false cowls, who toddled along, and looked very funny; then little mites of monks, with long dresses, who also toddled. Then girls with veils walked hand in hand, and little girls with little veils carrying tapers. The houses along the route were illuminated, in a simple and effective way, by tumblers half filled with oil, colored red, blue, and green, and having floating tapers in them. Later in the evening the music and dancing began in the largest houses of that part of the city. As we walked along the bright little streets, señoritas stood in the light of the lanterns to be looked at, and laughed and flirted; they threw at us bits of cotton with flash-powder on it, as they do at carnivals; it would nearly reach us, and make us jump, and then go out, greatly to the amuse-



"WILL THERE BE NO LET-UP?"

ment of the girls. The most brilliant balcony was that presided over by "La Bonita"; they all clapped their hands with glee when they saw us coming; threw their entire stock of flash-cotton at us, scattering us, and then invited us to come up. We gladly accepted, and at once plunged into the dimly lighted stable on the ground floor, found the stone staircase, which we ascended, slid across the slippery floor of the sala, and joined the gay party on the balcony. It was a curious scene; the street below us, thronged with Spaniards and Indians in their fantastic, remarkable costumes; the profusion of shirt on the men, and the confusion of colors on the women; the scores of lights on every house; and the lovely girls on the balconies, with their ever-moving fans. The young ladies of our veranda, proud of the capture they had made of foreign middies, glanced triumphantly at their neighbors, and fanned themselves with renewed energy.

It is fascinating to make love in Spanish; so I found it that evening as I sat in a quiet corner of the balcony with Nita; she looked so bewitching in the pink glow of the tapers! Then the tapers died out and the full moon rose, and I thought she was more lovely still. She told me how she had been once to Spain, to Castile, where her uncle lived, but that she drooped and sighed ever for Manila, where the happy days of her girlhood had been passed. So they brought her back, and now she said she would quit the islands no more. Transplanting was worse than death.

A shade of melancholy stole over me at this, and I told her in earnest but detached Spanish of the beauty of America, the soft southern clime in winter, and the clear balmy air of summer on the northern hills; and, warming with my subject, or encouraged by the gentle pressure of a soft little hand that had accidentally gotten into mine, I went on to state the many charms of that home upon the Hudson, and the welcome that would be given to a handsome Spanish bride. With drooping lashes and a quickly moving fan, Nita softly drew her hand from mine. I glanced idly at the old clock-tower of Manila which stood upon the adjacent corner, and observed that it was time for me to return on board ship, which I accordingly did, and without any superfluous conversation.

Every evening some one section of the city took its turn at the illumination, dancing, and festivity, and thither went all the youth, beauty, and pleasure-seekers of the town and suburbs. The most curious of the entertainments was a ball at the house of a rich Chinaman; there was a peculiar blending of barbarism and civilization in the furniture, table service, and appointments. There were present a large number of Chinese Mestiza ladies, with more or less of the almond-shaped eye, but some of them rather pretty and very fond of dancing the *Habanera*, and of looking with a sort of Hispano-Chinese tenderness out of the corners of their eyes. Their dresses displayed an Indian repugnance to superfluity, a Spanish love of bright colors, and a Chinese peculiarity of "cut bias." The wealthy Celestial received us very graciously, and presented us in Spanish to most

of the ladies present. About fourteen languages were being spoken at the same time in the sala, producing a most remarkable jumble of sounds; and, combined with the inspiring strains of a native band, the view of great Chinese banners and carvings, and the varied costumes of the mixed races, made a wild, weird scene.

I was dancing with a young Mestiza when her mother and three sisters beckoned to us from the staircase to come to them, which we obediently did, and I was asked to escort the party to another ball. Finding myself captured, I surrendered at discretion, and replied that I was in for anything; so, taking Miss Blackeyes on my arm, I went to the van of the convoy, and obeyed signals given from time to time by the Dama who occupied the position of flag-ship in the rear. We crossed the plaza and passed the clock-tower, and I suddenly became aware of the fact that we were about to pass the house of my fair charmer, Nita. "Good Heavens!" thought I. "If Nita sees me with this pretty girl, I am forever dashed from her good graces, and will be the laughing-stock of the mess"; for, of course, I was not discouraged by such a slight *contretemps* as that of the previous evening. I dragged the convoy across the street without signal from the rear, and tried to creep along the shadow of the wall. Horrors! There sat Nita in her favorite corner of the balcony, bathed by the gentle moonlight, leaning on her perfect arm, and looking directly across the street. I kept my eye on her sideways, and, as we came within the sweep of her bright black eye, she started a little, saw my confusion and the fair Mestiza on my arm, and bowed coldly, sending a yet colder chill through my trembling frame. My partner looked at me as if to say, "Who is your friend?" but I assured her it was of no consequence, and we soon after arrived at a very handsome house, through the windows of which came sounds of music, laughter, and soprano voices. We entered the basement, went up the broad stone steps, and met the host at the top. He waved his hand toward the row of forty pretty girls, to whom I gave one general bow, which was supposed to introduce me to every one. They asked me if I would dance a "Beerhenia." I replied that I was sure I could not dance such a thing as that. What was my surprise, then, to see them commencing a regular Virginia reel, "Beerhenia" being simply their pronunciation of Virginia!

The dancing continued, but I could not blot from my mind the vision of Nita leaning on her arm in the corner of that fatal balcony, and I determined to hasten from these scenes of gaiety and seek forgiveness at the hands of the fair Philippina. I therefore left my convoy to the chance of wind and weather, and, heading for the familiar clock-tower, soon found myself again under Nita's balconies. While hesitating at the portal to prepare myself, I was startled at meeting all the family and cousins about to sally forth without hats or wraps into the soft evening air. They had two guitars, a violin, and a flute with them, and invited me to join them in a moonlight canoe trip up the

Pasig. I glanced eagerly at Nita, who gave the slightest nod of approval; so I gladly accepted, and together we all went down toward the river, the ladies humming in chorus a little Spanish air, while one of them picked an accompaniment on her guitar, which was slung from her neck by a ribbon. When we reached the river-bank I hovered near Nita, to lay for a contiguous seat in one of the two long dug-out canoes waiting for us. We were soon distributed, and the Indians at either end shoved off with their paddles, and then headed up the river, keeping abreast in order mutually to enjoy the music. My seat was in the bottom of the boat at Nita's feet, which I considered rather *bien réussi*.

The night was warm and still, the river up which we paddled narrow, and bordered by the luxurious vegetation of the tropics. Sometimes the palm- and banana-trees on either side arched the stream, and through them came the rich moonlight, shining upon the graceful forms of the Spanish girls in our canoes, completing a fascinating scene. Then, to one of those bewitching accompaniments, Nita sang an Andalusian song, aiding its expression by her hand and fan, as only Spanish girls can do. At its close, had she requested me, I would have plunged to the bottom of that silent river. With all the eloquence of my soul (that is, all that my Spanish would allow), I whispered in her listening ear that night, as she, leaning over the boat's side with me, trailed her snowy hand through the phosphorescent water, or looked up at me with her handsome eyes. It was past midnight when we returned from that delicious trip, the memory of which is like some happy dream of impossible delight. As I pressed Nita's warm little hand good-night there was a slight responsive squeeze.

The following day the mail-steamer from Hong-Kong arrived, bringing us orders from the Admiral to join him there at once. This was a bitter disappointment to us; had we been girls, we would have wept on each other's bosom. Not one but was daft about some lovely Castilian, and to be

torn away thus suddenly was torture. We sadly prepared our P. P. C.'s in the Spanish style, by writing "A. O. P. Hong-Kong?" in the corner of our cards, which means "*Algunos órdenes para Hong-Kong?*" or "Any orders for Hong-Kong?" conveying much more meaning than "Pour prendre congé." We went ashore for the last time on the hospitable island of Luzon, and drove through the streets in all directions saying farewell. After leaving the houses, the young ladies would run to the front windows as we drove off, open the lattice a moment, wave their hands, and shout, "Adios!" or, "*Hasta la vista!*" and then close the Venetian with a snap. I put off calling on Nita till the last, and when finally I drove past the clock-tower to her house, my sorrow was doubled at finding her, with all her family, in a sort of Jersey wagon, just starting for some place out of town. Of course all opportunities for a tender exchange of sentiment were bowled over by this untoward circumstance. They bade me a cordial good-by, and I was about leaving them in sadness, when I made a sudden determination to have a more affectionate one with Nita, who was sitting in the back seat; so I jumped up behind the wagon, pulled open the curtain, and threw my arms around her. At this supreme moment she was too startled to draw away her lovely face, so I naturally kissed her farewell with all the fervor of a midshipman's soul. Brevet papa-in-law, horrified, started up the team to shake me off, brevet mama-in-law fainted away, and the sisters clasped their hands in hysteric sympathy. At the same time one of our fellows was hanging to me by my foot, vainly endeavoring to drag me away, but I clung to my flying adieu for half a square before I was torn forever from the fairest daughter of Spain.

I suppose I might introduce a little fiction at this point, and say, "My own darling Nita is looking over my shoulder as I write, reminding me of those blissful Manila days," but she is n't, and I have never heard of her since.



